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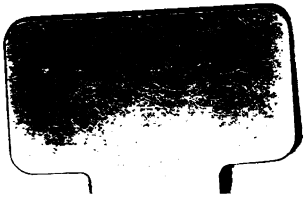
HAY MACDOWALL GRANT
OF ARNDILLY

HIS LIFE, LABOURS, AND TEACHING

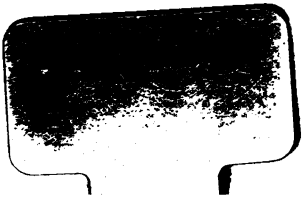
BY MRS. GORDON


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LIFE AND LABOURS

OF

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT.



Geo. Macdonald Grant





Ray Macdonald Grant

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT

Of Arndilly:

HIS LIFE, LABOURS, AND TEACHING.

By MRS. GORDON,

AUTHOR OF "THE HOME LIFE OF SIR DAVID BREWSTER," "WORK," "WORKERS," ETC.

"SHOW YOUR COLOURS."



SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,
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PREFACE.

I REGRET that, from illness and other causes, I have been retarded in fulfilling the request made to me, three years ago, by some of Mr. Grant's relatives and friends. The lessons, however, of his whole-hearted example, and of his wise and moderate teaching, are as needful now as then; may they be learned and practised by many.

I have little to say as Preface to such a volume as this. My desire has been to leave the life and labours it records as much as possible to tell their own stirring story.

I beg to return my cordial thanks to all those whose kindness has placed so much material at my disposal.

M. M. GORDON.

PITTING, *October* 12, 1876.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

WEST INDIES 7

CHAPTER III.

LIFE FROM 1849—56 29

CHAPTER IV.

COMMENCEMENT OF WORK 36

CHAPTER V.

DIARY OF 1856 48

CHAPTER VI.

DIARIES OF 1857-58 71

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 1857-59 93

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK OF 1859 121

CHAPTER IX.

HOME LIFE 139

CHAPTER X. PAGE

CORRESPONDENCE IN 1860-61 151

CHAPTER XI.

THE SICK-ROOM 180

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAYMAN 201

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE 213

CHAPTER XIV.

TEMPTATION 235

CHAPTER XV.

CONSECRATION LIFE 261

CHAPTER XVI.

LATER CORRESPONDENCE 292

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WORK 309

CHAPTER XVIII.

INCIDENTS OF WORK 335

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOSING SCENES 361

APPENDIX 393

LIFE AND LABOURS

OF

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE.

"Thy childhood smiles out in the beauty
Of trust, of obedience, and truth;
And humble, heroical duty,
Make noble the years of thy youth."

A. C.

"SHOW your colours," was a favourite exhortation of the late Hay Macdowall Grant of Arndilly. "Show your colours," he used to say in meetings of his own work-people, and humble neighbours. "Show your colours, don't be ashamed of Jesus," in private conversation with youngor timid believers. "Begin," he wrote to a lady in London life, "to show your colours; nail them to the mast-head. Be a fool for Christ's sake. What an honour to Lord —— to be called a fool for the Master's sake! Seek a like honour, by acting in like manner boldly for the Lord; and His Holy Spirit will reveal Jesus so near, and so full of love, that you will count the tribulation, even to be joyous." Much more by example than even by precept did he teach the lesson. Everywhere and

in all places, "in season and out of season," for fourteen years, did this servant of God show the colours of his great Commander. Not in the easiest circumstances, moreover, for during those fourteen years, and for seven years before, his position was one in which, too often, alas! the colours of the world only are displayed; those of comfort, respectability, kindliness, and conventional duty. By natural gifts and disposition, too, Mr. Grant was well qualified to become a Scottish representative of him

> "Who had an old estate,
> And who kept up his old mansion
> At a bountiful old rate,
> With a good old porter to relieve
> The old poor at his gate,
> Like a fine old English gentleman,
> Of the olden time."

The incidents of this brave and noble life are very few;—yet it is a life full of strong colour—a life which, by the grace of God, was enabled to transfuse so much colour, light, and energy into other lives, which otherwise would have been cold, and pale, and spiritless, that I cannot apologize for bringing its records and its teaching before the Christian public. Thus, though dead, he may still wave his Saviour's colours through the land.

The following particulars of "Arndilly's" family and early life are communicated by his sister, Mrs. Aitken:—

"Hay Macdowall Grant was born at his parents' seat, Arndilly, in the county of Banff, Scotland, on the 19th of June, 1806, being the fifth son in a

family of ten children, six sons and four daughters. One of the sons died in early life, and three died unmarried in the West Indies. William, the eldest brother, married the Hon. Eleanora Fraser, sister of General Lord Saltoun. The sisters were all married: the eldest, Joanna Maria, to the late Colonel Gordon of Park; the second, Elizabeth Graham, to William, third son of Alexander, 15th Baron Saltoun; the third, Eleanora, to her cousin, General Macdowall of Garthland, Renfrewshire; and Wilhelmina, the fourth, to the Rev. Robert Aitken, vicar of Pendeen.

"Their father was the seventh son of Macdowall, of Castle Semple and Garthland, a family of sufficient interest and standing in the last century to give two members to Parliament: it was of ancient and even royal lineage, being descended from Baliol and Montrose, and related to others of the most ancient Scottish nobility. Hay Macdowall Grant's mother, Mary Eleanora, was the only child and heiress of Colonel Alexander Grant of Arndilly and Edenvilla, in Banffshire, and other property in the West Indies; her mother was one of the Murrays of Livilands in Stirlingshire, and was known in her day as 'bonny Nelly Murray.' The marriage of the young heiress to Lieutenant David Macdowall, R.N., younger, of Castle Semple, took place at the early age of eighteen; he then, in virtue of the Arndilly entail, adding the name of Grant to his own. He was well known as a naval officer, and lost his left hand in Admiral Rodney's victory over Comte de Grasse in April, 1782; a battle which saved to Great Britain her West Indian Colonies.

"I can give you but few incidents of my brother's childhood. He was, I know, a very good-tempered and very handsome boy, and in the family he had the corresponding epithet of 'Beau Hay.' He was very precocious and apt in his studies, so as to become the favourite pupil of his tutor, the Rev. John Morrison, afterwards minister of Old Deer, Aberdeenshire; who, though a worthy and conscientious man, was in that capacity very severe and exacting. But he found such a willing learner in Hay, that he announced to my mother that his young pupil, at ten years of age, was quite fit to enter the University of Aberdeen;—she not caring, in the long absences of my father in the West Indies, to send her sons farther from home. Mr. Morrison accompanied Hay and his brothers to Aberdeen in 1817, where he took charge of them.

"As for religious training, we were taught to pray morning and evening,—to read the Bible every day before we left our rooms, and again before we retired to rest; and on Sundays my mother read the Church Service to us all assembled, for we were fifteen miles of bad road from any Episcopal Church. On very fine mornings, however, some of us went occasionally to the Scotch Church at Rothes.

"One day, when quite a small boy, a Christian lady visiting at Arndilly, spoke to Hay of the love of God to him, which so impressed him, that, filled with delight, he rushed out to get by himself, and ran down to the river, shouting, 'God loves me! God loves me!' This incident he told me himself at Pendeen.

"Hay was intended by his parents for the English Bar; as they feared to send him to Edinburgh, where so many of his relatives held political opinions opposed to their's. After his Aberdeen education was finished, where he took the degree of M.A. when only fifteen years of age, and was considered an excellent student, he was sent with his tutor to Blois, in France, to acquire a more practical knowledge of the French language. On his return to England he went to Mr. Young, a private tutor at Heathfield, near Tunbridge Wells, to prepare for Oxford. When he was nearly eighteen, however, his father being still abroad, his mother judged it better for him to be doing something than losing time in idleness, and therefore placed him, though without salary, in the mercantile house of Baillie, Ames, and Co., Bristol, where he soon became esteemed and trusted. It was there that the rapid illness and death of two beloved brothers brought him to the knowledge of his own sinful and dangerous condition, and led him to seek the pardoning mercy of his God and Saviour; and this state of soul was greatly advanced and confirmed by occasionally attending the ministrations of Robert Hall, then of Bristol, but formerly of Leicester, one of the most noted preachers of the day. At twenty, an early and imprudent marriage (but the particulars of which exhibited in him the same purity of mind and rectitude of principle which had distinguished him from his youth) brought him and his wife into most trying circumstances, which were met and borne with quiet and patient endurance."

On the 8th January, 1827, Hay Macdowall Grant was united in marriage to Louisa Mary, daughter of — Paton, Esq.; and when he wrote to his mother announcing the imprudent and precipitate event, she exclaimed, nearly fainting, "This is the first sore heart that my beloved Hay has ever given me,"—an expressive tribute to the blamelessness of his early life.

I find this notice recorded in his diary long after:

"1857, Jan. 8th. Our marriage day, thirty years ago. Alas, Lord, how unprofitably have I spent it; though it was at that time that I came to a knowledge of my Saviour."

CHAPTER II.

THE WEST INDIES.

. . . "Where the feathery palm-trees rise
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies,
Amidst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things."

Mrs. Hemans.

HAY MACDOWALL GRANT'S marriage changed his prospects, and led to the abandonment of the profession for which he had been educated. Mercantile employment, which had at first been intended as a merely temporary occupation, became after this the object of his earnest attention. This led him into a field of labour very different from the Highland heather and Speyside air amidst which his early days had been passed. He spent the greater part of twenty-two years in the West Indies, where the precocious boy and the industrious student rapidly ripened into a first-rate man of business; and from many sources we find that he left his mark in a very decided and characteristic manner wherever his varied work called him. When he was about twenty-three years of age, Messrs. Baillie and Ames,

requiring a person on whom they could depend, to send out to St. Vincent to undertake the charge of some estates there, chose for that purpose their youthful clerk. He accordingly went there in 1830, accompanied by Mrs. Grant. The estates principally requiring his care were those of Prince de Polignac (the prime minister of Charles X.), who had married a Scotch heiress, by whom a large West Indian property had come into his possession. Thus rapidly did Mr. Grant's steady work and energy win for him a good position. In 1835 I find many incidental notices of "H. M. Grant" and "Louisa Grant" in the private journal* of Mr. Naish, a young Bristol gentleman belonging to the Society of Friends, who spent that year in St. Vincent for the benefit of his health, and who took out with him letters of introduction to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, then residing at Calder House, whose hospitality seems to have been unbounded. Of these I extract the following notices of visits spent in the midst of fine scenery, pic-nics, abundant literature, chess, and good music; Mrs. Grant herself being an accomplished musician.

"12th Mo. 17th. We have been ever since the 13th at Calder, where our time has passed so delightfully that I am almost afraid we shall be incapacitated for enjoying more sober pleasures when we are settled. The splendid appearance of the house rather alarmed me at first; but I was soon made completely at ease by the extreme kindness of H. M. Grant and

* Kindly placed at my disposal by his nephew, Edmund Leonard Naish, Esq., Kirklees, Bristol.

his wife, and it was not long before I felt myself quite at home.

"1st Mo. 27th. I have just returned from my trip to leeward, the most delightful excursion I have enjoyed in this island, and in which I have seen scenery more beautiful than anything I had ever before known or imagined. We spent one day at Rutland Vale on our return, and were joined there by a little girl named Helen Gurley, whom L. Grant has adopted. Her case is rather a distressing one. The mother, the widow of a planter who was once in good circumstances, but was reduced by various losses, died about a month ago, leaving four orphans totally unprovided for, and who, but for the kindness of their friends, must almost have been starved. This little girl at least has fallen into good hands. She returned with H. and L. Grant to Calder, where we are to join them in a few days.

"The next day our kind friend L. Grant proposed a Maroon expedition for a day or two to their mountain cottage at Gregg's Ridge, and the necessary preparations being made, we set off very early on the morning of the 2nd, and arrived at our destination before the sun had acquired enough power to render our ride unpleasantly warm. On our way we met one of the Carib Princesses, whose capture, when very young, by the English, was the cause of the negotiations which terminated the sanguinary Carib war.

"4th Mo. 10. I have witnessed to-day the departure of our kindest friends from the island. Poor Louisa Grant was so dreadfully enfeebled by her late

illness that the fatigue of being carried on board in a cot was almost too much for her weak frame. The numerous bearers and long train of friends who accompanied her to the beach gave a funeral air to the procession, and the white canopy over the cot was not unlike the white palls which it is customary to use in this island. The cot was lifted into the boat, and in about an hour she had quitted St. Vincent, probably never again to revisit it. Here then is an end of all our delightful visits to Calder, and all the pleasant plans its inmates were constantly forming for our enjoyment: an utter stranger now dwells in their deserted mansion."

At this time Mr. and Mrs. Grant returned to England to visit his relations for the first time since their marriage. Soon after, he, along with his youngest sister, Wilhelmina, undertook a journey to the Fortress of Ham, where the Prince de Polignac was imprisoned, owing to a long series of unpopular measures which drove the King from his throne, and the minister into a prison, and subsequently into exile. Mr. Grant was, however, allowed to see him often on business connected with the West Indian estates. Soon after, the Grants returned to St. Vincent, where work continued, much in earnest, but not always pleasant or easy.

It was about this time that the following characteristic incident occurred, which I quote from his sister's narrative. While Mr. Grant "was filling the post of military secretary to the Lieutenant Governor, in the absence of the Governor and his secretary, he was grossly insulted by a

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acent, March 31st, 1843.
I fear you will be much
handwriting instead

ness, and unmanageableness of the negroes, he went from estate to estate, calming their minds and inducing them to work. But so great was the pressure of anxiety, that he bore the mark of it in his prematurely white hair from that day forward."

The following letter gives an interesting sketch of the day itself, which, through God's mercy, happily proved all the fears to be groundless, which had been entertained.

"Calder, August 1st, 1838.

"I have had but little spare time on my hands whilst preparing and arranging matters for the great change which takes place in our population this day. As it is, I have been up the greater part of the night writing letters and accounts; and do not feel this morning as if the boon of freedom were extended to myself; for weariness has laid a heavy hand upon me, both in mind and body. The day has dawned both wet and boisterous, which is unfortunate for the many who intended to attend public worship this day, to thank the Almighty for the entire abolition of slavery in this colony. I feel assured that had the day been fine every church and chapel would have been crowded by happy black faces at any rate; and why not by happy white ones too? Only because men having become reconciled by avarice and interest to an evil custom, shut their eyes to the enormity of an evil of which the gain is great. Yes, I think for my part that ere six months are passed, hardly one person will be found desirous of returning to the old system; and people will wonder in another year how emancipation ever seemed so great a bugbear.

I am happy to say that the negroes in this quarter show a most excellent disposition generally, and everything augurs well for a happy termination to the apprenticeship-system, and a prosperous commencement to that of freedom. I have had a strong proof of what I state, having been induced to free six hundred on five estates on the 21st of July last, who have all (with seven exceptions only) remained working quietly and steadily during the last ten days for wages, and done more work during that time than for two weeks previously. I wish you could have seen all the people of the estates to which I allude, dining with Louisa and me at Crossover, when we visited them; all dressed neatly, some gaudily, some even elegantly, eating with knives and forks, and conducting themselves with far more propriety than any equal number of peasantry whom you could find in the agricultural districts of England."

In 1841 they again returned home by America, landing at Liverpool, where they paid a long visit to his youngest sister, Mrs. Aitken, with whom and her husband, that well-known and much-honoured servant of God, the late Rev. Robert Aitken of Pendeen, they remained till after the birth of William Hay Aitken, to whom Mr. Grant stood godfather, along with General Macdowall, of Garthland. Two years after, Mrs. Grant wrote to her sister-in-law, from which letter it appears that troubles had arisen among the freed population.

"St. Vincent, March 31st, 1843.

MY DEAREST M.—, I fear you will be much inted at seeing my handwriting instead of

our darling Hay's, but he really cannot write unless he again takes the time from his sleep. He is sometimes up till three in the morning, and that, too, standing in the boiling-house, where the heat and steam are enough of themselves to overpower him. The negroes are giving a great deal of trouble;—they are not only lazy, but sulky and insolent, and independent to a degree beyond any one's imagining. You will probably have read in the papers the account of the fearful visitation from which most of our islands have suffered,—I mean the earthquake of the 8th ultimo. Guadaloupe has scarcely one stone standing upon another, and Antigua is also in ruins. St. Vincent has mercifully been spared, but even the threatenings were beyond idea fearful. I was standing about ten o'clock in Hay's dressing-room, talking with him while he was preparing to go to Kingston, when we were warned by the rumbling and rushing noise of an earthquake; and on it came, rolling and heaving the ground like the waves of the ocean,—not only felt but *visible.* The house seemed lifted two or three times from its foundations, and the tree to which I went and against which I leaned, rocked like a mast in a heavy sea. It lasted four minutes, and oh, were they not minutes of agony!"

The summer of 1846 found them again in England, and the following letter shows the struggle between Mr. Grant's protectionist principles, aided doubtless by personal suffering from free trade, and his kindly consideration and never-failing thought for others:—

"78, Moreland Place, Southampton,
June 8th, 1846.

"MY DEAREST M.—, I think most of my time in England must be spent in London, as in the present state of West Indian affairs I must work for our living, and I have opportunities by being there. If protection to sugar is done away, and slave-manufactured sugar is admitted, many West Indian proprietors will be entirely ruined, and few will obtain any return from their estates. I fear the impending evil will arrive in the course of a couple of years, and will certainly at once render useless a great deal of my labour in the West Indies. However, I cannot help approving of the measures of Government which do away with protection in food and the necessaries of life, and benefit a mass of people at the expense of a few individuals—even though I myself am one of the sufferers. I only hope that they will give us the three years grace given to English agriculturists, to enable us to prepare for so great a change."

Hay Macdowall Grant was not satisfied with the faithful discharge of his mercantile duties, and with efforts to provide an honourable competence for himself and his wife; he set himself sedulously to care for the moral, physical, and spiritual necessities of the negroes under his charge. One of his oldest and most valued friends, W. Porter, Esq., thus writes:—

"Mr. Grant early evinced strong religious principles and a desire to benefit others, both by precept and example. As there was no church or place

of worship near the estates he was in charge of, he had a chapel erected on the Calder Estate; at first the Wesleyan ministers officiated every second Sunday, while he read prayers and delivered a lecture or sermon on the alternate Sunday, until a clergyman could be procured. The emancipation of the slaves came into operation on the 1st of August, 1838: at this time Sir George Taylor was the Governor. Sir George soon discovering Mr. Grant's talents and aptitude for business, and that he would be a very efficient and useful member of the Board of Council, got him appointed, and from that period until his retirement to Scotland he continued a very prominent and efficient member. For many years he acted as Assistant-Judge, and, on more than one occasion, during the temporary absence of the Chief Judge, he officiated in that capacity, with satisfaction to the community, and, I may also add, to the Bar. His memory will long be cherished and respected as one of the most useful members of society in that Colony. During the latter years of his stay in St. Vincent he resided at Brighton Estate, a property which he purchased in 1842."

Mr. Grant was a practical "abstainer," the origin of which showed his characteristic self-denial. He related it thus to his nephew many years after. "There was on my estate in the West Indies a wretched old drunken negro rat-catcher; very clever at his business when sober, but only sober at rare and uncertain intervals. I felt concerned for the poor old man, as I saw that drink was dragging him, body and soul, down to perdition,

and I spoke very earnestly to him, urging him to become a teetotaller, as that seemed to me his only chance. I was not a little taken aback when the old man suddenly turned round upon me with, 'All very well for Massa tell dis poor nigger to give up his drop o' rum, when Massa sit at dinner and drink him wine.' And I suppose the old man was more taken aback still when I replied, 'Look here, Sambo, if you will give up the rum, I will give up the wine.' The poor old man's heart was touched by such an offer coming from such a quarter, and then and there we both took the pledge together." Mr. Hay Aitken adds, "I believe the old man kept it and was rescued from ruin. Not many years ago, I remember the impression this story produced upon an officer staying at Arndilly, who was quite a man of the world, and somewhat disposed to be sceptical. 'Most astonishing man, that uncle of yours;' (I remember he said to me), 'I never met such a man in the whole course of my life. What do you think he told me after dinner to-day? I had been asking him why he took no wine, and he told me that he gave it up many years ago for the sake of an old drunken rat-catcher. Now just think of a man giving up his wine for a nigger and a rat-catcher!' I may add that the impression was evidently not one of scorn, but of profound respect for one who could be so consistent aud true to his profession."

During his long residence in the West Indies Mr. Grant regularly sent home £60 a year for the poor of Boharm and Rothes, and this was entirely from the kindly feelings and recollections of "auld

lang syne;" for at that time nothing could have been more unlikely than that he should ever live among them as their personal friend and proprietor. At the same time, it is stated that to any of his relatives requiring assistance his help was ever prompt, even when his own means were insufficient and decreasing.

Mr. Grant's labours, however, were not confined to St. Vincent. To this period belong the following letters about his work in Barbadoes. The first is from a Moravian missionary, the Rev. J. R. Edgehill, who still lives and works for the Lord in that island.

"Sharon Mission House, Barbadoes,
November, 1873.

"I made the acquaintance of Mr. Grant here in Barbadoes when he became a shareholder in, and director of, the West India Bank. I met him first in 1846, when I waited upon him as secretary of the Temperance Society. He received the deputation of which I was a member most cordially, and gave us his name and influence at once. He was moving in the first circles of Barbadoes society—at Government House with the Judge, the Attorney-General, the Bishop, and all our leading families; but night after night he declined their invitations, and went with us about the country to address assemblies of the poor and the miserable. Sometimes I have been out with him four nights in the week, returning after twelve o'clock at night, and that when he had been at work all day with the Directors. Of his addresses it is enough for me to say that they were

Christian appeals, in truly eloquent terms, to persons of all ages, of all classes, and both sexes. I know one young man who was won from intemperance by his advocacy, and who yet lives to be a blessing to his family. One poor woman, who was degraded in every sense of the term, was recovered, became converted, and died happily. His stirring temperance addresses are remembered now by hundreds all over the island.

"He was presented with an address and a copy of the Scriptures by our Society when he returned to St. Vincent. His next visit to Barbadoes was also in connection with the West India Bank, but under very different circumstances. The bank shutters were up; a run on it had terminated in a crash, and ruin was at the door of hundreds. The public had lost confidence in the local officers. Violent meetings had been held at the bank, and passionate men were aggravating the awful state of things already existing. At one of these the question was discussed whether there should be a winding-up of the bank, or an effort to go on. Some shareholders became furious; and when it appeared as if personal outrage would be committed, Mr. Grant came forward, and I never shall forget how his calm, Christian courtesy and commanding eloquence gained upon every man in the room, soothed their passions, and restored their reason. He gave the meeting a practical turn, sent all away peacefully; was ultimately appointed manager, with power to wind-up the bank, and did all that he could to prevent the utter ruin of all concerned.

"Mr. Grant was a friend to popular education. When he first came to Barbadoes the education of the poor received very little attention. Many still believed that it was not safe to instruct the people, and the Legislature had done little or nothing to promote education. A Christian worker had opened a day-school for poor children, and maintained a Sunday-school for others. Mr. Grant became acquainted with the fact, and many an hour he spent among the little ones in those schools, telling them of the love of Jesus, and giving them useful knowledge for future days. It was pleasant to see him sitting in the midst of a group of black children, hearing them read God's Word, and while their bright eyes sparkled with pleasure to behold him, to mark with what simplicity he imparted the truth to them.

"And now he is gone. I know few men of whom it can be more truly said, 'He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith,' and by his instrumentality 'much people was added unto the Lord.' 'Being dead, he yet speaketh.'"

W. H. Austen, Esq., of Grove House, Teignmouth, writes also of this period of banking disaster:—

"Although Mr. Grant was comparatively a stranger, he was chosen to superintend the winding-up in preference to any of the persons in the island. At that time we had as Governor of the island Colonel Reid, afterwards the well-known Sir William Reid, one of the best rulers that has at any time repre-

sented the Sovereign of the British throne. Mr. Grant and Colonel Reid were on very intimate terms, and I believe were often associated in works of philanthropy and benevolence, as both sought the welfare of the large population of the island. Mr. Grant would often be found in some of the lowest and most degraded parts of the town, delivering lectures, seeking to reclaim the abandoned and the outcast. I remember hearing that, when located in the Island of St. Vincent, he sometimes occupied the pulpits of Dissenting ministers; but I do not believe that he ever did so in Barbadoes, there not being the like necessity."

All these records of Mr. Grant's youth and earlier manhood show very satisfactorily that, when more entirely devoted to the work of his God, he laid at the Master's feet a mind of more than ordinary strength, energy, and clearness, and very special gifts of personal influence.

The climate of the West Indies had much affected the health both of Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and probably laid the foundation of the maladies from which both suffered to the end of their lives. In 1847 it again became necessary to seek change of air, and, first returning to England, they went to Carlsbad, by Ostend, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and Wiesbaden. There is a marked difference between the diary of this period and the one of later years. Although unwearied in teaching and preaching to the negroes, and giving temperance lectures to the outwardly degraded, Mr. Grant had no idea at this time of "showing his colours" in society, or of seeking

after individual souls. He used afterwards to say that his ambition then was to be a "closet Christian;"—partly from his natural reserve, which made any confession of deep religious feeling exceedingly difficult. There was undoubtedly also a period of spiritual declension, although accompanied by some struggle after, and yearning for, a better and happier condition. His earlier diary contains characteristic touches of kindliness, minute attention to details, candid confession of little faults, and devotion to his suffering wife; but there is not a word of work for, or even interest about souls, while he freely entered into whatever worldly amusements came in his way. I copy a few passages as characteristic of the whole.

"1847, June 6th, Sunday.—Visited the Cathedral at Ostend. At the entrance-door is a recess, on one side of which is the figure of our Saviour on the cross, with Mary. In a pit below are several figures, of all ages and sexes, painted as suffering in Purgatory, and praying to be let out, and over this an inscription in Flemish, 'Help us to get them out by giving charity.' What blindness does the love of money cause with respect to the interests of eternity; what ignorance of the true grounds for expecting salvation!"

"June 11th.—Left Brussels at two o'clock by train for Aix-la-Chapelle. Arriving there the confusion of having our luggage examined was very great. We had got one box opened and looked at, and I had unlocked another, when I was astonished at being told to shut it up, and one of the police carried all our

boxes to a coach. I was surprised, but went for Louisa, and hurried her out of the Passport Office, scarcely giving her time to thank the clerk, believing that it was only a polite way of levying a contribution of two francs,—ungrateful wretch that I was! Louisa had so delighted the official by entering into conversation with him, that he had sent the message which, whispered into the officer's ear, had produced the magical effects above mentioned. This officer told Louisa that he found the English very ready to ask favours, but not thankful to receive them. He said Louisa must be a Scotch lady, as she was so different. I think, for my part, I verified the character by my unthankfulness, though done in ignorance."

"June 13th, Sunday, Cologne.—Visited the Cathedral to-day; it was one of the principal fêtes of the year. The organ was very grand, also one female voice. What a deal of outward show and form there is in the Roman Catholic ceremonies; more like the ceremonial observances of the Jews of old than the simplicity of the institutions of our Saviour! The frequent bowings, half-prostrations, and whole prostrations, crossings, etc., reminded one of the customs of the Pharisees: 'Ye hold the traditions of men as to the washing of pots and cups, and many other such like things ye do.' (Mark vii. 8)."

It is interesting to compare with these extracts some thoughts as to foreign travel written in home letters long after. Here is one of sixteen years later date:—

"Garthland, November 24th, 1863.—I thought that I had made up my mind to SUBMIT to go abroad as the most likely means of restoring my health for future usefulness; but I am all at sea again. I would not hesitate about going if I thought I could get some work in a climate favourable to my health. But if it be only to fight the battle among careless worldlings, I dread receiving more scars in my own soul than being of real use to others, and the foreign life which one leads at hotels is a very distracting one."

"1865, April 26th, Leghorn.—I shall be glad to be quiet again at home, if it please the Lord to bring me back hence, for this travelling about is far from conducive to spiritual advancement. Indeed, few things, I think, can try one more than the constant succession of new sights; feeding the lust of the eyes without a sufficient corresponding good; and then there are too few opportunities of advancing the cause of truth, or rather too few that I am willing to take advantage of. I think the selfish principle of our nature is more fed by novelty than in any other way; no one thinks it otherwise than right to try and get the first berths on steamers, the best rooms at hotels, best places in railway carriages, always, always the best of everything for *dear self;* and thus the *self-denying* principle is lost sight of almost entirely."

Mr. Grant's visit to Carlsbad, in 1847, was principally interesting to him as laying the foundation of several friendships which continued to the end of his life. From some notes sent me by one

of these friends, I extract the following, showing how successfully Mr. Grant at this time managed to *hide* his colours.

"I met Mr. and Mrs. Macdowall Grant at Carlsbad, in 1847. He was a remarkably aristocratic-looking man, pleasing and courteous in manner, and won all hearts by his gentleness and kindness. In public worship on the Lord's-day, his demeanour was unmistakably devotional, and he was glad to have the loan of religious books, which he certainly read, but could not be induced to talk over their contents. Long afterwards, when I reminded him of this, he said, 'I remember it well,—it was just PRIDE!' There was a deep feeling in the minds and hearts of fellow-Christians that he was tending Godward, but there never was anything tangible to lead one to think that he was a *converted man*; although he told me afterwards that he really was so, even at that time."

In the summer of 1848, Mr. Grant returned to his work in the West Indies, leaving his wife and her negro maid in Paris. While there they were surprised by the Revolution of that celebrated year of shaken dynasties. Hearing some rumours of expected *émeutes*, my husband (Mr. Gordon), who was in Paris at the time, went out one day to inspect "the situation," and happened to see the formation of the first barricade, which was commenced with the cab of an English lady, whom the insurgents, with the utmost politeness, handed out of it. It was not till long after, at the beginning of a close friendship and union in work with her husband, that Mr.

Gordon discovered that the lady of the barricade was Mrs. Grant of Arndilly. The following letter gives an account of her subsequent misadventures. Her escape was greatly hindered by her being entrusted with the portable valuables of many of the wealthy refugees; which she managed, however, to convey safe to England, and thence she sailed to rejoin her husband.

"Garthland, Saturday, March, 1848.

"My Dear ——, Poor Louisa is safe, though she has suffered much anxiety and distress, and her poor black maid Jane is dead of small-pox. She had been obliged to move from the lodgings in the Rue Royale on her account, and to send her to a Maison de Santé, where she saw her daily, till the doctor forbade her for fear of infection. On the first day of the troubles, a kind Parisian friend, M. Mourgère, and his two daughters, persuaded her to go to the Chaussée d'Antin, where she remained till Friday, when fires occurring so frequently in that disturbed quarter, and M. M. being obnoxious to the people, from his having been a *Préfet*, he recommended Louisa to return to the Champs Elysées and to try to escape to England. No conveyance could be obtained, so she had to walk through the streets, where she was horrified by having to pass pools of blood, and seeing splashes of it here and there, with shouts of the people, firing of cannon, musketry, etc., and half-fainting she reached her lodgings, where she heard of the death of poor Jane. She was in great distress, and felt as if left without a friend among strangers,

but she was enabled to look to Him who alone was able to support her."

Life and work at Brighton Estate were becoming darker and more difficult. Republican emissaries were everywhere busy in sowing the seeds of division and discontent, and the emancipated slaves were but too ready to listen to evil counsels; while their consciousness of power, suggestions of fancied grievances, and superior numbers, aided in unsettling their excitable and uneducated minds. The following letter refers to this period, and shows a different state of affairs from the prosperity of the old Calder home.

"Brighton Estate, St. Vincent, Dec. 8th, 1848.

"My dearest M., — Since I came back to this country (now a year ago) I have had little else than one continued series of annoyances in worldly matters, with heavy debts and ruin staring me in the face, and needing constant exertion to try and save myself. I never could have supposed that any set of ministers would be mad enough to ruin our colonies, where they had established freedom; and foster foreign states where slavery exists, as these have done. Louisa and I often say that if we had a couple of hundreds a year at home it would be better than all this constant worry and toil; more especially when the end of the year, as of late, shows only a deeper plunge in the mire. I have, however, embarked my all in the country, and must stand or fall by it. From six in the morning till six at night, it is now continued striving; and not mere head work, but often actual labour to induce our lazy

people to exert themselves. As for Louisa, she also works away wonderfully—sweeps her room, makes her bed, and, thank God, is in much better health than she has known for years before. I think the necessity for exertion does her good. It is not that we could not have servants, but they are so insolent and independent that they will scarcely bear to be spoken to."

The time of release from hard work and unpleasant surroundings was, however, at hand, and occurred in a very unexpected manner.

CHAPTER III.

LIFE FROM 1849—56.

"Our own life seemed then
But as an arrow flying in the dark,
Without an aim—a most unwelcome gift....
Meanwhile, the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappeared."

Trench.

In 1849, William Grant Macdowall of Arndilly was attacked by cholera, and died after a short illness, leaving two daughters. This event led some members of the family to examine the deed of entail; and, contrary to former interpretations, it was determined by legal authorities that the right of succession to the estate of Arndilly belonged to the male heirs of that generation, to the exclusion for the time of the more direct female heirs. Thus Hay Macdowall Grant was unexpectedly called home to take possession of his maternal inheritance. The tenantry hailed with satisfaction the return of one who, even in distant lands, had never forgotten them; and this tie of goodwill and mutual interest remained unbroken to the end, deepening in many cases into rare devotedness of attachment.

Mr. and Mrs. Macdowall Grant bade a final fare-

well to the West Indies in June, 1849, and arrived at Arndilly on the 6th of August, which we find thus noticed in his diary:—

"August 6th, 1849.—Arrived at Arndilly after eight years' absence. What changes have occurred since then! How many who were once happy have passed away! Our time must come for departing,—may come soon. Are we prepared? God keep such thoughts uppermost amidst the cares of the world, which will try to gain the chief place! How beautiful and smiling everything looks! Mr. W. J—— met us, and gave us his assistance to make matters comfortable. Walked down to the Piles with Louisa, taking my fishing-rod. In half an hour killed a salmon twenty pounds in weight. . . .

"Sept. 6th.—Visited my old tutor, Rev. J. Morrison, of Old Deer, whom I found little changed, except that his hair had turned more grey, like my own."

The house required many repairs, and Mr. Grant commenced these, along with the present picturesque conservatory and frontage of the finely-situated mansion, close to a sweep of the noble river, and just below the shadows of Ben Aigen. It was not, therefore, till the summer of 1850 that they finally took possession of Arndilly.

In 1851 a Christian friend paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Grant, and thus records her impressions:—

"Mrs. G——, of P——, came to Arndilly the following day, with two daughters. Five or six nieces and nephews were also in the house, and all clustered around 'dear Uncle Hay' with marked

devotion, quite as loving children to a loving parent. There was no evening family worship, but in the morning the household were assembled, when God's Word and a scriptural prayer were read by Mr. Grant in his own beautiful tone of voice. On the first morning after family worship, Mrs. Grant said to me, 'Dear Hay does not pray extempore since we came to Arndilly. To you, as a dear friend, I can't help saying that he has become entangled with the world. Oh! it is such a pity, and we have now no evening worship.'"

"There was a card-table, Mrs. Grant's pretty music, and I have a vivid remembrance of Mr. Grant's charming reading aloud of poetry, in which he delighted. During various walks and drives we had a good deal of conversation on the subject of intemperance. Mr. Grant mentioned that he was addressing the people on the terrible evils of this sin. I could not help saying, 'So far that is well; but unless the Gospel is at the same time declared, little or no good will follow.' He replied, 'Oh, I do try to speak the truth also; but the whisky mania must be dealt with first, and then minds will be clear to receive the Gospel.' When we left Arndilly, after five days of most pleasant intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Grant, it was with the feeling that, though he was peculiarly interesting, yet that Mrs. Grant was more advanced in the truth than he was."

In the early part of 1852, Mr. Grant was completely laid aside for several months, in consequence of a severe accident. In walking across the lobby at Auchluncart his foot tripped, he fell, and so severely

injured his spine, that he was for long reduced to childlike helplessness. His excellent constitution eventually prevailed, though he never was so strong afterwards. This time of inactivity, always a most severe trial to one of his ardour and energy of temperament, was borne with the sweetest patience; his one thought being the comfort and care of others. By the summer of the same year he was again in active life, of a peculiarly stirring and exciting kind.

At the general election of that year Mr. Grant consented to stand for the county of Banff, in support of the late Lord Derby's administration, at the urgent request of the Duke of Richmond, then the leader of Conservative interests in the north of Scotland. Although but recently settled at home, his popularity was so great, that success was confidently expected, in spite of the immense interest of Mr. Duff, the Liberal candidate, now the Earl of Fife. Mr. Grant threw his whole energy into the contest, but very characteristically gave the strictest orders to his agents that there should be no undue pressure used of any kind whatever; which orders were carried out to the letter. During the canvass, Mr. Grant had occasion to visit Edinburgh, and was introduced for the first time to the late Lord Handyside. After a long discussion on politics with the eminent Whig lawyer, during which Mr. Grant jotted down notes for his speech, Lord Handyside said after his guest's departure, "That is a man of power; he will be a formidable rival in the North, and his speaking is sure to tell." But though a formidable he was not an invincible rival, and he was defeated by the reduced

majority of twenty-six, instead of seventy-eight, as had been the case with the last Conservative candidate. His nomination-address was termed "*spirited*, able, and distinct," and it was said that "the contest was *spiritedly* led on by Mr. Grant;" no word more thoroughly expressing the peculiar quality which, then and always, gave charm and force to his mental character. Protection and Free Trade were the war-cries of the day, and these topics so engrossed the attention of the speakers, that there is only one other important subject on which we can glean Mr. Grant's views from his political addresses; and that is, popular education, of which he was a strong advocate. A common objection to the spread of general education, viz., the increase of crime shown by statistics, he justly considered to be an ill-founded one; as that unfortunate increase can be too well accounted for, not by the spread of letters, but by the increased use of intoxicating liquors. While dispensing education with one hand, he argued that the Government should with the other carry out strong measures to combat the crying evil which had made the good of none effect, concluding with these words: "Experience has proved that the use of intoxicating liquors is the chief destroyer in after-life of the benefits resulting from a moral and religious education; and if ministers who have devoted themselves to the service of God, and to the promotion of the good of their fellow-creatures, were only alive to this danger, how effectually might they combat it, by introducing into the schools under their charge the knowledge of the principle that the greatest safety from temptation is

to shun being exposed to it. My proposal, then, would be, to introduce in schools generally throughout the land the principle of total abstinence from the use of all intoxicating drinks; and to encourage the young as much as possible to embrace this means of safety."

Some years later he wrote to his sister, Mrs. Aitken:—

"Arndilly, March 23rd, 1857.

"MY DEAREST M.,—This must be a hurried letter, but I do not wish to delay replying to yours received yesterday, as you seem uneasy lest I should be thinking of standing for Banffshire, and I can now assure you that I have not the least intention of doing so. This is no hurried resolution, but one made four years ago, that I should not contest the county again. It is true that I have lately had applications made to me to alter my determination, and I have been informed, on good authority, that many who formerly voted against me would now support me; but, so far as my own feelings are concerned, I have not even a wish to be in Parliament. I have been *led* into a great field of labour for the salvation of souls in this part of the country, contrary to my judgment and to my inclination, but in a manner so obviously from God, that I dare not hang back. And now my only desire is, that He will continue to employ me as an instrument so far as He sees fit, and as long as He thinks right, and then lay me aside, or do with me just as He pleases, only that everything may tend to the promotion of His glory."

He said long afterwards, "Had I been elected M.P. for Banff, it would probably have proved most injurious to my soul. But in addressing the masses on politics, it was then that I was made aware that God had given to me the gift of language, and power to speak in public."

For the next few years we know little or nothing of Mr. Grant's life and thoughts, except that the former was the calm and uneventful one of an ordinary country gentleman, and that the latter were still under the spell of repression. No practical desire or design of leading a different *life* from those around him, as far as we can tell, was cherished by him; but, as is very often the case with half-and-half Christians, he frequently turned to the subject of preparation for *death*. Thus he writes to his sister, Dec. 10, 1855:—

"My dearest M.,—Each relative passing to their long home should remind us that here we have no continuing place, and that eternity is fast approaching, whether we are prepared or not to meet it. May we be enabled to look upon death, when it comes, as a mere passage to life—dark, indeed, because unknown, but rendered sure through the light of faith. All these trials are for our good, if we only receive them as such. We need them to remind us constantly that here we are pilgrims and strangers; and truly was it said by the poet—

"'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.'"

CHAPTER IV.

COMMENCEMENT OF WORK.

"But none honours God like the thirst of desire,
Nor possesses the heart so completely with Him;
For it burns the world out with the swift ease of fire,
And fills life with good works till it runs o'er the brim.
For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with its treasure,
And the ardour of love captive hearts can unfetter;
And they who love God cannot love Him by measure,
For their love is but hunger to love Him still better."

A TIME of change was at hand. When or how it began we know not; but Mr. Grant eventually became dissatisfied and troubled about his own lukewarm condition. The state of a "closet Christian" no longer seemed to him scriptural or desirable, but as yet he saw not how to become what he afterwards used to call, in stronger contrast than at first sight the words imply, a "CONSECRATED CHRISTIAN." Seen in the united light of the Old and New Testaments, he learned that such a life signifies being given wholly up to the Lord, outwardly as well as inwardly—body, soul, and spirit (2 Cor. viii. 5; 1 Thess. v. 23).

His spiritual history and progress at this time I give in better words than my own. It is interesting

to note the sharpening influences, all unseen and unnoted at the time, which were each fulfilling their own God-given work in preparing a polished shaft for the Lord's work. Mrs. Aitken writes:—

"It was on a Sunday afternoon, a murky, raw day in the end of February, 1856, when Mr. Aitken suddenly said to me, 'M., I wish that you would take the two children and go down to Arndilly.' One of them being far from well, I replied, 'To Scotland at this season! What could make you think of such a thing? Much as I long to see dearest Hay, and to take my children to Arndilly, I should never think of going thither now.' But he persisted in pressing it, and a short time after we went. Now, mark, that *very Sunday*—as I learned from himself afterwards—my brother rode to Aberlour to church, mourning over his cold, dead state of soul, and lifting up constant prayer to God to remove it. In the meantime, my children and I, having left our home in the remotest part of Cornwall, arrived at Garthland (my brother-in-law, General Macdowall's home) on the following day. There I was, however, taken so seriously ill, that my children wrote to their father in great alarm, and he hurried down to see me. I got better, and we four went on to Arndilly. The morning after our arrival my husband said to my brother, 'I cannot be idle, you must find me some work to do.' Accordingly, meetings were arranged in the barns of the principal farms; the ministers of both the churches in Rothes offered their pulpits, and conversions followed. When we were leaving Arndilly, a deputation of earnest men on the estate came to my husband to

ask him to prevail upon 'the laird' to carry on the meetings. He then, in the most solemn language, laid before my brother his responsibility for keeping up the work which God had so graciously begun. He shrank nervously from it, but his converted people pressed him—got a meeting ready—and sent word that they were all waiting. When he went to it no one else would take the lead; they reminded him that Mr. Aitken had laid it upon him. Thus forced, he began; found God greatly helping him; and from that time, when he put his hand to the plough, he never looked back. The world and its society lost all attraction for him. He never entered it except to fish for souls."

The following letter from the late Mr. Brownlow North I give here, although the first part of it goes back somewhat in point of date. It supplies most interesting information to carry on the narrative which Mr. Grant's diary completes in the next chapter:—

"Mr. Grant, of Arndilly, I knew well both before and after his public appearance as a preacher of the Gospel. Previous to his coming out decidedly on the side of the Lord, he was said by many to be a Christian, but there was little or nothing that I saw either in his own conduct or the arrangements of his household that would have led any one to discover that he was anything more than a kind, courteous, and amiable country gentleman. About the middle of 1854, shortly before my own conversion, a nephew of Mr. Grant's, Major Fraser, now Lord Saltoun, had a child christened at Arndilly, and I was invited to the party. The ceremony was performed by Dr.

Eden, the Bishop of Moray and Ross, whom, at the request of Mr. Grant, I drove over from Elgin. The christening was very like any other quiet christening, the amusement of the evening being a round game of cards. I cannot at this distance of time say positively whether Mr. Grant himself played or not; but if he did not, he sat looking on while all the rest played. I mention this as showing that, whatever at this time might have been the religious opinions of Mr. Grant, they made no apparent external difference in his conduct, which was very much that of other people.

"In November of that same year, 1854, it pleased God to change all my own views concerning the things of time and eternity, and just one year afterwards, in the end of 1855, I began to speak for the Lord in Elgin. The thing got talked about, as large crowds soon began to congregate at the meetings, and Mr. Grant, among others, heard what I was doing. He came to Elgin to see me. As soon as he entered my room he commenced in a very earnest manner to ask me questions about my conduct, and my motives for it. Even now, after the lapse of so many years, I remember distinctly his first words: 'I say, North, tell me the meaning of all this; now, I do not ask out of mere curiosity, I have got particular reasons for asking. Do tell me all about it.' I told him that in the years past I had been living in sin and God-forgetfulness, and that God in His mercy having called me to repent and believe the Gospel, I believed it to be my duty not to keep it to myself, but to tell it to others, and try to get them to believe it also. He asked if I thought my preach-

ing would do anybody any good; and I told him I had every reason to believe that God had allowed it to do good already. He then said something about his having become a Christian years ago, but that he did not think it necessary for him to go out and preach. I remember, however, when he spoke in this way, he gave me the idea of a man not satisfied with what he was saying; and I recollect urging him, if he did not preach, at once to set about doing something else for God, for unless he did, what mark had he of being a Christian at all? We had much more conversation to the same purpose, but at that time he did not acknowledge that he agreed with me, but went away thoughtful and sad-looking, and I thought also, if anything, rather displeased. I cannot say how long it was after this before we met again, but when we did, the same sort of conversation was repeated; and shortly afterwards his brother-in-law, that holy man of God, now in glory, Mr. Aitken, came unexpectedly to stay at Arndilly. Mr. Aitken was not a man to be long in a place without trying to do something for God, and he began at once to hold meetings. These soon became attended by very large congregations, and I believe that at that time, by the Gospel from his lips, many of God's people were fed and profited, and sinners quickened and converted.

"From that time Mr. Grant began, more or less regularly, to speak, as he had opportunity, for the Lord Jesus. One place in which he began to hold meetings was in a little out-house or shed, in the village of Craigellachie, which he took from a

Christian carpenter named Gilbert. In this shed he was in the habit of preaching in the evenings, after Mr. Gilbert had done his work; but it did not please the Lord at the very first to give much apparent blessing on his teaching; and in about three weeks after he had commenced this work, he wrote, inviting me to take one of the addresses for him. Well do I remember the text—John v. 25—30; and well I may, for God used it to the salvation of a soul. After the service, when the people had gone away, and Mr. Grant and I were standing, as we thought, alone, we heard sobbing; and on looking round we saw a young woman sitting in a corner and crying bitterly, because 'her soul was unsaved.' Mr. Grant and I spoke to her for some time, pointing out to her,—no matter what she was,—how she might be saved; but that night it was all in vain, and we left her after I had arranged with her to come up next morning and see me at Arndilly. Thanks be to God, after I again pointed her to Jesus, she seemed to receive by faith God's way of salvation, and went away rejoicing. At the risk of being thought egotistical, I have mentioned this, that you may more clearly understand what follows. Mr. Grant came to my room when she had left, and talked to me for more than an hour, his one theme being how extraordinary it appeared to him that he should have been speaking at his own door for three weeks, and never have seen any apparent good, while I had come fifteen miles to preach in the same place, and on the very first night had been made the instrument of the awakening of a soul. At the same time he

told me he was much perplexed about what he considered an extraordinary invitation he had received to preach on the following Sunday in the Free Church at Boharm. This was so entirely opposed to all his preconceived notions, that when he spoke to me about it he was inclined to think it a hoax. I do not think that he had ever been in a Free Church at that time; but though professedly, I believe, an Episcopalian, had generally been in the habit of worshipping in the Scotch Established Church. He seemed to think that it would be positively wrong of him to go, but I urged on him that he must, for that I believed, so far from its being wrong, it was a direct call from God. He talked much about it, but I returned to Elgin, leaving him undecided. In the beginning of the next week I got from him something very like the following letter; for though I cannot put my hand upon it at this moment, or am even by any means sure that I have got it, its contents so interested me at the time, that I almost now fancy I see it before me. It ran somewhat thus :—

"'My dear North,—I have got my first soul! Do you remember my saying to you what a strange thing it was that you should come fifteen miles over here to preach, and awaken a soul the very first night; when I had been preaching for three weeks, and never had seen any appearance of good? Well, I too have got a soul now, but like you, I had to go some miles for it! You remember my invitation to preach in the Free Church at Boharm, and you insisted that I ought to go. Well, I went; and as I was coming home after preaching, I passed a

woman sitting by the road-side crying. I was going on my way without taking any notice, when she called after me, saying, "Oh, Mr. Grant, do not go by without giving me a word; do stop and speak to me." Of course I stopped directly, and asked her what was the matter; and you can imagine my feelings when she told me she had been to hear me preach, and was in distress about her soul! She was indeed in great distress; and I soon got deeply interested, and distressed, too; and from talking got to praying, going to God through Jesus Christ for His pardon and His Holy Spirit. I do believe that God heard those prayers, for as we talked and prayed the poor woman's distress not only was all taken away, but she left me with a face full of joy and peace, just the same sort of look on it as the woman left with who came to see you at Arndilly. . . . Now I am thoroughly committed; and God helping me, from this time forth, whether in season or out of season, I will, as I have opportunity, teach and preach Jesus Christ.'

"You and I, and all who knew him, can bear witness how, even unto the death, he kept his resolution. Two years after this I heard him himself state, in Mr. Moody Stuart's Church in Edinburgh, that up to that date over eight hundred persons had come to speak to him about their souls, of whom he had every reason to believe that about three hundred had been savingly converted to Christ."

The following letter from Mr. Grant to Miss Marsh, written the next year, gives an account of

these incidents, which it is interesting to compare with the preceding:—

"January 22nd, 1857.

. . . . "And now I must tell you a little of the Arndilly progress in the Lord's work. . . .

"And with what feeble means has our Lord worked amongst these people! First, He sends an Episcopalian clergyman (my brother-in-law, Mr. Aitken) against his will to Arndilly, in April last,—for he had let his wife start alone to pay her visit, and it was only when she fell ill on the road that he was obliged to join her. Next, the Holy Spirit stirs up the people, whilst Mr. A. is here, to come from all quarters to hear him. Then a few conversions take place the three weeks he is here, to give encouragement and seal the work. Then the last Sunday some farmers come forward to request him to persuade me to form prayer-meetings, which I most unwillingly agree to, not believing that Presbyterians will listen to an Episcopalian; but as I am going away for three weeks, I defer it till my return, thus giving the enemy time to choke or steal the good seed sown. Then on my return I resolve to let the people alone and see how they will act; but when I entered my garden, an old convert (an invalid working in it) tells me that they have appointed next day for a prayer-meeting, and expect me to attend. To this I reluctantly consent, but resolve to take no part in it further than to be present; but, at the same time, I lay the whole matter before God in prayer, asking for direction. Then when I go, I meet ten people, and after sitting

down they call upon me to tell them what to do, so I am forced to give out a hymn, and I say a prayer, and read a chapter, and in reading it I am led to explain some parts of it, which I never tried to do before, and find a power given me to do so. Then one of the people prays, another hymn is sung, and I go away to get my horse, without arranging any other meeting. Then two men follow me, and tell me I must not leave off now that I had begun, and must fix the next meeting, which I refuse to do, but agree to attend if they will fix it. Then I go to the next meeting after earnest prayer for direction, and find fifty persons instead of ten, and wished I had not attended it; again obliged to speak, and obtain much aid from above; and now I dare not go back —I see the Lord's hand in it, I can doubt no longer. Now I labour on for two months amid many difficulties and trials. No fruit appears among the people, though much earnestness, till Mr. North comes for three days, in the beginning of June; and after one of his addresses, a woman comes to him weeping, and next day she visits him at Arndilly, and finds peace soon after. Then I am obliged, *much against my will*, by the persuasion of a farmer and Mr. North, to go to the Free Church at the lower end of the parish, and there give an address on Sunday afternoon, as they could get no clergyman. There the first-fruit appears in a woman meeting me on the path after service, crying, and telling me that she felt quite unhappy from something that had been said by me, which showed her that she was in danger of God's wrath. Since then the work of the

Lord has gone on slowly and steadily, without any excitement except deep conviction of sin. When I began to write, I did not mean to go into this long account, but I have been led on, and so send it, for all I can say is, 'It is the Lord's doing, and wonderful in my eyes.' I may as well add, that the earnest prayers of my sister, Mrs. Aitken, had been offered up for two years before, constantly, that God would work His own work amongst these people where she spent the first part of her life, and laboured earnestly to benefit them; and in February last I was one Sunday deeply impressed with a feeling that I was passing through life eating, drinking, and amusing myself, but in every other way useless, and praying earnestly to have some way of usefulness opened to me, *but not this way;* flesh and blood would have recoiled against that, and, like Jonah, I might have run away had I foreseen it."

From thenceforward Hay Macdowall Grant's life brimmed over with loving service to God, and unwearied labours for immortal souls. Among his own people, "Arndilly," in his tartan shooting-jacket, was to be seen at the cottage door, by the chimney corner, in the farm-steading, by the road-side, earnestly, eagerly engaged in his calling, that of "catching men." The other day I passed through one of the most picturesque villages of our north-eastern coast, and was struck by the unmistakable nature of its business, and that of its inhabitants. Here were the bait-catchers starting with their baskets coastwards; there the fish-sellers setting off

inland with their "creels;" the feebler ones baiting lines; others disentangling the dripping nets; the beautiful braes covered with drying nets, or with snowy "speldings."* There could be no doubt whatever that the occupation of those sons and daughters of the sea was to catch fish. Equally unmistakable were the signs of a settled work and calling which all could thenceforward see in the life of this fisher of souls.

* Dried whitings.

CHAPTER V.

DIARY OF 1856.

"Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
Then learn to scorn the praise of man,
And learn to lose with God;
For Jesus won the world through shame,
And beckons thee His road."

WHILE there are diversities of gifts and ways of operation, it is the "self-same Spirit" who divides "to every man severally as He will." (1 Cor. xii. 4, 6, 11.) In watching the methods of Spiritual Economy, we find, however, that the sanctified use of natural characteristics frequently comes within the scope of that wise and holy will. In the diary —portions of which will form this chapter and the next—we see many significant examples of this truth. By a rash step, Mr. Grant was obliged, as we have seen, to give up the learned profession which had been the object of his hopes and studies. He had no sooner done so than he became "a whole man" to the mercantile life, in which alone he could find the competence needed for his new position as the young head of a household. His energy, industry,

and trustworthiness were remarkable when making for himself an earthly home and means of livelihood. When God, in His wisdom, not only called Hay Macdowall Grant to a sphere of wealth and influence, but brought him into His own inner presence as a loved and trusted worker, the Spirit consecrated in a notable manner the gifts of his earlier days. In the same way, he became a whole man in his new work;—hence, industry, order, attention to details, and determined expectation of success were strongly characteristic of his spiritual labours. Had Mr. Grant been a lawyer, we doubtless should still have had an extremely interesting record of his mind and practical experience; but, had he not been a merchant, we certainly should not have had so striking a ledger of souls as his diary presents. Never merchant, indeed, counted up his gains so fondly as this merchantman of souls records those whom he believed to be plucked as brands from the burning. Never merchant grieved over his losses as this man of God grieved over the souls which Satan retained in his power; or who went back, Demas-like, because they loved this present world. Many of us remember well the small note-book in which he entered the name and spiritual state of each soul he spoke to; while at a second interview he always turned back to the former notes, lest he should forget or confuse the case. From these note-books, he transcribed fuller details into his large locked diaries. The latter process was stopped early in 1859, probably from the increase of work, and the fatigue of so much writing. I have the less scruple in selecting

a few of these records, as I know that it was Mr. Grant's intention to publish some of them, and that he was only withheld from doing so by want of time.

"April 8th, 1856.—The Rev. Robert Aitken, Mrs. Aitken, and their two children, Willie Hay and Eda, arrived at Arndilly.

"11th.—We all visited the Aldernie School, and Mr. A. addressed the children, who were moved to tears by what he said. Arranged with W. Cameron to prepare the East Gauldwell Barn for service on Sunday afternoon by Mr. A.

"13th, Sunday.—In the morning, Mr. A. preached in the laundry to about twenty-four people; in the evening, at Easter Gauldwell, to about two hundred, who had collected on a very short notice, though the evening was cold and wet.

"18th.—Mr. A. preached in Rothes, in the Free Church, to a very large congregation. The Established and Free Church ministers sat together in the minister's pew, whilst an Episcopalian occupied the pulpit, and proclaimed the offer of salvation through Jesus;—what a beautiful thing is Christian love and unity! How lamentable are the dissensions of the Church of Christ! One can understand their existence among *nominal Christians,* but what power does it display in the Spirit of evil, and what hidden iniquity in the heart of man, when such dissensions are to be found even amongst those who have been washed from guilt in the blood of Christ, and have had the witness of God's Holy Spirit in their hearts, that they are adopted children of a God of love!

"20th, Sunday.—Mr. A. preached in the morning in the Free Church to a very crowded congregation, and also at the Established Church in the evening to one still more numerous. A. R., a wild young man, called on Mr. A. on the 18th, under deep conviction of sin, and unwilling to believe that Christ died for *him*, though he believed that He died for the world. He found peace with God, and this evening he called with two young men to see Mr. A., who was not able to see them. I went, therefore, and spoke with them, and asked them to pray, after I had prayed that God would show them His wonderful mercy. Neither of them would pray at first; but, after a little, the younger prayed a few words.

"27th.—Mr. A. preached in West Gauldwell Barn in the morning to about eight hundred people, and in the evening to rather more, for they had remained in the neighbourhood all day waiting for the second service, and more had come, though the day was wet and stormy. The sermons made a deep impression on the people. . . .

"28th.—William Gilbert, carpenter, Craigellachie, called to say that he had found peace with God through the reconciling blood of Christ. He had for weeks been very unhappy, and after Mr. A.'s sermon could not rest satisfied with the state of his soul. He prayed till he found peace with God, and joy in the reception of the Holy Ghost into his heart."

The conversion of William Gilbert briefly referred to in the foregoing extracts, is given more fully in one of the late Mr. Aitken's published works

("Higher Truths," p. 154). As the facts are both interesting and instructive, and as Gilbert himself became subsequently so closely associated with Mr. Grant in his work, I give the substance of Mr. Aitken's account, whom Gilbert first saw after his conversion, and to whom he gave a full account of all that he had passed through.

William Gilbert was a most respectable, and nominally, religious man; an office-bearer in the Free Church. On the morning of Mr. Aitken's last Sunday at Arndilly he was debating whether he should go to his own church or attend the "English minister's" service at the Barn. He wished to do what was right, and felt some scruple about leaving his regular place of worship, but it seemed as if a voice said to him, "Go, and thou shalt hear words whereby thou mayst be saved." During the discourse he was much affected, but on his way home his impressions began to wear off, as he joined in the criticisms of his neighbour: when suddenly, just as he was entering his own door, the thought flashed across his mind, "You have not heard the words whereby you were to be saved." Upon this he became intensely miserable, and began to turn the sermon over in his mind; this time, not with a view to criticism! Then he seemed to hear these words, "Did not the preacher tell you that there was one little word upon which eternal life might be said to depend, and that word was *until?* That we must ask *until* we receive, and seek *until* we find." Smitten to the heart he cried, "Oh, my God, I have often sought, but not until I found; and knocked,

but not until the door opened: now by God's help I shall be no longer guilty of this fearful trifling with God and with my own soul." He went into his workshop and bolted the door, with the full determination that, by God's help, he would not leave the spot until he had found the salvation for which he had so often prayed. Then he spent a night of agonizing prayer,—sometimes he knelt, sometimes he paced up and down in the restlessness of his anguish, sometimes he lay prostrate on the floor weeping and groaning in helpless anguish before the Lord. As the morning began to dawn upon him, the terrible thought took possession of his mind,—that he had so long trifled with the truth, that there was no salvation for him. While he was thus sinking into the very depths of despair, it seemed as if the same voice which had spoken to him twice before whispered in his ear, "What was the Lord's first miracle?" and he cried aloud, "Oh, my merciful Saviour, Thou didst turn the water into wine. Do the same to me; for the pots are indeed full to the brim with the water of tears!" Then it was that, quick as a flash of lightning, his sorrow was turned into joy; the thought of the all-sufficiency of the blood of Christ to atone for his sins, filled him with joy and peace, and his lips were filled with praise. When he re-entered his house, he opened his Bible, and his eyes fell on the words, "One thing I know, whereas I was blind, now I see."

We return to Mr. Grant's note-books:—

"May 8th.—Rode to T——, but felt doubtful what part to take in the meeting. Prayed to God for

direction, and left all in His hands. After singing a paraphrase, prayed, and then tried to expound the 6th chapter of St. John, and found great freedom in doing so through the help of God's Spirit. Those present seemed deeply attentive. Mr. G., of A——, closed with prayer. He is a converted person, but, like myself, had been too much engaged with the world, and had become cold-hearted; awakened by the preaching of Mr. A.; he and E. entreated me to assist in reviving religion in the parish, by continuing prayer-meetings. Agreed to do so, but *unwillingly*, for I thought that it would make people talk, and thus do harm.

"11th, Sunday.—This afternoon collected a few strangers and the servants in the laundry, and addressed them on the 7th chapter of St. John. Some of them had been at the Communion, and I referred to the benefit they ought to experience from attending it.

"July 6th, Sunday.—Addressed a meeting at Mulben. After the service, in going along a pathway, met a young girl about eighteen years of age, who stopped me, and with tears told me how unhappy she felt;—that what she had heard that day had gone to her heart, but she feared she was too great a sinner to be forgiven; spoke to her as well as I could in the open air. Told her that she deserved no mercy, but that was the very reason Christ died to save her. She cried much. Then I prayed with her whilst standing there; whilst praying, a stranger passed, and I felt at the moment ashamed of being seen thus praying in the open air. May I be forgiven,

and may my Saviour not be ashamed of me when He comes with His holy angels. Continued praying for some time, and told her that I would call on her on Thursday. Bid her pray earnestly for herself.

"8th.—Visited this girl and prayed with her in the house. On coming downstairs found the minister talking to the postmaster. They must have heard what was passing, as the house is small and we heard their voices. The minister walked away and said nothing. I felt no shame this time; perhaps he felt I was doing the work he ought to be doing.

"9th.—Prayer-meeting at school-house; enabled by God's help to speak more freely than last night. Audience seemed very earnest. Will God give any fruit? Perhaps not, and perhaps better for me that He should not; I might call the work mine, but God must have it His; oh, my Lord, prosper Thy work, to Thee be all the glory.

"August 10th.—Gilbert called this afternoon with a young man who is under strong conviction of sin. Pointed out to him the true way of salvation. Prayed for him and with him. Then I asked Gilbert to pray also; who prayed so loud that I felt convinced he would be heard by Mr. D. in the drawing-room, and this at first annoyed me and took off my attention. Oh, my God, if my heart were right with Thee, and if I preferred Thy service to all else in the world, why should I care for Mr. D., or any one else hearing? but this circumstance proves clearly that the world has got a very strong hold on my heart, and that I am afraid of its jeers and its scoffs. May God forgive me, and wash away this my sin in the blood of

Jesus, and teach me to remember that whosoever is ashamed of Him before man, shall be denied before the Father and the angels in heaven. Asked the young man to pray, which he did very earnestly and properly. May God have mercy upon him and grant him to realize the salvation of Christ. Told Mr. D. I was going to a prayer-meeting, and he could stay at home till my return; but he preferred accompanying me to it. At first doubtful whether his presence might not interfere with my freedom of speech, but hoped he might get good. Oh, my God, this heart of mine is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. Wash it in the blood of Thy Son, and forgive this vile fear of man.

"11th.—Resolved on Saturday last to give up shooting grouse this year, and sent for a licence only for the keeper. Did this from an impression in my mind that shooting will be a distraction which may interfere with my being useful to the people I meet. I find myself too fond of fishing, and mean at times to curb my love of it. May God give me the power of the Holy Spirit to enable me to deny myself in these things, and keep my inclinations under control.

"14th.—On our return home, found Lord A. L. had called and left a message that he was at the Piles fishing. Showed him the fish-box and gave him luncheon, but felt for a moment ashamed when he remarked that he heard I was lecturing about the country. Oh, my God, when shall I become so entirely Thy child, that I shall esteem Thy service the highest honour, the greatest privilege? My feel-

ings would lead me entirely to give up the acquaintance of worldly-minded persons; but this would not be right. I must seek by prayer and by watchfulness to be kept from the evil around, and to lead others instead of being led.

"21st.—Addressed a prayer-meeting at Belnagarrow. Felt the power of God assisting me, and, blessed be His name, spoke without difficulty for nearly an hour to a very attentive audience. It requires an exercise of faith in God, and in His hearing prayer, to be able to go to a meeting and address the people without having anything prepared to say, and it is often with fear and trembling that I do go; but so wonderful is His love and mercy, that I never feel at a loss after beginning; and yet how weak is my faith, for I am just as alarmed now when I begin, as two months ago; especially if any stranger whom *I know* happens to be present; which shows the power that pride, vanity, and the fear of man have over my heart. Oh, Lord Jesus, wash me by Thy blood from these terrible sins, which are such besetting ones to me; and give me more and more faith in Thee and more love to Thee.

"28th.—Dr. C. accompanied me to the meeting at Auchmadies. I spoke on 1 Cor. x. 13, about the temptations that assail believers. Felt great freedom in speaking. Dr. C. thinks I spoke beyond the comprehension of my audience. It is a very useful thing to be admonished occasionally of one's great imperfections. How often when I think I have done badly, good follows; and when I have done well, no fruit is seen. Spoke to G. about his

addressing an old woman at Maggienockater in too strong language, and entreated him to imitate Jesus Christ, and ever speak in a spirit of love; which he promised to do.

"September 7th, Sunday.—Met a man who belonged to Mr. W. D.'s congregation; he had long been a converted man, but had allowed his soul to become too much darkened by the world, and by keeping his religion to himself. Told him that that was just my state once; and that I had found the more we give to others, the more we receive. Advised him to try and do some good amongst his neighbours. How different are God's ways from ours, and how truly will He lead us in a path we have not known, if we only seek His guidance. Instead of studying my address going to and coming from church, I have been led against my will to speak to one almost hardened sinner, and to another almost lifeless child of God, about their state; and both may be blessed for their good if it please Him. Now what is to become of studying my address for this evening? I have no resource left but to pray to God for His Holy Spirit to assist me as to what I am to say; and to depend on Him, pursuing as far as I can the train of thought I had already resolved on. About forty came to the meeting:—spoke on Heb. x. 12—15, and had no difficulty at all, for fifty minutes. May God give His blessing. A Roman Catholic maid of Mrs. F.'s was present, and told Mrs. F. that any Christian might listen without injury to a discourse like that. Now how am I to regard this remark? Do I speak the truth as it is in Jesus, and yet not

shock a believer in saints and in the Virgin's intercession? Perhaps she meant that I made no attack on her peculiar ideas.

"September 14th, Sunday.—Drove with Mr. and Mrs. F. into Elgin to hear Dr. Robertson preach; delighted with his sermon, and with his description of that oneness with Christ which every true disciple should have. If I had asked for a sermon to show me that I am fulfilling my duty as a disciple of Jesus in all that I am trying to do, and not going out of my place and acting presumptuously, as many say, this discourse would have had that effect; but, O Lord, Thou knowest how weak I am, how much swayed by others, Thou wilt not leave me to my own keeping, nor allow me to trust to my own strength. Blessed art Thou, I can look to Thee for deliverance,—trust in Thee for safety. In returning through Rothes, I recollected that I had been asked to visit Mrs. S., who is ill of consumption. Felt a little shy at first of intruding uninvited, but my visit was well received. Mr. S. came in when I began to talk, which silenced me. At last I asked him to allow me to speak alone to his wife. He did so, but it was a difficult thing to make the request. I feel that I have no strength of my own. All my weaknesses with regard to the opinion of the world seem at times concentrated in one mighty force, sufficient to overwhelm me, were it not the care of one who never deserts His people, and the protection of one who never slumbers. Attended a prayer-meeting at West Gauldswell; about two hundred and fifty persons were present. My Saviour gave me power to

deliver a message to the people in plain terms, so that all, I trust, understood it; but alas! how many can I hope received it into their hearts? My God, Thou only knowest. All hearts are in Thy hand, and in due time we shall reap if we faint not. In how blessed a manner hast Thou of late led me to see much fruit, even when unexpected. I only ask of Thee to take me into Thine own keeping entirely, and mould my heart so entirely to Thy will, that I shall feel that all is for the best, happen what may.

"Sept. 18th.—Attended a public meeting at Elgin for promoting the endowment of the chapels-of-ease belonging to the Established Church. Found that intercourse with worldly-minded men has the effect of deadening my soul; so prayed secretly and earnestly for help. Pleased with the *spiritual* speeches of Dr. Robertson, Mr. Robertson, and Mr. Sellar, but think they all *openly* rest too much on an arm of flesh, and told them so in my speech. How would their God open the hearts of their flocks to liberality if they only sought that help in all earnestness and faith! Louisa has been very unwell, but had a delightful conversation with her this evening. On my return home found her very fretful and impatient from the constant pain she was suffering. Found myself in danger of blaming her and getting impatient myself. Went downstairs to mix some medicine for her, and prayed earnestly that God would relieve her pain, if agreeable to His will, but not otherwise; as He knew what was best for her and for me. Returned, when all of a sudden she said, 'I am free from pain.' What could

have caused this? Oh, my unbelief! I could not look upon it as an answer to prayer, and began accounting for it in different ways: but my conscience struck me how very ungrateful and unbelieving I am. I will not even receive an answer when it is sent, and yet I felt convinced it was an answer. After a time the pain returned again, and then I told her what I thought of my wicked unbelief, and this led to a pleasant conversation and our both joining in earnest prayer. How like I have showed myself to the disciples in Acts xii., who would rather suppose Peter's angel to be at the door than receive God's answer to their prayer.

"Sept. 19th.—Miss Marsh, daughter of Dr. Marsh, and her two nieces, Louisa and Lucy Marshall, arrived to-day with Miss MacD——. She is the authoress of 'Victory Won' and 'Hedley Vicars.' Her niece Lucy was engaged to Captain H. Vicars. Struck at first sight with the benevolent look of Miss M.'s face. Dr. Robertson and Mr. Sellar also dined here. Spoke to Dr. R. about the influence he might exercise over the young men under his care in converting them to Christ, and thus a leaven might be introduced into the Established Church which in time might leaven the whole mass. He is a Professor of Theology in Edinburgh. He told me that the correspondence about the endowment of the chapels was so enormous, that it swallowed up a great part of his time. Lamented this to him, and thought no more about the matter. Was delighted next day by a letter from Mr. Sellar, mentioning that my words had made a strong impression on Dr. R.

Oh, my God, this is Thy doing, Thou knowest, and not mine, for I never expected that fruit would spring up from what I said. Oh, then, do Thou bless more and more, to Thy glory, his resolve. Dr. R. and Mr. S. pressed on me to write out a copy of my speech at the meeting, to be published along with the other speeches. I agreed to do so, though at first I thought that it looked a little like vanity.

"Sept. 21st, Sunday.—Spoke to A. to-day on my way to Aberlour Church, and he listened, but fear I made no impression. Yet, O my God, how can I tell? The work is Thine. Look upon him in love, and speak to his soul by Thy Spirit. I am but a feeble instrument. I feel how *terribly* weak I am when I come in contact with one of the world. My words seem to me powerless. This is either from trusting in self, or from too little faith. Either is lamentable, after all Christ has done for me. Lord, forgive and help me.

"Sept. 22nd.—Saw Mr. C. Spoke to him about his soul. He has spoken against the meetings, and abused me for being so foolish. Now he is ill, and this gave me an opportunity of pressing the truth on him. He did all he could to avoid it. Turned the conversation by asking speculative questions, and when I again came to practical ones, said plainly that I went too far, and allowed myself to be deceived. 'For instance,' he said, 'that girl R. has no doubt told you that she loves God and wishes to be holy. It is no such thing; she is a randy, thoughtless girl.' 'Well,' I replied, 'all she told me is that she is a vile, wretched sinner, and fears she is too

wicked to be forgiven by her Saviour.' 'Well,' he said, 'that is true.' I now checked him by telling him that the evils of others would not rest on us, but that our own sins would condemn us, therefore let each speak of ourselves; and again I pressed him, 'Do you know your Saviour? has He saved you?' But he now (or rather that deceiver who made use of him) turned the subject by trying the following plan. 'These meetings which you are carrying on are very excellent for the people, and are doing good, but let me tell you one thing. Everything depends on your keeping in with the people and directing them; for without you no good will be done, and if you cease attending, the people will quarrel and fight.' My reply was, 'Mr. C., if I were to dare to think this, my God would remove me from the work, and set up some different instrument in my place, loved by Him, but despised by man, and would bless his working so greatly that all around would be constrained to say, "How does God work!" As long as I am humble and know my nothingness, and rest on my Saviour implicitly, so long will He use me, and no longer.' My interview with him was not satisfactory, but I will pray for him, and my God can draw him to his Saviour.

"Oct. 19th, Sunday. — Attended meeting at Craigellachie. Very crowded. Spoke on Rom. i. 16, 'I am not ashamed,' etc. Felt before going as if I could not speak with power to the people, and when there felt as if I confused my subject. I had studied it, but all the arrangement of subject disappeared. Felt as if my prayer were not answered, and

as if it were of no use meeting people unless I could speak to do them good. Now, is it not wonderful how little faith I exercise? I have been helped fifty times powerfully, and yet the least withdrawal of assistance, though caused by my own fault, makes me faint, as if the Saviour had withdrawn the light of His countenance from me. Oh, blessed Jesus, I asked Thee to help me this night, but I did not do so until I had tried everything myself, and found my inability. And I asked Thee to make my words of use to some souls, and how do I know that Thou hast not answered my prayer? The 43rd Psalm I found appropriate; spoke for forty minutes. . . .

"The Enemy of souls seems to make use of four means for preventing the mourners from finding comfort by believing. 1st. He persuades them that they do *already believe*, and need not try to believe more truly. 2nd. He persuades them that they must do something more for themselves before they can be forgiven, even whilst they profess to trust entirely in Christ's finished work. 3rd. He persuades sinners who are convinced of sin that they are too vile to be forgiven, and if they could only get a little better, then they would find their Saviour's love manifested in their pardon. 4th. He misleads the mourner who is seeking pardon as to the meaning of it—viz., that it is but the first step in Christ's salvation, and that the Christian's life in Christ truly begins only from that time.

"I have begun lately to read for the first time the Life of McCheyne, and find a great resemblance in

the working of God's Spirit as described in that book and in the present work; except that there neither is nor has been any excitement in the latter. Again, most of the awakening at Dundee and elsewhere took place from the public preaching of the Gospel. Why should not the *private* setting forth of Jesus as the Saviour before his flock by the minister be equally efficacious? Were ministers to speak forcibly to individuals of their flocks at their houses, good results would follow; but such speaking should be ever to the person *alone*, and not in presence of another; otherwise natural pride or shame will prevent free outpouring of the heart. All may not hope for public gifts; but the earnest living appeal to save a soul which is running headlong to destruction, may be made by any one in whose breast God's Holy Spirit has implanted the love of souls. Again, in public appeals which arouse many at a time, the carrying on, the counselling, the sympathizing, the rebuking, the persuading, the warning, and many other requisite acts, must be imperfectly done, or rather cannot be done at all, and the persons awakened are left more than before subject to the power of the Tempter, unless they soon find peace and forgiveness; thus it is found that a great proportion of the aroused return to a condition of deadness, and ministers quiet their consciences by saying that such persons 'never really believed' (McCheyne, p. 122). But might not the pilot have carried such weak ones carefully over the shoals and rocks that surround them, and then they might have been led into the desired haven of true

rest. I have seen persons aroused and finding peace quickly. I have seen others in the deepest distress for a month, and ready to despair, but at last able to receive Christ into the heart; and I have seen others four months praying and seeking, and needing all that time the utmost care, and at last blessed with a sense of favour and forgiveness. The first alone would suit revivals by excitement, and yet those who have experienced such difficulty in finding their Saviour, seem to prize what He bestows far more than those who easily accept the offered salvation. Of course there are exceptions. McCheyne's remark is true (p. 119), that people seem to think that coming to Christ is some strange act, different from believing what God has said of His Son;—so much so, that they will tell you with one breath that they believe all that God has said, and with the next complain that they cannot come to Christ. It is hard, he says, to deal with this delusion. Yes, God's Spirit alone can and will dispel it if sought by *prayer*. McCheyne says (p. 121), 'I find many souls saved under my own ministry whom I never knew before.' If ministers visited and pressed the point upon individuals, they would soon discover a fact of this importance; or they might employ the elders to find out for them the names of any apparently impressed. Two days ago I discovered a woman sitting under a Gospel minister who had known the truth in her soul for three years. She described the difficulties she experienced for a year in finding forgiveness, and was most anxious to describe to me her feelings and exercises, that I might tell her whether the work in

her soul was a true work of the Holy Ghost. 'Have you never told all this to your minister?' I asked; 'you would have delighted him.' 'No,' she replied. 'Once, when I was very unhappy, I dressed myself to go to him, but feared to disturb him, so I knelt down and told my Saviour, and He gave me comfort. You see, the minister always speaks to us two or three at a time, and one does not like then to speak out what one feels. You are the first creature I ever told it to, and you just drew it out of me by appearing to like to hear of it and to know about it.' This simple-minded Christian told me that when first she prayed earnestly to Jesus to save her, he seemed like a Being too great to take any notice of one so mean as she; but by degrees she seemed to be permitted to approach nearer to Him, and at last one day, when praying earnestly, she crept *under the shadow of His wing*, and there she felt so happy, she could have lived there for ever."

This year's journal closes with a summary of December in these terms:—

"Sixty-two more people have been closely spoken to this month, either at their own request, or in course of visiting. Twenty have apparently found peace, and three of these have long been seeking their Saviour, though only lately directed by God's Spirit to come to the foot of the cross, and find His love and pardon manifested.

"How has the little mole-hill of May last (with its two new converts under Aitken's immediate preaching, and its five old converts roused by him as instruments to bestir themselves, and no longer

to grieve the Holy Spirit in their souls by callousness and indifference to the wants of others) now become a mountain, which appears by the blessing of God's Holy Spirit ready to bring about a great work of true religion in these five neighbouring parishes, Boharm, Aberlour, Rothes, Dufftown, and Knockando. In eight months (of which during two I have been absent) I have been led to speak earnestly and privately to two hundred and twelve persons about the state of their souls, and the necessity of seeking forgiveness of their sins. Of these, sixty-one have professed to find peace. J. S. has, however, I fear deceived himself and others, either wilfully or ignorantly; at any rate, he does not appear to act up to his profession. Of the hundred and fifty-one who have not realized Christ as their Saviour, fully thirty are earnestly seeking to enjoy His love and mercy, under a deep conviction of their guilt as sinners. About fifty are desiring to find Christ, but are in doubt whether they will give up the world and its pleasures to find Him; they are seeking to serve, if possible, God and mammon. Ten are old converts, and holding fast the profession of their faith, though needing quickening. The rest are careless and indifferent to anything but nominal religion, so far as man can see; but often the Holy Ghost strives powerfully with some such, whilst He leaves others apparently more advanced without progress.

"How wonderfully have I been drawn on by my merciful God to take a part in this matter; yea, at first against my foolish will! How much I feared the world

at the beginning, and how gently did my God deal with me, gradually raising me above its opinion, and teaching me to cling more to my Saviour! And then how has encouragement been given to me when needed; and chastisement, even painful rebukes, when required, but all in love! Again, how continually have I been reminded of my own utter insufficiency—of my inability to bring a single soul to Jesus, or to lead them to find peace! Often have I thought that I could make a person believe and feel happy by unanswerable arguments; and lo! the words seem to fall unheeded on deaf ears and closed hearts. 'I do so wish to believe,' says the deeply-convinced sinner, 'but I cannot; and I dare not say I feel peace unless I do.' Again, when least expecting any fruit—nay, when almost despairing—how wonderfully has God worked by His own power and in His own way. On the 21st of December (I think) I mourned as I rode along the road, on the little real fruit that had lately been seen, and felt as if God had stayed His hand; and then, as if to beat down my unbelief, I have met with nearly twelve converts since that time. Again, how have I been drawn on to speak of religion in churches; which I was afraid to do at first; the ministers themselves becoming the instruments of my doing so. Mr. S. entreats me to go to D——, Mr. M. to R——, Mr. S. to A——. And why is all this? I have no particular power of eloquence; I can but declare the truth with simplicity as I feel it, from the heart to the heart; but it pleases my God to call me to these places, and all I have to say is, 'Do as Thou pleasest;

behold Thy servant. Make my weakness perfect in Thy strength, so long as Thou seest right, and then, oh, cast me aside as one no longer needed, but still allowed to lie at the foot of the cross and gaze on my own blessed Saviour's work for a wretch like me.' See, also, the astonishing mercy shown me in the case of my beloved wife. Just as I should have experienced the greatest bitterness from a difference of opinion on the necessity of obeying what appeared to me the call of God, it pleased the Holy Spirit to lead her to see her need of mercy, and to cry earnestly to her Saviour to wash her soul pure in His all-cleansing blood. Pardon and peace were vouchsafed to her; and much to my amazement when we met (for she was absent at Burghead) she viewed all the work of conversion with new eyes and a renewed heart, and boldly spoke to others on their danger and folly. And now, whilst writing this, a new year (1857) has arrived, and the old one has passed away into that gulf of things that were—carrying with it a record of everything that has taken place during its course. My God, let not that record contain any remembrance of the shortcomings and infirmities of those who have come to Jesus to seek rest on the Rock of Ages. May His blood blot out all the iniquity of such, and prove the true fountain for cleansing all impurities of the soul! May Thy people not only be prepared to meet Thee when Thou comest or callest, but may they meet Thee with joy, saying, 'Even so, Lord Jesus; come quickly!'"

CHAPTER VI.

DIARIES OF 1857-8.

"Bear the standard of the Lord,
Fight thy Captain's battles well;
With the Spirit's two-edged sword,
Put to flight the wars of hell!
Single thou thy foes shall chase,
Armed with all the strength of grace."

THE present chapter contains further records of Mr. Grant's early work among his own people. One of them writes:—

"When he first came here there were very few who could honestly say that they knew in whom they believed, or, in other words, that they were born again. But before he had paid many visits, 'the little cloud like a man's hand' could be seen above our horizon, and by and by showers of blessing came. He was the means, in the hand of the Spirit, of leading many to the feet of Jesus. Besides evangelistic addresses, he held prayer-meetings and Bible-readings, which were a great blessing to the young converts, as well as to those of riper years. Eternity alone will reveal the good that he was the means of doing, both directly and indirectly."

His deep love to them, and his longing to work among them, when obliged from his state of health

to spend much time in other places (a circumstance which grieved his soul on his death-bed), may be said to have grown with his spiritual growth; and "beginning at home" was specially the motto of his work. Above all were Rothes and Boharm upon his heart in spiritual work, and fondly do his converted people still speak of his labours. That first remarkable meeting in the mill of Tomnabrach, and his second at Belnagarrow, are vividly remembered. One of his people recalls how "he visited from house to house, holding meetings at night, after walking through heathery and swampy moors the whole day." Another writes how, on one occasion, "his bodily needs had been so completely forgotten, both by himself and those whom he visited, that he actually fell on the road, a little above where we lived, through sheer exhaustion."

"January 1st.—Attended a meeting at Belnagarrow this evening, which was more crowded than on any previous night. Spoke on Rev. iii. 19—21, to a very attentive audience for an hour, and was blessed with great freedom and earnestness in setting forth Christ's wonderful love to sinners, and their cold and ungrateful return.

"After service, spoke to Mr. B. at his own wish, and found him very anxious to find his Saviour, and ready to give up the world and all its allurements for Christ. Advised him to pray earnestly and often. He was before this one of the most worldly-minded men I knew, and one of the last I expected to find drawn to Jesus. Lord, who can resist Thy love? Learned from Mr. Milne that I had forgotten

my promise to go yesterday to Locksley and speak to the people there. Ashamed of my negligence, on hearing that two hundred persons assembled, and waited two hours for me! Wrote an apology, but what shall I say to my God, after neglecting this opportunity of proclaiming the truths of salvation to perishing sinners? I took care not to forget to eat my dinner on that day, though I could forget my duty to my Saviour. Blessed Lord, at the foot of Thy cross I lie, and implore pardon for the past, and more watchfulness for the future. On my way home, B. said that one remark went home to his heart, namely, that Christ is not only anxious to enter into the heart as soon as the door shall be opened; but that He will assist the humble, repentant sinner to open the door, if asked to do so. B. had chosen the text himself, and asked me to use it.

"2nd.—Visited ——, who cannot understand any necessity for knowing oneself forgiven, and thinks that the best way of getting to heaven is to keep God's commandments; adding that Mr. M. told them so on Sunday last. We spoke for an hour, and it was curious to observe how constantly he tried to shift his ground, when pressed on the subject of vital religion in his own soul; but, thank God, I was enabled to direct words of truth towards his heart, which I pray the Holy Spirit to seal there by producing deep conviction of sin. I allowed him to go away without prayer, as I was anxious to see his wife, but therein I acted wrong.

"14th.—M. R. returned from seeing her aunt, Mrs. R., at Elgin, who is dangerously ill. She

knows she cannot recover, but has the enjoyment of great peace and love. She told her niece that ever since her attending the meeting here on the 16th of November, and talking with me next day, she had earnestly sought her Saviour till she had found mercy. She enjoys almost uninterrupted happiness, and has the fear of death cast out by love of her Saviour, and by a firm trust in His love. Her husband has long been a pious Christian; but her aunt, M. says, was very much given to trusting in good efforts. I thought her rather worldly when I saw her, and though she professed and appeared to be extremely anxious to receive the truth, yet I allowed my judgment to be warped, and thought the ardour pretended; so much so, that when I went to Elgin a month after, I did not call upon her. Now it seems she was ill at the time, but dressed herself ready, expecting that I should call, and she told her niece how great her disappointment had been. I wished also at one time to have called, but false pride kept me back, lest it should be said I was pressing the truth on people in a presumptuous, self-confident manner. I bitterly repent now my folly; as I might have led her more implicitly and at once to seek and trust Jesus. May I be pardoned my neglect; and oh! bless the Lord for the great mercy He has shown to her. I wrote her a long letter to-day, congratulating her on her happiness in having found Christ to be her Saviour, and exhorting her to love Him.* The words spoken on in the meeting she attended were, 'Awake, thou that sleepest;' and several were roused that night. This

teaches me a lesson, too, not to judge, by outward appearance, of the likelihood of any one finding or not finding peace, but to leave everything in the Lord's hands, with prayer. . . .

"31st.—Called at M——. Mr. S. plainly says that he cannot give up the world. The son has almost entirely left off seeking his Saviour, and gone back to the pleasures of the world. Pressed him to repent. B. is in much the same state; and Mrs. S., whilst *saying* that the world has no hold on her heart, proves the contrary by making no advance in finding her Saviour. What a sad termination to the high hopes I had entertained of this family; and yet the Holy Spirit may still move some time on these dark waters. Rode next to A., and how different are the inmates of this family! M. has returned from Elgin, and I found her rejoicing. E. the elder has not yet found peace, though very near realizing it. E. the younger knows herself forgiven and is happy.

"Feb. 4th.—Received a letter from Mr. M., who tells me that I am teaching dangerous doctrine, in leading people to expect assurance of faith, which only few Christians—and those very advanced—can attain to, and he sends me Dwight's 'Theology' in proof of this. Replied to him that Dwight's teaching in his ninety sermons on this point refers to 'Assurance of Hope to the End,' or of final salvation; whereas the Assurance of Faith mentioned by Paul in Heb. x. 22, referred to the exercise of faith in Christ, or laying hold of Him, 'as our new and living way of entering the Holiest.' And that Dwight laid down

all this clearly in two of his former sermons (75 and 76). He also objected to persons relying on imaginary evidences of conversion, and referred to what Dwight called these. I agreed with Dwight that these *imaginary* must be accompanied by the *real;* and then pressed on his conscience how far he had realized his Saviour as one who had saved him, and atoned for his sins. Spoke to him to-day on this subject, and he admitted my views to be correct; but said that some persons had misunderstood me, and had told him that I had said they are not safe if afraid of death. Replied that I had endeavoured to awaken some sleepy consciences by asking what they would feel if called that night to die; whether they would look upon God as a reconciled God, or as an angry judge; and that, if they felt the latter, they have not yet laid hold on Jesus as their Saviour. Called on Mrs. B., and found her very weak, and, I fear, very weak in faith also, and without much desire in her heart to know Jesus as her only hope and safety. I speak too smoothly to her. Oh, for a little more of Mr. N.'s decision of speech! Visited Popine Mills to see old George Stuart, who had expressed a wish I should call. He is eighty-six years of age, and I have often called to see him, but for a long time he rested much in works. He is the man who told me in June last that he prayed every week for the Presbytery, and therefore he must be right. Found him to-day enjoying peace through the finished work of Jesus, and longing to depart and be with Christ.

"11th.—After giving a temperance lecture at

Banff, spoke to Mr. Baxter, the United Presbyterian minister, on the advantage of personal visitation of his people, and speaking to them singly. Told him how God had led me to do so, and blessed it to myself and others. He listened earnestly, and thanked me. Mr. M. told me that he had found the benefit of doing so, but had been blamed by some on this account. I have earnestly tried to impress the advantage of combining this system with the teaching from the pulpit on every minister I meet. Some receive it, some seem to doubt its use; or at least do not practise it much. My God, Thou knowest that my only desire is that Thy ministers should see some fruit of their labours in bringing souls to Jesus. Do Thou give a rich blessing to every faithful servant of Thine, and the glory shall be wholly Thine.

"14th.—Called at E——. Spoke to A., the servant-girl. She had been at a ball. At first, she said she was happy, but soon admitted that she felt very wretched. Her conduct has been improper otherwise; I must erase her name from the list of the converted.

"20th.—Heard from Miss G. that Sir A. H. had told her that I am degrading myself in preaching publicly. Oh, my Saviour, if this were true, would I could suffer still more contempt for Thee; but is it not strange, that persons professing to love Thee should think thus meanly of the glory of serving Thee?

"24th.—Rode to A——; found J. R. ill in bed. He is an elder of the Established Church, and

has prayed at some of our meetings. The enemy suggested to my heart that I need not see him, for I could do his body no good, and I could not speak to an elder with any doubt as to his state; but at that moment his wife opened the door, and said, 'Come and see him.' So I trampled on the Tempter, through God's help, and went in. Found him professing resignation under his sickness, but not happy. He confessed he does not know that his sins are forgiven, and that he has been living too distant from his Saviour. Impressed on him that this illness is intended to draw him closer, and to oblige him 'to seek the Pearl of great price.' Set Jesus before him as ready to perform what He came from heaven to do, 'to pardon and sanctify him;' bid him to pray earnestly and often, to find Jesus a PRESENT Saviour.

"27th.—Mr. G. gave me the loan of his gig to go to Elgin, as one of my ponies is ill; and after many mental objections, took an opportunity of speaking to his servant who drove, and found him earnest, at least so far that he professes, and prays often. Spoke also to the driver from Elgin to Burghead, and found that he never prays, and is living without religion. Set Jesus before him as a forgiving Saviour. Why do I feel such disinclination to speak to people on similar occasions? Just from a fear of man, which makes me so often shrink from duty. And the same feeling, coupled with a fear of presumption, makes me dread speaking in churches in towns at a distance from home, like Elgin or Aberdeen.

"March 21st.—Spoke to Mrs. C. to-day, and found that she had realized forgiveness, though she thinks it wonderful that such mercy should be vouchsafed to her. Prayed with her, as is my custom with almost every case; and whilst praying, her husband came in to see me on business, but left again immediately. Felt no shame now at being found praying, as I have often done before—such additional love has my blessed Saviour given me for Him and His cause.

"April 1st.—Called on Rev. Mr. M., and learned that a work is commencing in his part of the parish, for which, may the Lord be praised! He mentioned the case of a young woman to whom he spoke alone, and who said she could not have told him her state before others; she had long been unhappy and under conviction of sin, but did not know how to find peace and pardon. One day a minister passed her on the road in his gig, took her up, and gave her a drive; she felt quite delighted, being sure that he would speak to her about Christ, but, on the contrary, he talked to her about indifferent things. Her heart then sank within her, and she did not dare to say a word about herself. What a commentary on the Apostle's command, 'Be instant in season and out of season.'

"April 2nd.—Asked to visit Mr. H. at O——, who has been ill. Found him rejoicing in a sense of his Saviour's love and pardon, though a little depressed in spirits. The eldest daughter appears very anxious to realize forgiveness. She has been much given to novel-reading, but finds that it hurts her mind, and

unfits her for anything serious. The second sister cannot say she loves Jesus. Knows herself a sinner, but never sheds a tear for her sins. Did not pray to-day, but prays sometimes. Spoke strongly to her about the folly of her conduct. Novel-reading seems her delight.

"April 4th.—Visited Mrs. B., and found her at present happy, though she has been sorely tried by doubts and fears; of which one was, that she might have deceived herself, because she cannot tell the exact time of her conversion. The answer to her was simple: 'Once you loved the world, now you hate it; two months ago you thought yourself good enough; now you have learned yourself to be a worthless sinner, needing to be washed in the blood of Jesus. Once you prayed and read your Bible as a matter of duty, to quiet conscience; now you delight in holding communion with Him that loves you, and in reading and knowing His holy will. There is the change, as decided as need be; and, to crown all, you now know your sins forgiven, and the power of the Holy Spirit dwelling in your soul.'

"9th.—On crossing by the boat, spoke to J. R., who was harrowing his land, and asked him if he had found pardon. 'Oh, no, sir; I dare not be so presumptuous as to say that,' was his reply. 'Alas!' I said, 'if there is any presumption, it is in your own heart—just because you are looking to yourself more than to Jesus, and allowing your own vileness to keep you from His all-sufficiency.' After talking for some time, he said that he would again seek more in prayer to know Christ; but there

is a great difference in him from the time he was lying sick and humbled in his bed six weeks ago, and I fear he is again resting on mere outward form.

"11th.—Visited twenty persons to-day. I observe that after the first visit, *short*, pointed speaking and a *short* prayer for the person are better than long discourses. The first visit must of course take more time, as an inquiry has to be made into the whole state of the individual. It is remarkable what a different conclusion one often draws about a person's state at the second interview, from what one did at the first. A desire to appear religious often misleads at first, by causing a profession which is found subsequently to be untrue.

"May 9th.—On my way to Aberlour met C. S., who told me that he had been reproached with being one of 'Arndilly's converts,' and he replied that he wished it were true. Told him that he should wish to become one of Christ's converts, and glory in that alone. He seems well inclined; but I fear he is fond of a glass of whisky occasionally, which is a great snare.

"Mrs. W. is making great progress. She has not yet realized pardon, but is anxious to attend sacrament, only fears that she is unworthy. Mr. S. says that her complaint is nervousness. Truly men may well be nervous when they see destruction staring them in the face, and the wrath of God hanging over them. I fear Mr. S. has never realized forgiveness himself, and therefore cannot see why others should be unhappy at not possessing it. Mr. S. said that

he disapproved of a great deal of Mr. M.'s sermon, but praised Mr. North, saying that he preached the doctrine of the Established Church, in well arranged discourses with consecutive arguments. He had, however, never heard him.

"13th.—Visited at Huntly a farmer, who said he saw no use of attending church any longer, for his heart is too hard to repent, and he gets no good there. I replied, 'It is true that you may as well give up going, if you go there for appearance' sake; but why do you not ask God to give you a soft heart, and make you repent?' 'Oh, I have asked, and He will not give it to me.' 'Oh, you *have* asked! did you do so to-day?' 'No.' 'Yesterday?' 'Yes, but in a way, perhaps not rightly.' 'I know of only one right way. You desire it and ask it for Jesus' sake, but do you desire it really? do you care whether you get it or not? did you ever shed a tear because you did not get the favour granted?' 'Well, I suppose I do not desire it.' 'Then I understand that you are quite content to go to destruction?' 'No, but I see no help for it.' 'Oh yes, there is a remedy;—Jesus Christ shed His blood to save sinners, and you seem a very vile sinner. Therefore He came to call you to repentance; to save you from perishing. Tell Him you will accept His offer, but that you can do nothing for yourself, and ask Him to do everything for you; give you a new heart, pardon all that is past. And now let us begin and pray for this.' After prayer he burst into tears, and said, 'Surely God has mercy in store for me when He has sent you, a stranger, to speak to me in this way.' I replied that I had no

doubt about that. Much more passed; I was with him about twenty minutes. May the Lord have mercy on him!

"29th.—Called on Mrs. F., and found her very little advanced, though she called herself 'much better.' Told her that so long as she does not believe God's Word, she cannot realize pardon of her sins.

A. I do believe it.

Q. What, all?

A. Yes, all.

Q. Well, let us try. Did you ever confess your sins to God?

A. Yes, you know I told you so, and to man too.

Q. Do you hate your sins and wish to get rid of them?

A. Yes, earnestly.

Q. Well, you have done your part. Now hear what the Apostle says is God's part. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive, etc., etc. Do you believe this?

No reply.

Q. Do you think that God will fail in His part when you have done yours?

A. No.

Q. Well, has God done His part, has He forgiven you?

A. I suppose He has.

Q. Do you believe He has?

A. I must believe it.

Q. Yes, you *must*. That is faith, and it believes

even against appearance; just because God says the thing, and therefore it must be true.

A. Well, I never saw it in that light before. Then lifting up her hands, she blessed God for His love and mercy, and I blessed Him too, and prayed with her. Warned her of the delusions of the enemy, and how he would try to persuade her that her sins are too many to be pardoned so easily; but bid her recollect that Jesus came to call sinners and not the righteous.

"31st.—Went yesterday to Grantown. We held a service in the open air, I was a little afraid at first; never having preached out of doors; but the day was very fine; and the large crowd of about fifteen hundred people sitting on the grass and listening eagerly to the words of eternal life, soon took off all fear; especially as my Lord and Master graciously helped me to speak a word in season. The text was Acts xxvi. 28, 29, on which I had often spoken, and I introduced a pointed reference to the conduct of many converted persons in acting as if they were ashamed of what Christ had done for their souls; and entreated them to let the candle lighted in their souls be placed 'on a candlestick,' so that all might see it, instead of hiding it 'under a bushel.' After I had concluded and prayed, old Mr. Grant preached in Gaelic. I listened for a short time, but of course could not understand what he said, so returned to the house. Afterwards I was informed that he commenced by thanking God for a sight which he could never have hoped to see; such a numerous assembly of hearers addressed there on the

gospel by a layman in the position of the last speaker, and praying God to bless the words spoken to His own honour and glory, and to the saving of souls. At four o'clock attended Mr. Grant's Sunday-school, and said a few words to the children at his request. Preached at six p.m. in the Established Church, which Mr. Allan had given the use of, and about twelve hundred persons thronged into it. They were remarkably attentive,—I spoke on 1 Cor. xv. 55—57.

"June 5th.—On my way to Park, called on the Rev. Mr. S., who is there in bad health. He has lately discovered that though he has long preached Jesus, he never knew Him in his heart till now. He wished to speak to me about his state, and I found him filled with peace and joy in believing; but at times much cast down, as might be expected. Advised him to begin doing something for the honour of Him whom he now knows to be his Redeemer; and to go into the cottages near the manse, and speak to the people about their souls; and if it pleased God to bless his ministry by conversions, he would find a wonderful increase of love and joy in his own bosom, and might accept it as an earnest of reconciliation purchased for him by Christ Jesus.

"19th, My birthday.—I have lived for half a century to-day. Alas! what a useless, selfish life have I lived, and how wretched to look back upon, were it not that I can lay everything at the foot of the cross, and know the blood of Jesus to be sufficient to cleanse away all impurity. Lord, if I am spared

to see the close of another year, may it be one spent in Thy service and to Thy glory.

"26th.—Visited in Boharm with R. Aitken. Took him first to old William Hay, and held the horses while R. went and spoke to him. W. H. was well prepared to argue; 'How strange,' he began, 'that Arndilly, who is a converted person, should tell me to look off from myself to Jesus, and that you should tell me to look into myself for the witness of the Spirit. One says, Look out, the other says, Look in, how can that be?' R. A. replied, 'I never bid you look into yourself for the witness of God's Spirit. I asked simply whether you had it? There is no need of looking to find it. It manifests itself. I do not ask you to look whether you have got a head or hands,—they manifest themselves. So does the Spirit, and you have it not, else you would know it.' After some further conversation the old man bent down his head and wept, and said, 'I am not right, I am not happy.'

"29th.—While visiting at Auchluncart, the under-nurserymaid, A. Y., came to me in great distress of mind about herself. She had been awakened by Mr. A. in April, 1856, but had stifled her convictions; she had again been aroused in Aberdeen four months ago, and again resisted the Holy Spirit; now she had been awakened a third time, fears it may come to nothing, and asks, what is to become of her? 'Give yourself at once to Jesus, believe on Him, and find pardon of all your past sins, and peace and joy through the Holy Ghost. Christ will keep you safe.' She said she would do this willingly if she

could, but her heart became at times very hard, and she could not pray. After combating all her objections, I prayed with her and for her, and then told her to continue praying for herself, which she did for some time. 'Well,' I said, 'you have been asking pardon for all past sins; on what account do you expect to receive it?' 'Because I pray for it,' she said. I replied, 'Your prayers are but a means; many a criminal cries for mercy at the last hour, but does not get it.' 'But I expect to get pardon because I am a very great sinner.' 'The Devil has sinned worse than you, and yet no pardon is offered to him; you must find some other ground for expecting it.' After thinking a little she said, 'Jesus Christ died for sinners.' 'Well, do you believe that He died for *you;* that the blood shed on the cross was shed for *you,* and that you are pardoned by that God whom *you* have grievously offended, just because Jesus Christ has paid all *your* debts?' 'I wish to believe this, but faith is weak.' 'Let us pray then for your faith to be made stronger.' We did so, and after I prayed, I left her praying for some time. Afterwards, she said, 'I do believe that Christ died to save *me,* but is it enough to believe? I am a terrible sinner. Will God forgive me just because I believe?' God's promise is 'Believe and thou shalt be saved.' After a time spent in thought she replied, 'I do believe I am forgiven,—I feel so happy.' And her eyes sparkled through her tears with joy and gladness, for she had been crying during the whole time. We then thanked God for His mercy and loving-kindness to her in revealing

Jesus as her Saviour, and prayed Him to keep her stedfast in faith and love. Spoke to her again in the morning, and found her leaning earnestly on Jesus, and rejoicing in His love and mercy to her; she had prayed earnestly and thanked God last night and this morning. Warned her of some of the delusions of the enemy, and bade her cling close to the feet of Jesus, telling her that the lower she lies, the more blessed she will be by manifestation of His gracious love.

"August 11th.—Returned yesterday from the Bridge of Allan. Had an opportunity of speaking to Princess Edward of S. W., on religion, by questions she asked, but did not avail myself of it. My God, how unfaithful I am! I need much a scourging rod to teach me not to fear man in Thy cause.

"26th.—Left to day for Huntly, calling at Drummuir. At Keith Station met a lady whose face I recognized, though I could not recollect where I had seen her. She was in the same railway-carriage with me, and I found her to be the stranger-lady whom I had met on a former occasion, and had neglected to speak to. Felt that the Lord had again given me an opportunity of acting in His service; so commenced to lead her to talk about her state. She had heard my sermon at Aberlour, and was earnestly desiring to speak to me, but ashamed to say so. She is under conviction of sin, but can see no way of finding pardon; she has tried all she can to do good to others by telling them to love Jesus, though she has never realized His love in her own heart. Pressed on her that she must first become a 'child

of God' before she can lead others, and that she must accept the full offer of pardon through faith in the blood of Jesus. She shed many tears, and said that it was the Lord's doing that she had met me there to-day, for she had arranged to go south yesterday but was prevented.

"December 31st.—Met Mr. M., who told me that it is all phrenology which gives me power to speak on divine things, and hard study with it. Told him I had little time for study, except of the human heart, and warned him to lay God's truth to heart; he does not think that the Holy Spirit has anything to do with the power, and persists that he is not a sinner himself. . . .

"This is the last evening of the year 1857, and what an eventful year it has proved in my life! The work of the Lord, which was commenced twenty months ago, has gone on increasing in an extraordinary manner, whilst much of my diffidence in it, and even unwillingness, has been gradually removed. If Thou seest it right to spare me to work in Thy vineyard throughout the coming year, or any part of it, may it be to the casting down of self and the exaltation of the Lord Jesus Christ; but if Thou shalt see fit to remove me by incapacity, sickness, or death, behold I am in Thy hands, and I know it will be all for the best, for such is Thy promise unto those that love Thee. I feel that Thou hast kindled a love in my heart that shall never die; for Thou art pledged to keep me, and let none pluck me out of the hands of the Lord Jesus Christ, unto whom Thou hast given me. But, O gracious Lord,

if I am to be spared to work, Thou knowest my weakness, and seest all my shortcomings. Take me then into Thine own hands, and deal with me in such a manner that glorious fruit may follow, to the turning of many sinners from the power of Satan, and bringing them to the foot of the cross.

"Feb. 5th, 1858.—J. L. lived for some time in G.'s house at Craigellachie, but I never visited there; and though I had neglected her, the Lord did not lay it to my charge without giving me an opportunity once more. Spoke strongly to her, but found her very little impressed. Yet she tells me that she attended all the meetings, and even went to B. in her anxiety. The seed has been stolen or choked by tares, but no wonder, when the watchman was so unfaithful as I have been.

"23rd.—Mr. J. R., grieve and manager at ——, has long desired to be religious and to serve God, and is 'doing all he can for His glory.' Has never realized the forgiveness of his sins, but would feel very happy to do so. 'Then why do you not accept Christ's free offer of pardon?' 'Because I see myself such a sinner notwithstanding all my efforts.' 'That is just what makes you need a Saviour.' 'But I must be better before I can believe myself forgiven.' 'Then you will never be forgiven; for day by day you are adding afresh to the heap of your sins, and not taking away.' 'But what ground have I to suppose myself forgiven?' 'Just Christ's word. Only believe it. See how you believe man. Believe, in like manner, the Lord Jesus.' 'I am afraid to believe.' 'Then cast away that fear, and put yourself into

Christ's hand, and tell Him, "Though Thou slay me, yet will I trust Thee."' 'I will do so.' 'Then let us pray and ask for help for your faith.' After prayer, he said, whilst standing beside me, 'Oh, I never saw the matter in this way before,' and, with tears in his eyes, he said, 'I do believe;' and then, to my surprise, suddenly flung his arms around my neck and kissed me on the cheek, saying, 'I do thank you so for your kindness.' Lord, blessed Lord, what am I but a poor, wretched instrument in Thy hands!

"March 31st.—Missed an opportunity of speaking to a lady in the railway-carriage, first through sloth and then false shame. Lord, lay it not to my account, but pardon me through the blood of Jesus.

"April 9th.—Visited with the city missionary; —called upon Mrs. W., who had often been spoken to by the missionary; she listened quietly to a couple of questions, and then burst forth upon me with reproaches for daring to speak to her in such a way. Told me I did not know the duties of a missionary, and ought not to ask such particular questions; that I should speak like her minister, and not ask what it only belonged to God and her to know.

"Sept. 28th.—A. N., servant at Mrs. C.'s, is a very strange case for one of her rank. She has been piously brought up, and her father had often pressed on her to come to Jesus and believe He died for her; but she finds it perfectly impossible to believe this; and nothing can convince her of it. And she goes so far as to doubt whether there is any God at all; and sometimes looks round her to examine if man

could not make everything she sees, but finds that man could not. She admits that Satan makes her doubt God, and desires to be freed from his power, but sees no way. Believes the Bible to be the Word of God, and that Jesus is the Son of God if there is a God; but her hard, wicked heart is unable to accept God's love. In speaking to this girl, I was engaged more than an hour, and several times was inclined to desist and look on her as hopeless, but lifted up a silent prayer and persevered. At last she burst into an exclamation, 'How can I get away from Satan?' 'By giving yourself to Jesus entirely.' 'I will do so.' 'Kneel down and tell Him so.' This she did. 'Now, then, believe His Word,' and it ended in her laying all her sins on Him and believing herself to be pardoned, and going away with joy at her deliverance."

CHAPTER VII.

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 1857-9.

"Thou hast not lost an hour, whereof there is a record;
A written thought at midnight shall redeem the livelong day;
Idea is a shadow that departeth, speech is fleeting as the wind;
Reading is an unremembered patience; but writing is eternal,
For there the dead heart liveth, the clay-cold tongue is eloquent."

Proverbial Philosophy.

THE temperance work which Mr. Grant had prosecuted for so many years, otherwise marked, as we have seen, by coldness and indifference, had always been chiefly intended to precede the Gospel; but from the time of his own heart-revival it ever went hand in hand *with* the offer of salvation. In fact, from that time the words, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel," seem to have been his life motto. "I must preach souls out of the fire," is a striking sentence which I find in one of his letters; while, like the Apostle, he did so, "out of season" as well as "in season":—

"January, 1857.

"I had a busy time at Parkhill, speaking three times on temperance, and preaching the Gospel six

times in eleven days, and had a meeting of my own people last night on my way home; so I am glad of a little rest, for I am not accustomed to such continuous exercise of thought expressed in words. Still, I have much to be thankful for; and some of the meetings were very pleasant from the evident interest of the hearers. Last Saturday I consented, with great reluctance, to address the divinity-students of the two colleges (in compliance with the request of a deputation of them), in the divinity class-room of Marischal College, Aberdeen. Principal Dewar took the chair, and about two hundred were present. It was an important opportunity, and I told them that I had not gone there to add to their stock of religious knowledge, of which I had no doubt they already had abundance,—but to persuade them to seek help to enable them to make a true and right use of it, and to get the truth into their *hearts*, which alone could make it avail to their own salvation, and enable them to become instrumental in saving others. Many Free Church students were there, and the chief professor is a man whose principal aim is to instil vital religion by public and private teaching into his pupils."

"Arndilly, October 9th, 1857.

"MY DEAREST M.,—I went to Dornoch, in Sutherland, to give two temperance lectures by special invitation. On arriving, I found some difficulty had arisen, as the Free Church minister there opposes the work, and arrangements had been made for me to go to Tain to preach the Gospel there, in

the Free Church. So I took it as GOD'S direction, and had a meeting of about eight hundred people that night (Friday). I was then pressed to remain over Sunday to preach on the evening of that day, which I did, and about fifteen hundred people crowded into the church. I experienced great freedom in speaking directly to them, and entreating them to examine and judge themselves, and seek light to know their true state. I spent the Saturday in visiting the poor-house, where there were thirty inmates. Oh, how glad some of them were to hear about Jesus! and how neglected they are,—not a minister ever going near them except when sent for! The superintendent is an old soldier, and anxious for the truth, but hitherto, like so many others, content with calling Christ Saviour, without knowing Him as such, or feeling saved from anything. I pressed on him not to rest till the burden of sin should be taken from his soul, through faith in the all-sufficient atonement of Jesus. He remarked, 'Oh, we are a hard set in this place, for Mr. North came here, and I expected some conversions in like manner as in Wick and Thurso, but I have not heard of one awakening.' When speaking to the inmates, one by one, —for this is the plan I always pursue,—I found a girl of seventeen extremely anxious to hear about Jesus, and weeping all the time I was speaking to her. So after I had prayed with her, I remarked that she must have been for some time seeking Jesus, and asked her what had first led her to feel concerned about her soul. She replied, 'It was the preaching of that strange minister who was here, Mr. North. I saw

myself a sinner sinking into hell, and I wanted Jesus to save me.' And here had this poor creature been going on for a month without any assistance from the ministers, and longing so much for help! So I told the superintendent, who had complained of want of conversions, and I trust that it may stir him up to seek souls himself. On Monday I got the Free Church minister to spend three hours there along with me, and he promises to return thither often.

"I returned to Dornoch to preach on Wednesday, but we were obliged to go to the Court-house, where about three hundred attended. I paid interesting visits to some poor people in the town, and also at Burghead, going and returning by steam. I went to Elgin on Thursday to meet Louisa, but found that she had gone to Forres. I fretted a little at this, but proceeded to return by the mail. I had taken an outside place, but changed my ticket on seeing the inside empty. However, the guard invited a lady from the top of the coach to go inside, and I felt that I *had been sent there* to speak to her, but at first felt very unwilling. After I had spoken for some time about the folly of calling ourselves Christians without being such, and had got her interested and willing to speak, she burst into tears, and said, 'You must surely have been sent here to speak to me; for I have been so unhappy for some time, and did not know what to do; I prayed, but could not feel that I was heard or answered; I shall not rest till I am forgiven.' At Forres, before starting next morning, I visited a very respectable woman whom I had formerly spoken to

at Burghead. To my delight, I found her in the full enjoyment of peace in believing. At Nairn I found an interesting couple among those I visited, who seemed just waiting for the message, 'Believe and be saved,' and a similar case at Campbeltown, where we stopped next day on our way to Inverness, for we travelled with our carriage and ponies. I preached on Sunday evening in one of the large Free Churches in Inverness; it was very crowded, and many were unable to get in. We remained Tuesday and Wednesday, as I had promised to take the chair at Mr. Gough's lectures on Temperance, and I spent those days visiting the infirmary and poor-house, and found some interesting cases. One of the Free Church ministers accompanied me twice, and promised to continue to visit and speak to the people separately. We came home by Grantown, and there on Thursday evening I had a very crowded meeting in the Baptist Chapel. A most painful event awaited our return. A woodcutter, of whom I had had great hopes, who seemed to me much in earnest, and whose wife told me he had begun to pray, died from being choked with a piece of beef while drunk. He had given up drinking for some time, and on the morning of his death left his home, saying he would return early from the market without touching it. But he met his tempters and destroyers, in the shape of human beings, and was led astray by them, to die the drunkard's death! I have felt much cast down about it, but it has led three young men, who were fast going on the road to ruin, to give me a promise of total abstaining."

"Hopeman, December 16th, 1857.

"What an interesting account that is of the work at Stourbridge, and how truly is the spirit of persecution the same now as it was in the days of the Pharisees! There are many quite willing to honour God's work, provided it does not interfere with their tastes and pleasures.

"I think I told you that I had employed William Gilbert for some time past to go about, two days in the week, visiting, and God is blessing his labours. He has a faithful way of speaking to the people. I sent him up to ——, to hold a meeting in a farm-house, in the middle of November, as many requests had come from the people. That place is now very populous, studded with cottages, where formerly only moor could be seen. He reported great anxiety evident amongst them. Most of them are in the habit of coming to our meetings at ——. I went up last week, therefore, and visited for two days, sleeping in a farm-house, and holding a meeting in the evening in a school-house, which was crammed. There appeared much interest generally, though at the same time a few strong opposers; two even of these, however, resolved that night to seek pardon of their sins. . . . My first visit to that district was in May last. I called at a small shop to buy some sweeties (which I make use of to keep the bairns quiet when they are troublesome), and took an opportunity of speaking to the woman who kept the shop about her soul. While speaking, I heard some one sobbing behind me, and turning round saw a woman listening and weeping; so I spoke to her as a sinner, for she

was evidently under deep conviction, but I knew nothing about her. I called thrice afterwards to seek her, but always missed her, as she was absent working. I learned, however, that she was considered a very bad character. Last week I called again to see her, and found her just come home from work; she seemed very glad to see me, and said she had taken all her sins to Jesus, and His blood had washed them all away, and now she felt so happy, and hated all sin, and wanted to be holy. The words she had heard in May had sunk into her soul, and she came to all the meetings at Aberlour Free Church, but for a long time she was in deep despair.

"I think I must have mentioned to you that I had commenced visiting here in the village, which belongs to Admiral Duff, who has lent his house to us for the benefit of sea-air, and the rent was to be my visiting the people. I have now spoken to 147, of whom seventeen are old converts, and four have found peace since I came, besides many very earnestly seeking. The use of the Free Church here was given to me, and I had five meetings in it,—the last so crowded that it would hardly hold the people. Also one in the Established Church on Sunday afternoon, and one in a school-house at Duff's village, close to Sir Archibald Dunbar. I trust the Lord will work a great work yet among the people, but it is so difficult to get ministers to speak pointedly to them even when they do visit. They so often merely generalize about religion, as if afraid of offending the feelings of the people by saying, 'Thou art the man.'"

In the two following letters—the first to Miss Marsh—we see how soon, in his working career, the habit of skilful spiritual diagnosis was begun, which during the whole course of it specially distinguished this "beloved physician" of souls:—

"Arndilly, May 5th, 1857.

"... One thing is surprising in this land of religious knowledge;—the number of persons who live without prayer, and the number of others who are content with a few words of prayer just at night. I had no idea of it till forced on my view by facts that cannot be overlooked. For instance, a man says, in answer to a question, 'I love the Lord Jesus, and I believe He loves me;' and says this, believing it to be true. Well, the reply is, 'But we like to speak to and hold communion with those we love; now, do you pray to this Saviour you profess to love?' The reply is, perhaps, 'Oh, yes, we should all do that.' 'True, but do *you* do it? Did you do so this morning?' 'Why, not exactly, but I prayed yesterday.' Of course, the conclusion pressed upon him is that he is deceiving himself in thinking he loves One whom he treats with indifference. Or perhaps he will say, 'Oh, yes, I pray every morning and evening regularly.' 'Good, but where are your thoughts and where is your heart during the rest of the day?' No answer. 'Do you ever speak to Him in prayer during the day?' No answer. 'You give Him five minutes in the morning and five at night, and call this a service of love; whilst your heart during the rest of the twenty-four hours is given

to the world. What would you call a servant who treated you in this way?' If a man or woman can thus be led to see that God cannot be mocked, then he either wilfully puts God from him, or he begins to see that he must ask *with the heart*, if he is to receive any favour, and also to ask often, and not faint. But perhaps, after a time, he discovers that, notwithstanding all this asking, no answer has come, and then he becomes discouraged, and doubts the power of prayer. Most likely this proceeds from his praying as a mere duty, without realizing that it is a present and a loving Saviour whom he is addressing, and without really expecting an answer to his particular request, or caring whether he gets it or not. For instance, a man tells you that he has been seeking often and earnestly forgiveness of his sins, and professes at the same time to believe that through the poured-out blood of Christ for him he can alone obtain it, etc., etc. Well, you ask, 'Are you very sorry you have not got it?' 'Oh, yes, sir, of course I am.' 'Did you eat your breakfast yesterday, and your dinner and supper?' 'Yes.' 'And you breakfasted to-day?' 'Yes.' 'Well, your sorrow has not taken away your appetite. Did you shed a single tear during the last week, in which you have been so terribly disappointed?' 'No.' 'If God had taken one of your children away from you, would it have cost you a tear or two?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you had better examine before God whether you really care for the pardon you say you are anxious to get.' And thus the poor sinner may be led to discover that he has been practising self-deception. Again comes

the test of asking in faith, etc., etc. But I have not time to say more; indeed, I fear I have written rather confusedly as it is.

"My wife writes in kindest regard to your two nieces, and pray present our love and regard in Christ to your venerable father. Excuse the haste in which I have written this, but it is near three o'clock in the morning, and I have a busy day before me to-morrow."

"Arndilly, November 16th, 1857.

"There has been one leading feature observable this week in two districts—a flood of doubts and fears, rushing in to overwhelm converts of a year's standing. One day I found ten, all prostrated almost to despair. The cause seemed clear and similar in almost every case; they had been fighting the battle against Satan in their own strength, instead of carrying every doubt, fear, and evil thought, to Jesus, to receive from Him fresh pardon and power. At last they became overwhelmed, and had no remedy but to go to the cross and be cleansed afresh; but this Satan made them ashamed to do at first, for it seemed as if they had gone away from Christ, and He had hid His face from them. The first thing was to know if they were firmly resting on the sure foundation of their sins having been blotted out in the blood of atonement, and for Christ's sake forgiven, and remembered against them no more; then came the question, 'Have you the Holy Spirit dwelling in you, witnessing with your spirit that God hath reconciled you to Himself? Have you a hatred of sin, and a desire after holiness?' This

they all professed to have. 'Then go to Jesus, and seek forgiveness for anything that has been oppressing your soul, and do not distrust His love after He has done so much for you; and never let anything rest for an hour on your soul after this without going to Him with it, and seeking His help. Thus will you be, as the apostle saith, 'made free from sin, and have your fruit unto holiness.'"

In the early part of 1858, I find the record of the following incidents in Aberdeen, preceding a remarkable work there, which belongs to another chapter:—

"Feb. 16th.—A striking incident happened yesterday afternoon, after the prayer-meeting in the County Rooms. A professedly Christian lady came and spoke to me about the conversions, saying that they were 'without knowledge.' I asked what she meant. She replied that most of the persons converted are ignorant, and therefore the work will not stand. I said that if it is God's work, He can keep what He has wrought; and if it is man's work, then let it fall. Converts in former days had little or no knowledge until they were converted, and then the knowledge came through the teaching of the Holy Spirit. I had appointed to meet Mr. Radcliffe and Professor Martin after the prayer-meeting to go to a school, where Mr. R. was to address some friends of the lady and some young people. When I met them, I told them of the remarks I had heard, which made me feel uneasy; as I thought it hard enough to bear attacks from opponents, but still harder from those who profess to be the children of God. In the drawing-room,

before the meeting, I attempted to say a few words to an elderly lady on a sofa, but evidently she did not relish the subject. When all were assembled in another room, I said that I would wait in the drawing-room to speak to any impressed. After I was left alone my faith began to fail, and I thought that none would come to speak, remembering the insinuations of the lady; so I prayed for help and strengthening. In about fifteen minutes Professor M. entered, leading a girl of thirteen, weeping bitterly, and when I asked her the cause she replied, 'Oh, my hard, wicked heart!' I pointed her to Jesus as the Physician of souls. Hardly had she left the room, when the elderly lady mentioned above entered, and said with emotion that she had come to speak about her soul; and ere I finished talking to her, ten of different ages entered, all weeping, and deeply impressed. It was a striking answer of the Holy Spirit to the assertion of the conversions being *without knowledge.*"

"Feb. 23rd.—Accompanied Mr. Radcliffe to the Gymnasium, Old Aberdeen. I asked Mr. Anderson if he could give us a spare room in which to speak to any individual who might desire it. He said Yes, but told me afterwards that he had not the slightest expectation that it would be required. I gave out the psalm and prayed, and then Mr. R. spoke for about fifteen minutes upon the brazen serpent, and went away into the other room, leaving me to speak further, which I did from Mark ii. Two or three boys followed Mr. R., and after a time some more, and by the time I concluded, almost all went, and then I followed to help him to speak. The boys pressed to be spoken

to, many of them deeply moved. Man's work had been weakness, but the Holy Spirit made it the power of God unto the salvation of immortal souls. . . .

"The conversion-work at this time in Aberdeen was largely carried on amongst children from eight to fourteen years of age, and one day about thirty-five boys asked Mr. Rait for the use of Marywell School for a prayer-meeting. Afraid that order might not be kept;—he agreed to give it on the condition of being included as one of the boys himself, which was agreed to. The boys conducted the meetings always in a most orderly manner, and read the Bible and prayed delightfully. One rule was to expel from it any boy guilty of open sin; and this was carried out against one proved guilty of using bad words, who seemed to feel much his expulsion."

Mr. Grant was ever deeply interested in children, who were much attracted to him, and his work among them was much blessed.

"August 21st, 1858. Hopeman Lodge, Moray Firth.

"On reading over your letter, I observe that Eda is interested about L., because she has given herself to her Saviour; so I will tell her of a girl in T——. I had been sent for by the mother, who is a converted person, but one who had long been given to doubting. After some conversation the light burst into her mind more clearly, and she said she would like me to speak to her eldest daughter, a girl of thirteen, whose serious impressions received last year, when Mr. North was there, seemed to have passed away. She went to fetch her, and after some hesitation she

came; but I felt at a loss how to speak to her, and hardly know now what I did say. Next day I received a message to ask me to come and see her, if it were but for ten minutes. I went, and found her very anxious; so I set before her the way of going to Jesus. Two days later she found peace, and seemed to grow in grace rapidly whilst I was there. One morning this girl brought a friend of hers, aged fourteen, to see me. 'Well,' I asked, 'what have you got to tell me?' 'I wish to say that I am very happy.' 'What makes you happy?' 'My sins are all forgiven.' 'How do you know that?' 'Because I believe God's Word which tells me so.' I afterwards learned that the first use the former girl had made of her reconciliation to God was to write to this second girl, and press on her to seek Christ,—and see the result! Before I left, she had been speaking strongly to a cousin of her own, and brought her to me two or three times. It is pleasant to see the young thus wide awake to their responsibilities, and God blessing their simple faith.

"Mr. Radcliffe had been speaking very strongly against the self-righteousness of persons who trusted to their church-going, ordinance-keeping, etc., etc., without being reconciled through faith in the blood of Christ; and said that if any one had fifty tokens even, they would only increase their condemnation if *without* Christ. Two women had come in from the country, one a converted person, and the other unconverted. On going home at night, the latter exclaimed, 'Oh, woman, those were fearful words the man spoke about tokens!—I have got my fiftieth

token this year.' 'And have you not got Christ?' was the reply. 'I fear no.' 'Then we shall just bide where we are, and ask the Lord to give you faith to believe His word, and to give you His Son as your Saviour.' And these two women continued there praying until the unconverted one found peace, and went home rejoicing in her Saviour."

The summer of 1858 was a memorable one to me, for then, in a most unexpected way, I made the acquaintance of Mr. Grant, which was (as many others could say) but a prelude to more help and teaching than from any other Christian friend that I ever had. Being deeply engaged in writing at the Bridge of Allan, I had refused an offered introduction to Mr. Grant—as being 'one of your sort'—from a then worldly lady, who was afterwards one of his choicest converts. However, an accidental meeting at a cottage door was enough, and led to his help being given at a meeting for mill-girls, and afterwards to much friendly intercourse at Arndilly and elsewhere. There are some useful evangelistic hints in the following letter:—

"Hopeman, Friday, Oct. 8th, 1858.

"Your welcome letter of the 15th of September, asking me to write something which you might read to the young mill-girls whom you are anxious to benefit, would have met with a speedier *refusal* had I not been much engaged of late. I have no talent for writing for the benefit of the public, and it would be like a little public if I wrote for them; but I have a point which I desire to press as strongly as possible on your own notice. You say that several of the girls have been under conviction for some time, but that not

one case has gone on to conversion,—not even when they have been several months in the former state. There must, I fear, be something very defective in this state of matters; and I should like to arouse you to a sense of this, that you may try some remedy. Conviction of sin is the opening of our eyes by the Spirit of God, to show us our true state in respect to Him; namely, 'that we are rebellious sinners against Him, and as such, deserving of His wrath and of punishment.' Now, to *remain* in that state, is to become indifferent by degrees to the danger that is hanging over us; and at last to sink back, perhaps, into greater carelessness and deadness than ever. 'To repent,' means simply 'to turn,' 'to change one's mind.' A person has long been walking on the wrong road, blind to the dangers that surrounded him, with thick clouds and darkness all around; when suddenly a gleam of light bursts forth and reveals to him a yawning gulf right before him, into which he must fall if he continues to advance. Then, if he acts wisely, his resolution will be *immediately* to turn back, and escape the danger. This resolution is 'repentance.' If, instead of turning back, he still goes forward—though perhaps at a snail's pace compared to his previous progress—still he must in time reach the gulf. Now, have any of those girls, who have had their eyes opened to see the wickedness of their hearts, resolved as yet to *turn* from their former ways, and so escape the danger before them of falling into hell? No doubt this too is the work of the Holy Spirit, just as much as the opening of the eyes; but we are told not to resist the Holy Ghost.

"If some of them do desire to turn, an important

question arises: Which way are they to go? St. Paul tells us the direction given him by the Lord Jesus Christ, when he was sent to the Gentiles (Acts xxvi. 18), and that was, 'to open their eyes, and turn them from darkness to light.' It is then to the Light that they are to go; and that Light is 'the Lord Jesus Christ,' who says, 'I am the Light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of life.'

"But do they believe that Christ died for them? Suppose they say that they do believe this, the question immediately arises, What good does His dying do for *you?* what benefit do *you* get thereby? Let us apply to His own words for an answer: 'This is My blood of the new testament which is shed for many for the remission of their sins.' They believe that they constitute a portion of the 'many' for whom He died, and He tells them that the benefit of His shedding His blood is to purchase them pardon. Now they can hardly refuse to believe this, because Christ says it; and if they do believe it, another question arises: Will the Father forgive the sinner who asks Him for the sake of Jesus, and who pleads that Jesus has paid his debt and shed His precious blood for his pardon? All we know about the dealings of God with His sinful rebellious creatures is from what He reveals to us in His Holy Word; and if we consult that for an answer to this last question, we learn that that blood which the sinner pleads, 'cleanses from all sin,' and 'that God is faithful and just' to forgive every sinner who confesses his sin (1 John i. 7, 9).

"Again ask, 'Do they believe what God says in this respect?' If they profess to do so, then it is evident that if one of them will kneel down and lay her sins upon Jesus, and plead His blood shed for her, and ask pardon for His sake; she *must* rise from her knees 'a pardoned sinner.' God cannot break His word—He is *faithful* to keep the promise which He made, when He sent the only-begotten Son into the world. He is *just* to pardon, because the Saviour has brought *full* payment of His debt when He presents His own blood as the atonement for her guilt; so that now God's faithfulness and justice (which once demanded that the sinner should be cast into hell) are enlisted on behalf of the believer, and demand that she shall be pardoned. Before that one asks for this pardon, however, it is necessary that she clearly understands the sin of mocking God by asking for a thing which she does not expect to receive, although she *says she does*. In Mark xi. 24, we are told that when we desire anything, and pray for it, we are to believe that we receive it, and we shall have it. When, therefore, the penitent kneels down to ask for pardon, desiring it, she is to believe that God *does* forgive her, and she shall have it. The absolute necessity of this is clear, for God reads the thoughts; and if one speaks one thing with the mouth, and thinks another with the heart, she undoes the first by the last.

"You will then require at first to become the mouthpiece of the girl that seeks pardon; to kneel down with her and ask for it in a few words on her account, and then before she rises, bid her ask

for herself. God must bestow the faith that believes in the answer to the prayer; it is seldom that the person praying does obtain at once the power to believe (though I have met many instances of it); but she must be told to keep asking for faith, and to expect an answer to her prayer. Are you prepared to speak thus pointedly to each girl *separately*, and to pray with her and for her, and to lead her to pray for herself? If so, the effect will be most assuredly the same that is described in Acts xxvi. 18;—she will be turned from the power of Satan to God, and she will receive the remission of all her sins. Of course you will pray God to guide you aright in all this; and when you are speaking, you will now and then put up a silent petition for help and strength. Oh, what a blessed sight it is, when the sinner first professes a desire to find her Saviour; but a far more delightful one when in the fulness of her heart she pours out her gratitude to God for the wonderful salvation provided through the gift of His Son. This delight you have in His great mercy experienced yourself, and He will give to you if you ask Him to have it all renewed again and again, in seeing the sinner converted into the believer. Do not distrust Him; ask for it, and expect it. We must not faint in our prayers to the God whose title is Love.

"My dear wife sends her kind regards to you, and hopes if we are spared another year that you will remember to pay us a long visit."

In the following notice of a conversion, and

two letters to the subject of it, we find a beginning of what was to appear very largely in his future work, and which so completely occupied the place of Mr. Grant's early habit of diary-writing. I allude to his unwearied and faithful correspondence with his young converts. It was in this way that he "shepherded" Christ's lambs whom he had been permitted to lead into His fold.

"Hopeman, October 14th, 1858.

"These apparently *out of season* opportunities are often most blest of God, and that when blessing is least expected. I was visiting at a house in Aberdeenshire, where one of the daughters had found Christ, when I met her at another house; and she pressed me to go and speak to her sisters, and father and mother, if possible. A young English lady was staying there, and walking out with her, I pressed upon her to make Christ her all in all, and not to rest short of that faith which realizes that in His blood her sins are washed away. I had a delightful letter from her a few days ago, telling me of her happiness in believing, and of the little persecutions she had to undergo because she refused any longer to attend balls, etc. How true, that they who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." . .

"Garthland, December 9th, 1858.

"My Dear ——, It seems, or *ought to seem*, rather strange (unless your kindness makes an excuse for it) that I should ask leave to write to you,

and have allowed so long a time to pass without availing myself of the permission; but the truth is, that I have of late been moving about from place to place, and have had very little leisure for letter-writing, unless in cases more pressing than yours. To be sure, —— did tell me, ten days ago, that you were a little downcast at present, but I look upon that as merely a *temporary affliction;* for are you not in the arms of Him who has said, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you;' so that with the Lord for your helper, you have no cause for fear. But, perhaps, you may reply, 'Alas, I do fear, and that is what makes me so unhappy at times.' And let me ask, what do you fear? 'Why, my own weakness.' But if you know that you are weak, there is the more need to rest upon Him who is strong, and who has promised to make your weakness perfect in His strength. It is a great happiness to be truly sensible of our utter weakness, and only the Holy Spirit can teach us this blessed truth; but when we know it, we are led to lean like little children on One whose power and love can indeed sustain us.

"We are in the habit of *saying* that we are weak, and unable of ourselves to do anything right, long before we *realize the truth* of this; therefore we get many a fall from endeavouring to walk alone. I saw one day in the street, a little boy struggling to get out of its mother's arms, and at length she set it down, upon which, the child quite delighted, began to try and cross the street:—in a few minutes it fell down, and then it cried for the help of those very arms from which it had struggled to escape, and when

the mother ran and picked it up, it rested quite quiet in them. Why did the mother set it on the ground? Just to teach it a salutary lesson, similar to that which Jesus teaches us when He lets us go from Him a little way, and fall into trouble and trial; but He is as ready to come to our aid when we cry to Him, as the mother is,—yes, and even far more so. Have you ever experienced this blessed truth, and known the happiness of casting your all upon Him in childlike confidence, when quite unable to help yourself?

"In your last letter to me you say, that 'Jesus always helps you in your battles with sin, but you need *more watchfulness.*' Thank God that you know this need. . . . Without a constant guard over our hearts, we are so apt to be *surprised* into sinful compliance; or else the heart becomes insensibly cold and dead, and yields more and more to the snares laid around us. True, it is a blessed feeling that we are in the hands of One who has promised to keep us, but then it obliges that loving God to afflict and chasten us, in order to arouse us from our folly, and bring us to the truth again when we become careless. Oh, then, do be on your guard, against little compliances with that which is of the world and opposed to God. We are so apt to believe that there are such things as little sins:—In the sight of man it is so, but not in the sight of God. He beholds everything from first to last, and sees that an angry passion might end in the crime of murder, unless prevented by His restraining providence. Remember then to seek help continually to

fight the battle against what are called by the world 'little sins,' and this will keep us from yielding to great ones. The best way of fighting sin, as I think I mentioned in a former letter, is to live with a sense of God's eye upon us, seeking the Holy Spirit to be dwelling in us, and keeping cleansed the temple of our bodies in which He dwells. Thus we must ever be watchful that our faith in the all-cleansing power of the blood of Jesus is not shaken; as there is no other way of getting rid of sin, and of living as those 'made free' from it. May you be enabled thus to live!—is the prayer of your sincere friend,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"Manar, December 7th, 1859.

"I have never had so much difficulty in replying to you as at present, for you ask directions in matters with respect to which it is almost impossible to lay down rules. I have sought help before writing to you, for I fear lest I may do you more harm than good in what I may say.

"And first I am going to give you a general rule which may surprise you. 'You must take care not to work too much *yourself*.' And by this I mean, 'That you must look *decidedly* to the Holy Spirit to do the work, and to Him alone.' You may reply that of course you know that you are but a mere instrument, and yet let me tell you from experience that we sometimes are tempted to act as if *we* were doing the work instead of the Holy Spirit. Oh, how often I have discovered this tendency in myself, and have wondered how the Searcher of

hearts bore with me, and carried on the work notwithstanding my folly. But in saying this, I fear lest I should discourage you, which I pray may not be the case. . . .

"Now as to your second question, 'What tests to give to people who profess everything, when their conduct is not satisfactory?' Alas! what can one say? God must speak by some message of His own in such a case. But still you may press some tests upon them, viz., that when the Holy Spirit dwells *in us*, He must witness that we are new creatures,—old things passed away, and all become new,—and if the old love of the world is not passed away, the heart is not changed,—for 'if any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him;' —and God's children must have pity and love for those who annoy them, and must pray for them; else we are not in advance of the heathen, if we only love those who do us good. We must also have a longing desire to be pure and holy, that we may be like our blessed Pattern; and we must delight in often holding communion with God, for out of the fulness of the heart (when filled with the Holy Spirit) the mouth will speak. Ever draw the distinction between the Holy Spirit working *on* the sinner, and dwelling *in* the believer as in a cleansed temple.

"The third question is, How to answer those who say, 'How can you or any one know that they are forgiven?' Because I have God's word for it, and if I am expected to believe the witness of a respectable man, how much more that of God! Sometimes I ask such a person a commonplace

question, and when he replies to it, I say, 'Are you telling me truth? Do you mean what you say?' 'Of course I do,' (perhaps with a little indignation). 'Well, I wish I could believe it.' 'What do you mean?' is the answer. 'I mean, what ground have I for believing what you tell me?' 'Why, my word! do you suppose I would tell a lie!' 'Well, it is very hard to expect me to believe your word, when you will not believe God's word.' Such a simple reply sometimes startles a caviller into a sense of the folly of disbelieving what God says.

"But then they object that they may believe God to-day, but that to-morrow they may perhaps *not* believe Him. That means, 'To-morrow you may perhaps commit the sin of unbelief.' But does the fear of sinning to-morrow offer any excuse for sinning to-day? No, sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. I will keep from the sin to-day, and trust Jesus to keep me from it if I live till to-morrow. It is only His power which can keep me, and I have His promise and can safely trust it.

"When people quote the passage 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' always tell them to finish the quotation, and not destroy the meaning by half a sentence, 'FOR it is God who worketh in you to will and to do of His good pleasure.' And how can God give you His Spirit to work *in* you, unless you are first cleansed and made a fitting temple thereby for His habitation? See, too, the object of God's work—'that ye may be blameless and without rebuke, the sons of God, etc., etc., and may shine as lights in the world.' Are

such cavillers claiming to be sons of God? Are they shining as lights in the world! are they not rather seeking to put out the lights of others?

"Whilst I give you these grounds for the work to which you are called, I advise you to argue as little as possible. It is apt to injure love in the soul; and the servant of God must not strive, but be filled with the spirit of love. State a truth shortly in reply, and leave the Holy Spirit to apply it, such as, 'We cannot serve two masters;' or, 'Be ye ready,' says Christ; 'Are *you* ready?' or, 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His;' have *you* His Spirit? or, 'Know ye not that Christ dwelleth *in* you,' etc., etc.; 'Does He dwell in *you?*'

"Fourthly. 'Others deny the need of assurance, and say that they have heard or read of very good Christians who had no assurance.' How do they know that they were good Christians? What proof have they? Works? None worked more than the Pharisees. The opinion of others? How could others read the heart? But God's Word is the best test. 'Without faith, it is impossible to please Him,' and if I have not faith in the blood of Christ as cleansing away the sin laid upon Him, how can I please God? 'Oh, but I do believe that He *is able* to cleanse, and is *willing* to cleanse,' is perhaps the reply. Yes, but God's Word demands more. You must believe that 'His blood clean*seth*,'—*does do it*;—a finished work for the believer, not a half work. Or, again, some one says, 'it is presumption.' What? Presumption to believe that which God says? What presumption you would think it

to doubt your word; and must it not be greater to doubt God's word? Presumption to honour fully Christ's work as a finished work? Surely you are the presumptuous person who dares to treat it as a doubtful or unfinished work?

"Fifthly. Timid gentle creatures who are evidently trusting to themselves, need to be aroused (generally speaking) by a sight of the nature of sin, more than those of opposite character. The latter are partly aware of what sin is already; hence their arguments and enmity. But those who have false supports need them knocked away, before they will choose the true Rock to rest upon. Press on such then the realization of their utterly lost state, the vileness of their hearts, and the justice and purity of God. So long as they do not know their sickness, they will not care for the Physician.

"Sixthly. And so you have at length experienced what it is to be reproached for the name of Jesus! Happy are you, dear child, and very merciful is it of God to let you gain a little experience of His love before you were obliged to bear and carry this cross. Yes, walk very humbly, and very lovingly, but when you speak, be very faithful, and *short*.

"Seventhly. So you are beginning to see fruit where you least expected it! Pray, pray, pray, as well as work. . . . So go on, and the Lord be with you.

"Eighthly. Oh, beware of indulging suspicion without good grounds, 'Charity hopeth all things,' yea, 'believeth all things,' and it is generally our pride of heart that makes us suspicious because *we are ashamed* of appearing to be deceived. But rather

would I be deceived twenty times than break one bruised reed, or quench one smoking flax.—Ever believe me, yours affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

In a letter to Mrs. Aitken of February 26th, 1858, he says:—

"I had a very interesting time for four days last week. On the evening of my arrival in Aberdeen I spoke to a meeting of wretched outcasts in one of the worst parts of the town (many of them however reclaimed), and they all listened with deep attention. Amongst them was a man who had been a notorious drunkard, but had received the first impression of the truth a year ago, when I spoke in one of the churches on the character of an 'almost Christian.' He has since written to me, and has now found Jesus to be indeed his Saviour, raising him from the death of sin to a glorious life. He had been an emigrant in Jamaica at one time, and it was on account of seeing a name familiar to him there that he came to hear me. I learned from him when I called on him last Monday that he had been born on the farm of Belnagarrow, and had received his first instruction from a lady who was called Miss Wilhelmina,* whose gold watch hanging by her side still holds a prominent place in his mind! What a strangely chequered scene life is! How footsteps of former days turn up when least expected. The seed then sown may now begin to grow in that man's soul."

* The sister to whom Mr. Grant's letter is addressed.

CHAPTER VIII.

WORK OF 1859.

"Each word we speak hath infinite effects;
Each soul we pass must go to heaven or hell;
Be earnest, earnest, earnest! mad, if thou wilt!"

Kingsley.

No year of Mr. Grant's life was fuller of remarkable evangelistic work than 1859, a memorable era in Scotland, and doubtless a time of special rejoicing in heaven; so many were the repenting sinners changed into adoring believers. Many of these have since gone to their sinless, blood-bought rest, but many are still alive to tell their happy tale, and to testify by their changed lives to the reality of the work.

The information of this chapter principally concerns the revival in Aberdeen (which may be said to have continued more or less from that time to this),—that at Ferryden, in Forfarshire, at both of which Mr. Grant assisted,—and his own missionary tour in the north of Scotland with the Rev. W. H. M. H. Aitken, now so well known as a devoted evangelist, and then but a youth of seventeen.

The religious awakening of this year, unlike some others, was characterized by the large number of laymen called out to labour for souls. The work of

three of those occupying the "first rank" is so well distinguished in the Rev. Mr. Macpherson's book upon "Revivals," that I cannot but quote the following sentence. "With tremendous earnestness and force, Brownlow North proclaimed in those days the most awful and glorious of all fundamental truths —*God is*. With singular tenderness and persuasive power, Reginald Radcliffe preached, '*God is love.*' Hay M. Grant, of Arndilly, with uncommon clearness, set forth '*Salvation as a gift.*' He was one of the most earnest, sagacious, and indefatigable lay evangelists of this period. He was a striking instance of *the man of the world* transformed by grace into a man of the world to come."

A daily prayer-meeting had been begun in Aberdeen in July, 1858, during the Highland Agricultural Cattle Show, at which there had been a beginning of evangelistic work, many tracts distributed, and several addresses given. At this meeting (which has continued with scarcely an intermission ever since), special request was made day by day that the Lord would convert souls in Aberdeen, and quicken His own people there. At the same time Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, who had been much engaged in evangelistic work in England, was praying earnestly in his Liverpool home that the Lord would give him some fresh work to do. Who can doubt that these united expecting prayers were the means by which the Lord allowed Himself to be "proved," so that the windows of heaven began to be opened in the autumn of that year in Aberdeen, to which place Mr. Radcliffe had received an invitation, and where he was signally blessed

among the young. The following letter of Mr. Grant to his wife describes the work at its height in the next spring:—

"130, Union Street, Aberdeen, February 13th, 1859.

"MY BELOVED LOOLOO,—What a wonderful work of God this is which is going on here! A pouring-out of the Holy Spirit, as in the days of Pentecost—a revival such as we have been praying for, like that in America. Yesterday I went to a prayer-meeting in the county rooms, which was crowded, chiefly by converted people. No speaking, but just praying, and reading God's Word. Then there was a meeting of children in the Marywell School, which Mr. Radcliffe addressed. I was there only half-an-hour, but found six children to speak to and an old woman, besides many others, to whom Professor Martin and Mr. Radcliffe spoke,—most of them dissolved in tears under a sense of sin, and believing in Jesus when this was pressed upon them as God's command, backed by His gracious promises. In the evening there was a prayer-meeting for *converted* persons alone, at which about eight hundred were present. It began at seven, and was dismissed at nine; but after some had gone away, the others would not go, so the Free Church ministers invited them to pray for half-an-hour more, which many of them gladly did. The praying was chiefly by young converted men, and was most delightful. This morning I accompanied Mr. Radcliffe to Marywell School, which we found crowded by people of all ages, as well as children. I

gave an address for twenty minutes, and then went (while Mr. Radcliffe continued the meeting) into another room, in order to converse with the anxious, and about thirty came, to each of whom I had only to say, 'Lay your sins on Jesus, and trust God's promise to pardon,' and they professed almost immediately to believe. This is a striking characteristic of the whole work: done by the Holy Spirit, and man little needed except as a sign-post to point to Jesus. We were obliged to leave at a little before eleven to go to church, and I went to hear a sermon by the Established Church minister, Mr. Smith; who has been threatened by some of his brethren for giving the use of his church.* A fine, powerful discourse, so full of the gospel, and needing only that common want, the application of the truth more to the hearers; he did apply a little, but not enough.

"This evening I preached in a large Free Church, and then joined Mr. Radcliffe in Mr. Smith's church to see inquirers. About a dozen men came to me in the vestry, all deeply convinced of sin, several weeping; but all went away rejoicing, except one man, who had been crying, and said that his heart was too hard to believe. 'Well,' I said, 'go away, but remember it is God's record of His Son that you are distrusting, and you would not treat any dear relations of yours in that way.' 'Oh,' he said, 'I will try and believe.' 'That is equally insulting,' I replied, 'for it shows that you are still doubting the wondrous love which has opened your eyes to see your sin, and brought you to Jesus to be cleansed.

* Appendix A.

Go away, now.' 'Oh, no, sir, I will believe. By God's own help I will believe.' And his face brightened up, and then others came crowding in, and I was forced to go. Some that I parted with in doubt met me, and said, 'I do believe now, sir,' looking so happy. Whilst I was in the vestry, Mr. Radcliffe, Professor Martin, and Mr. Smith were speaking to others in the pews. There could not have been less than one hundred additional inquirers to-night, and about thirty were sent away without being spoken to, from want of time; for our rule is not to delay any meeting longer than a quarter to ten, to avoid all scandal. The great complaint made against the revival here under Mr. Burns, after the Dundee revival, was that he kept the young people in the church till eleven or near twelve at night. Another striking feature is the complete quiet and silence that reigns; all speaking or weeping in a suppressed tone—not a cry to be heard of any kind—not the least outward excitement.

"And now, my beloved Looloo, I am going to say something that will give you pain, but I pray God to soften it to you, as He can, and show you that it is His will. I must spend another fortnight in Aberdeen at this work .I dare not leave. . . . I seem to have been led here by God's providence. . . . The work is deepening, and becoming so plainly an *outpouring* of the Spirit, not in drops, but in a heavy shower, that I must not desert it. I have laid it before God, and believe I am acting according to His will. He has mercifully restored you, and can keep you; and I can commit you, dear one, safely and securely into His keeping.

"My belief is that the leaven now working in Aberdeen will leaven Scotland from one end to another. . . . Oh, what a glory it is to be permitted to see such a work of the Holy Spirit. May the Lord increase it more and more. Constant, earnest prayers are offered up for this from hundreds of believers here. A praying people, a willing people in the day of His glorious power. May God refresh your own soul, dearest Louie; may He keep you close to Himself, and manifest Jesus more and more to you."

A little later Mr. Grant writes:—

"Aberdeen, March 9th, 1859.

"The work continues to advance, but Mr. Radcliffe became unable to go on with it for a time, and is resting at Huntly Lodge. He went out there last Friday to preach in the Free Church, and was much blessed. About two hundred anxious inquirers came back into the church after the congregation had left. The minister is an excellent man, and will carry it on. Mr. Radcliffe was to have come back here on Saturday, but puts it off till Monday. The work does not go on so well when he is away, from my want of faith, and I wish he were here. On Friday I had a meeting for inquirers in a private house; numbers came, and many found peace in believing. . . . I have little time to give particulars of the work. Some nights last week there were about two hundred impressed, but could not all be spoken to for want of help. Lord Kintore came in one night to judge of the work, and seeing

us hard pressed by numbers, spoke to about ten himself."

Mr. Grant's scanty summer "rest" was that year taken at Nairn, of which period an intimate friend writes the following interesting account:—

"He allowed me to go with him among the cottages at Nairn, where I was staying at the same time he and his wife were; and to see his dealing with the people, his admirable manner of bringing out the difficulties of the different souls he desired to win for Christ, struck me as most remarkable. How he put his finger upon the sore of each heart, so tenderly, so wisely, leading each to see that Self was the difficulty which stood in the way of an acceptance of Christ's righteousness, and of obtaining peace by faith in His atonement. Seldom did he fail to convince those he dealt with that it was self-love which was the hindrance, and in many cases there was a satisfactory evidence of the reception of saving truth.

"This was in 1859. I did not return to Nairn till 1871, when unable from illness to revisit the fisher-cottages. But I accidentally met several who bore thankful testimony to the effects of that summer's work. One woman, who had resisted all that was said to her at the time, had afterwards become a happy believer. Her husband had died in peace, she said, and all was in consequence of Mr. Grant's teaching. He had often been to Nairn in the interval. A fisherman bore testimony also, and with thankful tears, to the blessing he had received from

the same tender dealing, and he told me many could and did testify to its effects."

Mr. Grant had assisted at Caithness the preceding year, as we see from the following letter:—

"Hopeman, September 21st, 1858.

"In Wick I remained only six days, and saw forty-one inquirers, twelve of whom appeared to realize Jesus as their Saviour. Mr. North remained a fortnight after me, and great crowds continued to flock to hear him—as many as six thousand one Sunday afternoon; but I have not heard the results. It was altogether a very blessed time, and I have as much to do as I can wish, in constantly seeing people, and most of them of the educated classes, to whom one has very little access on this side the Moray Firth. I have received some very interesting letters since I left, and some persons have become workers in the Lord's vineyard. It took, however, twice as long to speak to the people over in Caithness as it does to those here, because many of them had built their religion on false foundations, which had to be demolished before they could be got to trust in the true foundation—Christ's finished work. One minister, in whose church I preached in Wick, set himself to preach against my doctrine in the afternoon, because I did not go far enough in election. But I do not think it did any harm, but rather awakened curiosity to hear *what was* preached. Some of the people over there among the lower classes have very strange ideas. They make a virtue of not believing, so that Mr. North told some of them they seemed to have

found a text in the Bible that he could not find, viz., 'Blessed is he that *doubteth*.' . . . Since my return we have had a good many visitors, and I find that my Caithness trip has strengthened me in speaking to persons of my own class. I spoke to every one who came to our house; and though this proceeding was very offensive to some, yet blessed results appeared in others, to the glory of God. The work around here is not nearly so lively as it was some time ago;—still conversions continue to take place, and I might discover more if I had as much time as formerly to go amongst them. 'The field is the world,' however, and wherever I go I find souls to speak to, for I try to carry out the rule of not letting a day pass without speaking to some one or other about their salvation."

In August of 1859, Mr. Grant resolved to follow up this movement, and it is with pleasure that I present my readers with Mr. Hay Aitken's graphic recollections of his tour in the far north, and also of some preliminary work in the immediate neighbourhood of Arndilly.

"On arriving at the station I was met by Mr. Gordon of Parkhill, who had been assisting in some of the meetings which had recently been held at Arndilly. On reaching the house I was introduced to Mr. Reginald Radcliffe, who had been resting there for some time after his arduous work in Aberdeen. They were just commencing work at Rothes and the neighbourhood. I think it was on the following Sunday that Mr. Radcliffe preached twice in the Free Church at Rothes, my uncle assisting in the

service. I shall never forget that sermon on Rom. x. 1, 2. He addressed himself expressly to the religious Presbyterians, who, like the Jews, had a zeal for the Lord, and yet did not even profess to be in a state of salvation. The next day I spent in visiting the houses in the village, and wherever I went, I met with obvious signs of awakening. On returning before dinner-time, I expressed my conviction that there was a great stirring in the place. In a moment, Mr. Radcliffe was on the *qui vive*, and my uncle, though somewhat careful for his friend's health, was equally eager to be at the fray. As no services had been announced, they at once went over to the village and sent round the town-crier with his bell. Mr. Radcliffe, however, was not satisfied with the strength of the bellman's lungs, and supplemented his efforts by going along the two long streets of which Rothes is composed, shouting out an intimation of the meeting at the top of his voice. By these means a great crowd was soon gathered in the open air. A deep impression was made on the people that night; especially among young men, which was the beginning of a considerable movement in that place.

"It was shortly after this that my uncle informed me of his intention to pay a visit to the extreme north of Scotland. Mr. Brownlow North was to have accompanied him; as my uncle believed it to be a right thing that two should go together. This arrangement, however, fell through, and my uncle invited me to be his companion. I was then only seventeen years of age, and felt the respon-

sibility of assisting in so important a work a very heavy one; but he encouraged me in his own kind way. On the 23rd of August we found ourselves at Thurso, the most northerly town in Scotland. Here we commenced holding services in the Free and Independent Churches. Mr. Grant addressed the grown-up people, and I took the children, amongst whom a considerable work soon began. Many a little face brightened up as the 'tidings of great joy' seemed to reach their hearts. After the meeting was dismissed, I remember, a little girl, whose heart was very full, found her way down to a quiet spot behind some trees by the river-side, followed by two or three companions, and there knelt down and poured out her soul in prayer. Two or three rough boys from the streets offered her some molestation, but the little maid was not to be diverted, and only prayed for them. Two elders of the Free Church stole up behind the trees, and their testimony was:—'Weel, we've heard mony a minister pray in our time, but never did we listen to sic a prayer as cam fra that wee lassie.'

"I remember that, a little later, an earnest Christian lady, whose timidity prevented her from opening her lips in prayer before others, had occasion to visit some of her Sunday scholars. She was surprised to hear that they were 'upstairs praying.' She crept in silently and knelt down. When the last had prayed, the eldest girl looked up timidly, and said, 'Won't you pray?' 'I couldn't refuse,' the teacher afterwards said,—'so I threw myself upon God, for words and power. The difficulty vanished

and I have never suffered from it since.' Meanwhile my dear uncle was getting a firm hold of the adults, and although there was a good deal of hardness at first, the work soon began to extend and prevail. So great was the stir that, by the following Sunday, a crowd computed at four thousand gathered in the open air to hear addresses from us. My uncle was at this time full of health and strength. I remember being astonished at the physical power with which he spoke for over an hour to that immense gathering. There were many anxious inquirers and some clear cases of conversion. The work went on during the week. The following Sunday my uncle had arranged to visit the neighbouring town of Wick, and to leave me at Thurso. 'One soweth and another reapeth.' It was my lot to reap the harvest where he had been sowing the seed, and it was on that Sunday that the power of God seemed to come down upon the place. I well remember that at the beginning of our work we were visited by two young men who were preparing for the ministry of the Free Church. Entering into conversation with us about the Irish revival, which was at that time exciting great attention, they spoke in strong terms of what was going on there. I ventured to remark that the same work seemed to be commencing here before their eyes, but I was met with an incredulous shrug of the shoulders, and the expression of a wish that such a thing might be; but in tones that indicated that such a thing was not to be expected in Thurso. On this Sunday, when I was left alone, these two young men kindly offered their assistance.

"The services were crowded, many failing to obtain admittance; numbers of anxious inquirers remained to be spoken to, whom we admitted by twenties at a time into an inner room, while the meeting was continued in the larger one; until upwards of a hundred were spoken with, most of whom seemed to go home rejoicing.

"I shall never forget the exclamations of my two young friends, and their ingenuous testimony, as we walked home together, 'Well, we never expected to see this in Thurso.' It was quite true that God had been better than their thoughts.

"Meanwhile, my dear uncle was faring very badly at Wick. On his arrival there on the Saturday, he found the whole town in a state of uproar. A riot had broken out between the Highland fishermen and the townsmen, and knives had been freely used. Several people had been stabbed. The Provost had prohibited any religious gatherings on the Sunday, as it was thought the Highlanders would take advantage of the occasion to renew the disturbance. In spite of all representations, my uncle's meetings had to be given up. This led to his return to us sooner than he intended, and I shall ever remember the unfeigned joy with which he heard, on the Monday, of the blessing which had accompanied the work in his absence. Night after night the churches continued to be crowded. Indeed, the whole place was stirred, as I think I have never seen a place stirred before or since. My dear uncle was indefatigable in his work. We used to breakfast at Thurso Castle every morning, with dear old Sir

George Sinclair, where Lady Burdett Coutts was staying at the time, and then we used to set out and visit, almost without intermission, till four or five o'clock in the afternoon; proceeding to the meeting at half-past seven, and seldom returning before eleven. The ministers, who were at first doubtful, at last threw themselves heart and soul into the movement, and the unity which prevailed was delightful. It was touching to see one dear old minister's happiness. Tears filled his eyes as he stood there and saw one face after another brighten with joy, as they saw and accepted by faith, the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.' Work commenced in the town of Tain, which we next visited, and where we were working with a Free Church minister, Mr. Grant, who had himself been brought up as a boy in the neighbourhood of Arndilly, and who rejoiced to welcome my dear uncle as an evangelist in his church. Tain was a particularly respectable and religious sort of place. I remember a man being pointed out to me in the street, as the only person in the whole town who did not regularly attend a place of worship. There was much visible interest; many inquirers, and much encouragement. Our want of Gaelic, however, was an obstacle to personal visitation."

Later in the year Mr. Grant was again engaged in absorbing work. Ferryden is a little fishing village near Montrose, which had been peculiarly favoured in being specially dear to the heart, and specially pleaded for in prayer by a godly minister, the Rev. Dr. Brewster, of Craig. Shortly before his death in

1847, there had been a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and some conversions among the young. After the great Irish revival of 1857, the praying people of the village were stirred up to more believing prayer, and the dry bones began to move. The things of eternity became more felt; and among the first conversions was one so peculiarly careless, that she described herself thus, "I ate, I drank, I slept, and never thought I had a soul;" and week after week inquirers after the way of peace grew more numerous. Mr. Grant thus describes the work in its remarkable progress:—

"Arndilly, Nov. 21st, 1859.

MY DEAREST M.,—The last fortnight I was in Aberdeen, Montrose, Fyvie, and Laurencekirk. In a village opposite Montrose, called Ferryden, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants, a most wonderful work commenced. The whole population there seemed aroused. I visited them first on Wednesday, with a layman (Mr. Mudie) who has been very earnest among them since his return from Ireland, and I found men and women everywhere anxious about their souls. I said I would give a short address in the school, but it could not have held a third of those who came; so we went to the Free Church, where about four hundred gathered at half-an-hour's notice. On Friday I returned and found several rejoicing in their newly-found peace.

"On Saturday night I went over to give an address, and whilst speaking calmly of the love of Jesus for sinners, one or two were so affected as to shriek out for mercy. I stopped, and we quieted

them by singing a psalm, and then I continued for a quarter of an hour, when five were struck down, one after another, just as in Ireland (Mr. Mudie says). Numbers remained to speak about their souls, and several very interesting conversions took place. One woman was borne down under a sense of sin, who had not been at church, and her husband was nearly as much affected. Many remained all night praying for mercy. On Sunday evening I returned, and the crowd was immense, as many had come from Montrose and the country round. The inquirers were very many, and several could do nothing but cry, 'Jesus! save me;' all the words spoken to them seemed to be unheard. On Monday and Tuesday nights, several were stricken down, and some fell into trances from which it was difficult to recover them, and others found salvation in their boats at sea."

These meetings, with the house-to-house visitation by Mr. Grant, were remarkably blessed. A narrative written at the time thus describes his work.

"Mr. Grant spoke from the platform at the pulpit. His subject was Luke v. 1—11. His manner of address is slow and quiet, rather than warm and exciting; his language is chaste and simple, but very fervent; and he speaks as one who feels that life and death hang on the reception or rejection of the truth he proclaims.

"In his address he spoke of the love and condescension of the Lord Jesus, and His interest in the fishermen on the lake of Galilee. Suddenly he was interrupted by the cry of one in agony of soul, followed

by another and another, till the voice of the speaker was drowned amid one general outburst of grief from hundreds of agonizing souls. He stopped his address and raised his voice in prayer, but with no effect.

"Meanwhile the church was turned into a Bochim, many left weeping, and many remained in the church, unwilling to go home till their burden was removed, and many did go home lightened.

"It was not the sympathy of a public meeting, nor the stirring sound of the fervent preacher's voice, which effected all this—these were but the accessories. The same deep experience of soul soon spread through almost the entire village."

This work was the first time that Mr. Grant had ever come into personal contact with the spiritual and physical phenomena of "trances" and cases of "striking down;" which were quite as much features of the Ferryden revival, in its limited sphere, as that of Ireland; the fisherman population possessing something of the same excitability as the Irish. Too often a work is spoken of either as necessarily real and great, or necessarily as false and superficial, because of these strange manifestations; whereas a quiet and even balance of opinion seems peculiarly needed. I find on another occasion Mr. Grant's opinion upon this subject so clearly and wisely expressed that I insert it here:—

"There has been conviction of sin shown by floods of tears, even in public as well as in private; but no crying out in an excited manner, which so often influences nervous people, who are impressed to cry also, and which leads some to imagine that

crying out in that manner is a necessary step to obtaining forgiveness. If the soul feels deeply its heavy burden of sin, and on that account cries out because it feels *constrained, in a manner, to do so,* well; but if the cries are uttered merely from *excitement,* without deep feeling, it is a kind of hypocrisy, or at any rate a mixture of the flesh in the work of God."

It must be remarked, however, that the work in Ferryden was peculiarly deep, well-grounded, and lasting. For long, "a cloud of blessing seemed to rest over the village, and casual strangers shared its reflective influence." Since that wonderful year there have been several special revival seasons, and Mr. Grant's first visit was by no means the last. I believe, however, that on these after-occasions there was little or no external excitement.

CHAPTER IX.

HOME LIFE.

" Oh, happy house! where Thou art loved the dearest,
Thou truest Friend and Saviour of our race;
And where among the guests there never cometh
One who can hold such high and honoured place.
Oh, happy house! where Thou art not forgotten,
Where joy is overflowing, full, and free;
Oh, happy house! where every wounded spirit
Is brought, Physician, Comforter, to Thee."

H. L. L.

NEVER was there a lovelier home than Arndilly, and never was there a greater social difference than in that home before and after its master became entirely consecrated to his God and Saviour. The days of the card-table, and other conformities to the ways of the world, were at an end; and from thenceforward Arndilly, its comforts, its climate, and its pictorial beauty, were among the gifts given over entirely to the service of the Giver. Nor was the change one from gaiety to gloom. Nowhere did there reign a more cheerful spirit than in Mr. Grant's home. Nowhere was the amusement of children, as well as those of riper years, more thoughtfully planned; for, as in greater things, one of Mr. Grant's peculiar

home charms was that he was "a whole man" to the pursuit or person immediately at hand. Fishing and shooting, amusements which had lost all their charms since he had taken for his life-occupation that of catching souls, became again of importance when he wished to win visitors who might otherwise weary of the quiet life. Thus, we find him writing: —"One thing more for Mr. —— to make him long to return here. Stevenson killed a 22-lb. fish yesterday, and a 22-lb. and a 28-lb. to-day. You know that he got a 38-lb. fish when Mr. N. was here, which carried him from the Heathery Isle down below the Piles before he landed it. Tell M., with my love, that he too must come back next summer to take care of the ponies."

Mr. Grant was very careless as to his own comfort, and really enjoyed "roughing it." Nothing could be more characteristic than the following sentence, written to a friend:—"How can you suppose that any feeling about 'roughing' (as you call it) can influence me, when for days I go, perhaps, without dinner, except something with tea at night? I never cared much for eating and drinking, and I care less now." Although he thus followed closely in the steps of Him whose meat and whose drink was to do His Father's will in winning souls, yet he was peculiarly careful as to the physical comforts of those who visited him; carrying the feeling of stewardship into all his arrangements, so as to avoid on the one hand all outward pomp and undue expenditure, and on the other to exercise a courteous and bountiful hospitality.

The beauty of Arndilly was not thrown away on its possessor. He had a keen sense of enjoyment of God's works; and, though constant labour for eternity left him little time for present relaxation, he would, when occasion permitted, enter with the keenest interest into the opening up of fresh views, if there was a visitor with a taste for landscape-gardening; while to sketchers he delighted in exhibiting the best points of house, garden, and river, picturesque bridges, burns, old castles, and rocky "Bens."

The softer climate of Arndilly was a gift he turned to good account, by inviting many an invalid to try the good effects of rest and salubrious air; and all who enjoyed this privilege will remember the kindly nursing and thoughtful care of their host. Few women, indeed, attain to such a combination of "Martha's busy hands and Mary's resting heart." I remember being much struck by this on one occasion, when visiting at Arndilly in 1868, before one of his "monster meetings" in the open air. Every corner of the house had to be used; the park, tents, and speakers to be arranged; there was to be a dinner party of forty people each day, besides preparations for extensive hospitality downstairs. The small party of ladies (the gentlemen being absent on other mission-work) would gladly have aided in any household arrangements, but found him perfectly equal to the emergency. "You know, I'm just a Martha to-day," he would say, when in the midst of giving every variety of orders; but the quiet and beaming smile, and the instant recurrence

to the one chosen theme, showed at whose feet he was ever resting. And perfect, indeed, were the arrangements, so that the comfort and ease of each guest were individually considered. Ladies'-maids and valets were tabooed; but exceptions were thoughtfully made for the fragile lady or invalid gentleman, while a room on the ground-floor was specially marked out for a friend whose temporary lameness was carefully remembered. "Faithful in that which is least," was peculiarly the Arndilly motto.

With all this attention to the outward and visible, the things of eternity reigned supreme, and whoever were the guests, this reign never relaxed. Besides outside meetings, which were free to choice, the visitors who thronged to Arndilly during the whole "season" were, whatever their religious state and opinions, necessarily brought close to the influences of the sweet and happy religion of Christ. Family worship was a home assemblage, which none dreamed of missing; the long train of servants, generally headed by Arndilly's own old nurse, who was more at home there than anywhere else, and the flock of visitors, young and old, gathered twice a day to hear the impressive hymn-singing, exposition of the Word, and prayer. Every evening, too, when no meeting intervened, there was a Bible-reading, which was made most interesting and sociable. But besides all this, the host laid down a rule, which he rarely broke, that he would speak personally to every guest as to the eternal interests of his or her soul.

A friend thus writes of the Arndilly home life:—
"Among many happy recollections, I cannot forget

my rides and drives with dear Mr. Grant, when he was in the humour for repeating poetry. He was very fond of 'Paradise Lost,' knew long pieces of it by heart, and took a pleasure in impressing his friends with its Bible truths. 'Young's Night Thoughts' was another much-loved book of his, and at any time he could recal long passages and repeat his favourite bits with great expression. Mr. Grant had a thorough appreciation of lofty thought expressed in majestic language; but in after years, when entirely absorbed in evangelistic work, he gladly sank personal predilections, and heartily took up the simplest heart-melody of any hymn which the Lord was using to revive precious souls around him. He was no singer, but none could have encouraged the "service of song" more than he did. The Arndilly carriage used to be filled many a day with happy guests, and sweet voices that rang through the woods as their kind host drove them along that lovely Speyside, rejoicing in and presiding over their praises of Him whom he ever delighted to honour. Latterly, Mr. Grant was constantly calling for a hymn, and whole evenings were often spent at Arndilly in this joyful exercise, when he was too tired to have one of his interesting Bible-readings."

We must notice in this special home record, the very deep interest which Mr. Grant ever took in the soul's welfare of household servants,—both those of his own circle and those belonging to the friends in whose homes he was a visitor. Thus, after one visit he wrote:—"The two elder servants are all right, though the younger of them was weeping very much

for her unfaithfulness. The two younger servants are both earnest, but neither of them has found the Saviour as her resting-place. The footman seemed to come into peace, and he was weeping much. I did not see the gardener." The mistresses of households in which he visited can testify strongly to the help and sympathy which they received from this earnest worker, in their efforts for the salvation of the souls entrusted to them. He never forgot one of them, their state, their temptations, their progress, or their declensions. All were remembered with the keenest sympathy; not only at each succeeding visit, but in the interval, if he had an opportunity of meeting the heads of the family.

Mr. Grant's evangelistic work at Arndilly must be alluded to in this record of home life. I never can forget my first, though certainly not my last, sight of a country gentleman preaching the Gospel to his own people. It was a rare sight in those days, and had the prejudices of a lifetime against it in some of the hearers. Yet, as "Arndilly" stood out there in a summer evening, close by the picturesque gorge and bridge of "Maggie-knockater," on the school-green of Aldernie, with commanding figure, fine voice, and snowy hair, surrounded by earnest crowds of hearers, one could not but give thanks to God that such men lived and laboured, and take home the lesson which they had learned of the value of immortal souls, and the joy of winning them for Christ. Besides his own labours, and those of the ministerial and lay workers who visited him, he provided efficient help in the able ministrations of a

resident missionary, Mr. William Gilbert, and Bible woman, Mrs. MacWilliam. He did not, however, confine his attention to the spiritual needs of his people, or say to them, "Depart in peace; be ye warmed and filled;" while he forgot to give them "those things which are needful to the body." On the contrary, he gave them many substantial marks of his interest. Comfortable and healthy cottages were erected; schools maintained; those in need helped to help themselves, and "not one deserving person was sent away unserved." He was very careful, however, to separate the mere giving of money and other help from mission-work, and used to make his evangelistic visits and those of his missionaries, as far as possible, completely independent of his help and charity as a landlord; which, except in cases of emergency, were generally given in other ways and at other times.

Like other homes, Arndilly had thorns mingled with the roses; and if its master knew now that God appoints to his converted children a path of joy and not "a path of sorrow, and that path alone," he yet knew well by experience, and preached often, that "the Lord chasteneth every son whom He receiveth." Mr. Grant's frequent illnesses, and their consequent check upon his chosen work, and the years of suffering of his beloved wife, formed part of the appointed discipline, which is frequently alluded to in his correspondence. But a more mysterious and deeply painful trial must be glanced at. From the time of Mrs. Grant's clear conversion at Burghead to the last day of her life, there was no doubt on her husband's

heart of the safety of her spiritual state; but the sympathy with which she at first regarded his work began gradually to wane, from doubts which intruded on her mind of the propriety of lay preaching. These increased and deepened, till she at last informed her husband, to his inexpressible sorrow, that she desired to enter the Church of Rome. A friend thus writes of this sorrowful period:—"Mr. Grant spoke to me on the subject at Malvern, and told me, as I believe he did many others, that, after eighteen months of prayer and argument with her, without avail, he relinquished all opposition to her doing what she considered right before God; as he considered that to have continued it would have been a species of persecution in which he would not have been justified. He said that he fully believed, in spite of it, that she 'had hold of her Saviour, and, still better, that Christ had hold of her.' She was admitted by baptism into the Roman Catholic Church by the Vicar-General, in London. She related all the particulars to me when I was with them at Malvern, on their return from Lisbon in 1861, but I will only mention here what she told me of her dear husband's love and kindness to her. She was baptized in the morning; in the afternoon they took a drive together, when she told him that she had been received into the Roman Catholic Church. He looked at her, exclaimed, 'Louisa!'—kissed her—and, from that moment, he never failed to show her even greater tenderness than before. There was one thing to be remarked about Mrs. Grant's changed faith;—there was never the slightest

allusion to the Virgin Mary; and in no conversation or letter that I had with or from her after she joined the Church of Rome, was any belief in her power as a mediator expressed."

A newspaper announcement went the rounds at this time to the effect that "Mr. and Mrs. Macdowall Grant had joined the Church of Rome," to which Mr. Grant sent a simple contradiction; he said that the report was so utterly absurd as regarded "one who spends his life in contradicting Romanist teaching," that it had better be allowed to die out of itself, which it did right speedily.

The following letter, by one who knew her well, gives so touching and enlightening an explanation of Mrs. Grant's perversion, that I cannot but quote it:—"I believe that Mrs. Grant's mother was a Romanist. At any rate, the daughter's early surroundings belonged to that Church; her impulsive, imaginative character, in a time of spiritual dearth of soul and dissipation of spirit, readily reverted to things striking and tangible, hallowed, as they would be, by childhood's *couleur de rose* recollections and all the positive fabrications connected with them. I cannot doubt her conversion. She told me all about it with tearful earnestness in her boudoir at Arndilly. But, then, the going forward, from merely receiving the forgiveness of sins, to seek and obtain the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, to be girt with the whole armour of God, to fight the battle of faith, in His power and strength overcoming the world, the flesh, and the devil, was what she thought others could *make* her do better than she could herself.

Thence, despite her weak health and self-indulgent habits, she gladly *put herself* under those whom she thought could with authority direct her in these matters, and rejoiced in the '*merit*' of going beyond nature, health, and strength in her obedience. She knew her anxious, tender husband would never subject her to such self-denial; but, in her mistaken zeal, she longed to give tangible testimony, by these, of her love to her Lord."

There was now an ever-deepening cloud hanging over Arndilly. Mrs. Grant's state of health became more hopeless and her sufferings were excessive. After weeks of the tenderest nursing, her long tried frame succumbed, and she died on the 28th of October, 1863. Her husband circulated among his friends a short account of her death, with extracts from her private diary, showing, in the most convincing manner, how entirely she rested on the merits of the one Mediator, Christ Jesus. From the former I copy a few sentences:—"Her usual petitions in her sufferings were, 'Lord Jesus, help me to bear this;' 'Oh, do be merciful to me;' 'Oh, do be with me!' About four weeks before her death, Mr. Kemp, the Roman Catholic priest from Duff-town, called to see her; and after speaking to her and praying with her, he took a box from his pocket, which, he said, contained relics. She asked what they were. He replied that there was a piece of the true cross, with a stone from the manger, and some other things, and asked her if she would like them hung up in her sight. 'No,' she replied, 'do not leave them, for I have no faith in these things.' About that time, she said one day,

'I cannot bear to think of parting from my beloved Hay, and the struggle may be awful, but we shall soon meet again.' One day whilst enduring much pain of body, she said words to this effect: 'Well, but I shall feel more the glory and happiness of joining the saints and angels in heaven after all this suffering is over.' The day before her death, she said to the priest, when he was speaking to her about resignation, 'I have the will of God in my heart.'"

On December 8th, 1863, Mr. Grant thus writes: "My trial has indeed been one of no ordinary kind, for bonds of affection which have lasted for thirty-six years cannot be separated without the blow being severely felt, and you well know, from experience, the feeling of desolation which overwhelms the heart in such a case; but, blessed be God, there has been much love mingled with the cup, and He has enabled me to say, 'All is well, for the Lord has done it.' I have such sweet assurance that my beloved wife was resting in firm faith on Jesus, and has only gone before to His presence, where there is all fulness of joy, and that in a few days, months, or years, as He sees fit, I too shall be there, where there is to be no more separation or sorrow throughout eternity. My great desire now is, that my heart may be more weaned from the things of the world than ever, and that I may become more devoted than I have ever been to the service of my Master; and may He be pleased to grant unto me the power to carry these desires into effect. . . .

"Thank you, dear friend, for seeking help for me

at that overflowing fountain of love where Jesus is ever to be found meeting the wants of His people; and I bless God that He has been pleased already to make use of me in the midst of my own affliction, to lead several others out of the far deeper misery of spiritual blindness, to see the glorious light of the truth as it is in Jesus. Oh that I may be more than ever as a little child lying at His feet, and seeking that His Holy Spirit should work by me, and in me!—Believe me to remain, yours affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

CHAPTER X.

CORRESPONDENCE IN 1860-1.

"Jesus is God! oh, could I now
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy I should be.
Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the good and beautiful,
Is everlasting God!"

THE year 1860 opened with a trial that was ever one of extreme magnitude to this active and devoted man, *i.e.*, the pressure of personal illness, for the relief of which the climate of Torquay was prescribed. Although from this time his actual preaching work became at times uncertain and intermittent, owing to the bronchial nature of his malady, yet every possible opportunity of work for the Master was eagerly embraced, and correspondence with young converts or with tried Christian friends, became specially dear to him. The lady (long since a wife and mother) to whom these next letters were addressed, which she kindly copies for me, truly writes:—"The act of copying enables me to appreciate, more than I ever did before, his great kindness in writing these long, carefully thought-out letters, when out of

health, or fatigued with press of work for the Lord; sometimes late at night; and how many such he must have written to others of his numerous spiritual children! I am also much struck with their breadth of doctrine; they contain the *germs of so many truths*, thrown in as seed into the ground which he was unable personally to till."

"Pembroke Lodge, Torquay, Febuary 10th, 1860.

". . . . I have something to say about *your way* of fighting the battle against your enemy which I am not quite clear is always right. We are told to take the shield of faith and quench the fiery darts of the Wicked One; that is, to look up by faith continually to Jesus to help us, or, as He Himself directs us, 'to watch and pray,'—to cry for help as soon as we are attacked. And this, not sometimes, as you *do*, but always, which you apparently *do not*.

"Let me explain what I mean.

"In the providence of God you are led to read that excellent work of one of His servants, 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and this with a view to strengthen your faith. But your enemy tries to make it a means of *weakening* your faith by insinuating lies into your soul. And what do you do? You listen to the lie instead of clinging to the truth; and so receive a sting from the fiery dart instead of *quenching* it, and so overcoming Satan. Is the accusation true? Let us see. Bunyan describes three classes of persons professing religion, but resting *on a false foundation*:—'Ignorance,' who knows not Christ's

finished work as the only true ground of acceptance; 'Weary of the world,' who thinks that merely being satiated with, and therefore tired of the pleasures of this life, constitutes meetness for heaven; and 'Zealousness,' who hopes by what he does on account of, and in support of his particular church or sect, or of religion in general, to reach heaven. Now Satan says that 'you are one of these.' Is this a lie or is it not? Are you not resting on Jesus as having washed away your sins in His own blood, and thereby reconciled you to the Father, making you His child? No thanks to you that you are so, for it is no work of *your own*, but of the Holy Spirit in you; and in allowing doubts to remain in your soul, *even for a moment*, you grieve that blessed Spirit, who not only draws you, but *seals you* by dwelling in you and stamping anew the image of Jesus on your soul; by making you hate sin, love purity, and love your fellow-creatures so much that you would wish them all to come to Jesus and be saved. But Satan gives you reasons why you should listen to his insinuation, 'You grow so little in grace, you cannot see your growth; you know so little of Jesus, and you love Him so little; your outward conduct is so little glorifying to Him, and you have so little courage in speaking for Him.' Hard accusations these, and the harder because there is too much truth in them. But what says your renewed nature to them? 'I wish it were not so.' And who makes you wish this? The Holy Spirit. And what are the only means by which you can attain to the completion of the wish? Faith in the *love*

of Jesus *for you*, and in the *work* of Jesus *in you*. And what is Satan trying to do? To weaken this means by instilling doubts of His love and work. Do you not then see that listening to the lie suggested, is just drinking a little poison, which makes the soul sick, and if persevered in would destroy it altogether; even as sipping poison would kill the body if persevered in. And what ought you to do? Repel the doubt the moment it attacks you, by clinging closer to Jesus, and pleading, 'Lord, the more imperfect I see myself to be, the more I need to cling by faith to Thee, who art for me *all*;—not only my justification, but also my righteousness, sanctification, wisdom, and redemption.' The only life that you or any real Christian can live, must be one similar to that of the Apostle Paul, who says, 'The life that I live, I live by the *faith* of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me;' that is, resting on the love of Christ and the work of Christ *for me*, and not on my love to Him.

"But your enemy has another arrow ready to shoot at you, if this one fails, as by the grace of God *it must*. Bunyan describes another class of persons who, although saved at last, yet dishonoured their Master by unfaithfulness and unbelief during life; such as 'Despondency,' who is always testing Christ's work by his own feelings; or 'Feeble-mind,' who is always seeking for some evidence to rest upon, in addition to the promise of God; as if the promise could not be true without something additional; or 'Much-afraid,' who is always seeing a lion in the path, and mountains

which cannot be scaled, because she forgets the everlasting arms that are around her; or 'Little Faith,' who is content to do without assurance of the truth of God's love through Jesus, and of His salvation, and is satisfied with *Hope* instead of *Faith*. Now says your enemy, quoting Scripture, though misapplying it, as he did to our blessed Lord, 'Be content to be one of these Christians; be humble, be not high-minded, but fear; they were saved at last, and that should satisfy you.' But what says faith working by love? 'It does not satisfy me; I must not only be saved, but my Master must be glorified in saving me; and He cannot be so if I dishonour His work by doubting Him. Why should I despond, through judging of Christ's love by my own feelings, instead of His Word? Why should I be so weak as to seek for anything to strengthen His promises, which are yea and amen? Why should I be afraid of difficulties and dangers when I have the Lord Jesus to look to and lean upon, and know that He cannot leave me nor forsake me, *because He tells me so?* Why should I be content with *hoping* that to be true, which Jesus tells me is true? No, I cannot be content with being one of that class of Christians. I must belong *entirely* to my Master, and be kept *entirely* by Him.'

"And how is this to be attained? Oh, how simply, if we could only bring our minds to see it, just by looking to Jesus *continually* for help, and never to ourselves. Just by knowing that His help never can fail us when we rest on Him in utter helplessness. This is the true way to conquer the Wicked One.

'This is the victory that overcometh,' even simple faith in Him. This is the way to be truly humble, and not to be high-minded: self utterly weak, Christ utterly strong; self abased to the dust, Christ exalted as *our* Prince and *our* Saviour. People, after conversion, often fall into grievous error for a time; they accept Christ as *their only justification* before God; and believe that through His blood they are reconciled; but they do not take Him as their only and complete *sanctification*, but try to become holy by works of their own. Complete sanctification is looking unto Christ completely with a single eye, and the more we look, the stronger we become. Now if you desire to be strong, just rest constantly in this way on Jesus as your all in all. Tell Him everything, trust Him in everything, and make Him *your* everything.

"I am glad you are speaking to the servants. Go on, and the Lord will prosper you *in His way*, whether you see the fruit at once or not. How nice to have found even three of the Lord's people where you did not expect one! Just as when Elijah said, 'I am left alone,' and the Lord said, 'I have seven thousand.' But *oh, that unbelief* of yours, when the Lord shows you that you are useful to one, to say it is the *only one*. Go on trusting. You will find that you are serving a liberal Master. . . . Oh, our little faith! The Lord says, 'Ask,' and adds, 'you shall receive,' and we say too often, 'I do ask, but do not receive,' just because we desire to receive in our own way and not in His. But I must bring this long letter to a close. I hope you will be much refreshed

by your visit to ——, and may return home doubly strengthened. You need a little of such sweets by the way, to prevent you from drooping; and your Master knows it and sends them. But it is also a nice thing to bear reproach for His name's sake.—Believe me ever, yours very affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"Higher Terrace, Torquay, March 14th, 1860.

"There is a lawyer in the rooms below us, very ill in consumption. Both he and his wife have found peace this last week, I think. He allows me to speak to him for an hour every evening. Their maid also told me, on Sunday, that she can now trust her Saviour, and is forgiven.

"There is a family here from Roxburghshire, and one of the daughters is a very decided Christian. I was pressing on her to speak to others, and though she had sometimes tried it at home, she was afraid to do it here. Last Thursday she called on Louisa with her father and mother, and on her way back went into a shop to purchase something. Only one woman was in it, so she ventured to speak to her about her soul; she seemed much affected, and asked, 'Have you been sent here to speak to me?' 'No,' said the lady, 'I have not been sent.' 'Oh, yes, you must have been sent; for I have been praying to God for a week past to send some one to tell me what I must do to be saved, and now you have come.'

"This was nice, wasn't it, for both? balm to the wounded soul, and a reward to the timid messenger."

"Enfield House, Torquay, 1860.

"Dr. Hall says that the inflammatory action of the bronchial tubes is extending to the back of the lungs, which is the cause of the pain I suffer there; and that he thinks it can be cured if I will follow his advice; but that I am in a critical state; not so far as life is concerned, but as to power to work and be useful; for the inflammation if not checked will thicken the tubes and make me like a *broken-winded horse*. There is an insulting comparison for you! What is his first prescription? As much silence as possible—not only not to speak to people about their souls, but not even to talk to Louisa more than I can help;—and next, to take his medicines and not leave the house till he gives me leave. He seems very decided, and I like him on that account. I see clearly the Lord's hand in it, and I must patiently wait His will. I therefore mean to give this plan a fair trial for a week, till I see what improvement it produces."

The following letter was written to a young lady whom he had been the means of leading to Jesus at the early age of thirteen; and two of her sisters were also converted through his instrumentality some time later. The former was as unwearied as her spiritual father in her Christian work, and was the means of leading many young people to the Lord; she worked beyond her strength, however, and a severe cold brought on consumption. After two years of suffering and ripening, she died a triumphant death, January 12th, 1869.

"6, Higher Terrace, Torquay, March 16th, 1860.

"MY DEAR KATE,—Your very welcome letter has given me great pleasure, in telling me of the love of Jesus in enabling you to resist and overcome that coldness of heart with which you were tried after I left Nairn. The surest safeguard against such a temptation is always to keep in our minds that Jesus loves us, and to go to Him to keep us safe; for we cannot keep ourselves. These hearts of ours are so foolish that we often try to be independent; and it is a blessed lesson when we discover our utter weakness, and are thereby driven to rest upon One who is ever able and willing to hold us up. This looking to Jesus must also be continual, for as we have an enemy ever watching to do us harm, so we need a friend *ever* ready to keep us; and thus we are commanded to watch and pray that we enter not into temptation; and also to *pray always,* and not to *faint;*—that is, not to doubt help being given us as our need requires. I am very glad to hear that the prayer-meeting in your school, as well as the Saturday one at home, continue to be attended; and tell your dear companions how thankful I am to them for remembering me at such meetings before God. He will give us, when we ask, although not always in the way that we desire, for that might be hurtful to us; and if He has seen fit to lay me aside for a time, it is just to teach me more and more my dependence on His grace, and to bend my stubborn will into more complete submission to His. Chastening is a blessed thing when it comes from the hand of a loving Father, who corrects us only that He may

load us with greater blessings through Jesus; and what a glorious blessing it is when He fills us with His Holy Spirit, dwelling in us and we in Him. Dear Kate, be very watchful to keep undefiled that temple of your body in which the Holy Spirit deigns to dwell. Grieve not that blessed Spirit whereby you are sealed unto the day of redemption. Ever bear in mind that it is not the temptation which defiles, but our yielding to it. Satan is allowed to attack the children of God, but it redounds to the glory of Jesus when He enables poor worms like you and me to resist that enemy and overcome him. Watch then to keep the fiery darts out of the temple, by taking the shield of faith to quench them—that is, by flying *at once* to Jesus for help when they attack you. This is the glorious and happy way to live; but if at any time, through carelessness or infirmity, the defilement of sin enters the temple, *do not let it remain.* Go to the all-cleansing fountain of Immanuel's blood, and have it cleansed away by faith in Jesus; and thus being made free from sin, shall you have your fruit unto holiness, and the end, everlasting life."

"November 1st, 1860.

"Oh, how strange it seems to us when our eyes have been opened to see the reality of eternity, that *sensible* people can be found to live careless and indifferent about the needful preparation to meet their God! And yet there is something more strange; of which every child of God has experience; and that is the ease with which they themselves may fall into indifference about the welfare of others, unless

they are looking to God continually to arouse them to a sense of their responsibilities; for we often say *by our actions*, if not in words, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' I thank God that the Lord has enabled dear —— to lead that poor wretched woman to her living Saviour, and thus to realize the blessedness of being a fellow-worker with God; and having received this blessing, to show her how gracious the Lord is, may she press on to find others equally needing the kind word of sympathy and love, and to pour the balm of Christ into their wounded spirits."

The climate of Torquay failing to remove the evil, he was ordered to spend the next winter and spring at Lisbon. This proved equally inefficacious; but in a period of protracted languor and suffering, the "sowing the seed for the harvest fair" went on in earnestness, though often in silence.

The following letters are to the sisters of a family where two owed their conversion to him, and one a revival of spiritual life. Of the three, two have, like himself, "gone up higher," in calm assurance of faith, after much useful work.

"Lisbon, October 25th, 1860.

"I dare say you have heard of the severe trial I have experienced in my wife becoming a Roman Catholic. She joined that church in London just before we came out here, and now she is surrounded with English Roman Catholics, of whom there are a great number here. An English priest called on her one day, and finding him alone, I began to

press upon him the truth as it is in Jesus, and the happiness of resting in all simplicity upon Him as our Saviour. He was very much surprised at my address to him, and said it was quite different from what the true Church held; but I told him that the word of God must be our guide, and not the word of man. Afterwards he wrote me a letter, telling me that whilst I believed that faith in the blood of Jesus, with true contrition for sin, would obtain a sinner's pardon, the Roman Catholic church believed that such would only prepare the sinner to receive forgiveness from a priest duly authorized. And then he quoted the authority given to the apostles to forgive sins, and demanded how the church could carry out the commission in any other way than by forgiving in cases of repentance. This has led to a correspondence between us, which I may engage in, as it is not talking. I showed him in my first letter that the apostles, notwithstanding that power, never ventured to forgive sins of their own authority, but only pointed sinners to Jesus, and made known forgiveness through faith in Him. The reply was that the apostles were speaking to *unbaptized* people, and that he would speak in like manner to similar hearers —but that it is the sin of baptized people which the church has the power to forgive, agreeably to the authority given to the apostles, and to *all duly constituted priests*. I told him that the latter part of the doctrine was an addition by man, and did not rest upon the word of God; and then showed him that the apostles wrote in their epistles a similar doctrine to all baptized people, referring them to faith

in Christ. It is strange how I have been drawn into this correspondence, as I have a great dislike to such controversy, and I have unfortunately *no faith* in its doing any good. Still, I try to pray in faith about it, and will you and your dear sisters join your prayers, that it may not be entirely as water spilt on the ground."

"Lisbon, December 24th, 1860.

"Your last letter tells of some of those around you who had given fair hopes of being on the Lord's side *having gone back,* and you add, 'proving that they had never come at all to Jesus.' I want to warn you against such a sweeping judgment as dangerous. No doubt a necessary ingredient in true conversion is 'to hold fast the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end;' but there is many a plant that after a vigorous growth appears to an outward observer to stand still, and then go back, and almost to die; whereas the husbandman still sees life in it, and knows how to preserve and revive it, and perhaps restore it to greater vigour than ever. Instead of despairing, then, of those who appear to go back, we should endeavour to bring their cases the more earnestly before the throne of grace; pleading the work already begun in them, and asking for their restoration. It may be by some outward chastening, or by some secret working within, that the Lord will answer the prayer of faith towards them, or *there may be no answer at all,* so far as we can see; but then we are the more enabled to leave everything in His hands, and wait with patience the result, as He sees best. I have had my thoughts

directed of late to the parable of the prodigal son as regards cases of this kind. Two persons appear to be made the sons of God through faith in Jesus, and the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts, about the same time; both rejoicing in the knowledge of God *as a reconciled Father*, and partaking of the benefits which His love bestows. After a time, one of them takes all the goods that he has received from his loving father, and carries them back to the world, and there wastes them all, until reduced to beggary and want, so that he can no longer be recognized as one of the children of God. Still Divine love pursues him even into this wilderness, and reminds him of the happiness he had once known, when dwelling in the sunshine of his Father's countenance, and reminds him also of many companions still dwelling there in all security, and enjoying that happiness. He begins to wish to return, but is ashamed at first, perhaps, to let any person see what is working within him. Then it is that a word of kindness and sympathy, or a glance of pitying love, from one of the Lord's people, will reach the heart of such an one with power, and melt it through the power of the Holy Spirit to deep repentance. Alas! how often, on the contrary, do we find those who have stood firm, look with coldness and doubt on the remorse of such an one, and act a part very similar to that of the elder brother; pleading the prodigal's *sinful falling away* as a reason for not trusting him again."

"Lisbon, December 24th, 1860.

"I have been much interested in the children of the English Free School here, whom I mentioned, I

think, in my last. I found that one of the girls, twelve years of age, had realized the forgiveness of her sins through the blood of Jesus, about two months before I saw her. She had also been led by the Spirit to speak to another girl of fourteen, of the happiness she had found, and to induce her every evening to accompany her to her room, that they might pray together. During my first two visits I did not speak to this girl, as it was her week for assisting in the household duties, but I promised to see her the third time. Unfortunately, I was so taken up with the boys, that I forgot her, and on my leaving, she burst into tears of disappointment. In short, she was longing for some one to whom she could open her heart; for the master and mistress, although both converted people, had never spoken to the children individually and separately. What a common fault this is in schools! There was one boy, very intelligent and well-instructed in the Bible, who told me constantly when I spoke to him, that he could not believe his sins pardoned; and once he added, 'If you knew the wandering thoughts that come into my heart when I am praying for forgiveness, you would not wonder that I don't believe I pray earnestly enough to be pardoned.' The last time I was there I gave him a nice little work, called, 'Peace first Found by Believing,' and asked him to read it very carefully. In half-an-hour he came and knocked at the door, whilst I was speaking to another boy, and said he wanted particularly to tell me something. 'Well, what is it?' I replied. 'This book can't be right in what it says.' 'How

so?' 'Look at this,' and he read out, 'You will not reach the peace and joy you are seeking, *by praying for it*,' and then said, 'Is that right?' 'Yes,' I replied; 'quite right. What does God tell you in His Word that you must do in order to be saved?' He repeated, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved.' 'And have you done this?' I asked. 'No, I think I have only been praying.' 'Well, go away and tell God that you believe all He says in His Word.' I was taken ill with fresh cold soon after, and have not spoken to him since; and now the school is broken up for the holidays, so I do not know the result. You must not think that I am hurting myself by talking to those dear children, for I see them only twice a week, and for an hour at a time, and it is a refreshment to my own soul."

The following letters are good examples of his close and faithful dealing with his spiritual children:—

"Lisbon, January, 1861.

"My time will not admit of my filling another sheet, so I must be content with half a one, and devote it to a few words which I have to say to you *about yourself*. You remark in your letter 'that there seems a kind of cloud upon you, and that you don't feel as if the trials of the last two months had done you any good.' This is very sad, but it must spring from one of two reasons. Either the Great Physician must have mistaken your disease and prescribed for you a wrong medicine; or an enemy must have dropped some poison into the cup, and so have

injured you by that which was intended for your good. Which is it? Without doubt, it could not be the former, and therefore it must be the latter. It matters not what nature the poison may be, it is doing you harm, and until removed will continue to do so, and *it does matter very much that you should be aware* that you have taken that poison; otherwise you will not go to the Physician for a remedy. I might tell you that somehow or other you have allowed anger or pride, or selfishness, or revenge, or evil-speaking, or resistance to God's will, or envy, or lukewarmness, or unthankfulness to God for His many mercies, or some of many other such evils, to remain in His holy temple, and so grieve His blessed Spirit; and you might say, 'Not that one,' 'Not this one,' 'Nor yet that other one,'—so the particular evils must be settled between your soul and God. But the fact is clear. You have swallowed some poison which is injuring the soul, and you must go to the Physician, and ask Him to open your eyes to this, and to remove the evil. For instance, at the moment you are reading this, is it all peace with God? Are you resting in Jesus as your all in all? Is He to you the best of all gifts? Has it been all in love that He has dealt with you of late? Are you willing that He should continue to judge of what is best for you? May He take away all your worldly comforts and spiritual helps, and is *it all well if He only leaves you Himself?* If so, good; go and tell Him so. Put yourself into His hands and say, 'Lord, Thy will and Thy ways, not mine, be done.'

"But, oh, do not rest satisfied to be at a

distance from Him who is our Life, nor to have a cloud interpose, hiding Him from you. He is Love. He loves you, He has manifested this truth to you, and it is you who are hiding yourself from Him, not He from you."

"Lisbon, March 6th, 1861.

"I keep almost entire silence, writing on a slate anything particular that I have to say, and I have almost entirely given up speaking to any about their spiritual state. Indeed, I may say that I have very little inclination at present to do so; believing that my duty is simple submission to the will of One who knows what is best for us, and that His will is that I should be silent. I am still able to press the truth on some by writing, and I have had more time for that since I came to Lisbon than for a long time past."

. . . ."I know Mr. Molyneux well by report, although I have never heard him preach, and should think that the Lord had provided a great help for you in your Christian life by enabling you so often to enjoy his teaching; but the greatest blessing of all is when the Holy Spirit carries home the word with power to the heart and conscience, without which all the eloquence of man is of little avail. There is no greater proof of this power being at work than when we are taught to have a low opinion of ourselves and our attainments—in short, taught to know our utter nothingness. I rejoice to see by what you say, that this lesson has been more strongly impressed upon you than ever, and that you are made

more and more aware of the deceitfulness of the natural heart. How strong is the scriptural expression, 'deceitful above all things;' and well may it be asked, 'who can know it?' None but the Searcher of hearts and ourselves, in so far as He is pleased to open our eyes to see ourselves; and yet it is a great blessing that this is not done for us *all at once;* else the sight of our sinfulness might make us despair.

"I find, myself, a terrible fear of man creeping over me at times; strengthened, perhaps, by my long compulsory silence; and often when I do break through it, it is in a kind of desperation, because I must speak; and yet I know there is One able to understand and pity my weakness, and impart fresh strength as needed."

"Lisbon, April 6th, 1861.

"We were so glad to see the handwriting of the dear Duchess of Gordon once more, in a few lines which she sent to my dear wife by this packet; and we trust it may please God to restore her now to her former health, and again make her useful in winning souls to Jesus. The harvest is so plenteous in the circle to which she has access, and the labourers in it are so few, that we cannot help rejoicing doubly at her being spared a little longer, however blessed it might have been for herself to be away and at rest for ever with Jesus. . . . You say in your letter that it is very sad to be always finding out new sin or new weakness in oneself; but so it is; and yet, even in this respect, how much love is displayed to us, for if we were shown by the Holy Spirit *all* the vileness

of our hearts *at once*, we should perhaps be driven to despair of any real change being effected, and so become a prey to unbelief. You must often have observed how blind young converts seem to be, to the power of inherent sin, during the period of the warmth of their gratitude for being rescued from the power of Satan and completely pardoned. They live and move and act as if sin *were for ever gone*, and sometimes look down with a feeling akin to pity upon older Christians, whose eyes are opened to behold the multitude of their enemies, and who are engaged in a hard warfare against them. By-and-by, as the Holy Spirit sees it to be good for them, they get a little more insight into the depths of their own hearts, and then what a revulsion of feeling often takes place! Thank God, this part of the work is *done for us*, as well as every other part. The Holy Spirit takes possession of our hearts, which have been cleansed by the blood of the Lamb, and opens our eyes to the attack or entrance of anything that might defile the temple, and so grieve Him, in order that we may get rid of the defilement and keep the temple cleansed. The power by which we do this is just what you express in your letter, 'to keep the eye of faith constantly on Jesus'—the single eye, as He calls it—whereby the whole body is full of light, and thus to look to Him that He may conquer the sin for us, ere it find entrance; or if it has got in, that He may wash it away in His blood. Don't imagine that I am writing all this with a view of instructing you, for I know that you are as well acquainted with it as myself, but I find it very useful

for myself to harp upon the same essential string continually, 'Christ, our All in all.' I feel like the man at Nairn, who had been a careless, indifferent character, until he found peace in believing, and then he said he *watched in sermons* to *hear something about Jesus*, and when he did, it made his heart leap for joy; but when he did not, he felt no interest in the sermon. You are right,—'if we knew Him more, we should love Him more.'"

"Lisbon, April 21st, 1861.

"MY DEAREST M.,—Would that the Lord of the harvest would send an evangelist to this dark land to labour among the Portuguese; a great ingathering of whom to the fold of Christ sooner or later I look for. But it is uphill work talking to Romanists; it is so difficult to get them to apprehend their true condition as lost sinners. The merit of works seems to be a doctrine so engrafted in their minds by their religious training, that it becomes a matter of conscience with them to maintain it. An English Roman Catholic lady, who had become suddenly blind, called on L. with her daughter. I got an opportunity of saying a few words to her about the happiness of looking to Jesus in every trial, and casting our burden of grief on Him. Some days after she sent me a message to come to her house and give her another sermon, as she called it. I went, and spoke as plainly as I could, both to her and to her daughter, who is a young lady rather fond of gaiety. I thought there was an impression made on the old lady, who allowed me to pray in her drawing-room,

and, along with her daughter, joined me in prayer—which Roman Catholics generally object to—but shortly after I was quite taken aback when she said, very seriously, 'I love my children dearly, and I just offer my blindness to God as an atonement for their sins,' or words to that effect. I asked, 'Do you think it will take away any of your sins?' 'If I bear it patiently it will please God, will it not?' I replied, 'You cannot bear it patiently unless God gives you the power; and if He gives it, then no thanks to you for your patience. But as for atoning for sin, the blood of Jesus Christ alone can do that.' I talked a little more to her on this point; but I have not returned since, as I found the excitement rather trying to my throat. I tried since then to speak to another Roman Catholic lady on the same subject, when she called here, and though she allowed there were many bad people in the world, she could not see herself to be one of them, as she never did anything very bad; and it was not to be expected that she should be as good as a priest. I showed her what the Word of God said about holiness, and told her that whatever was wrong in a priest would be equally wrong in her. 'No,' she said; 'it would be wrong in a priest to go to a ball, but it would not be wrong in me.' So I pointed out some of the texts which speak of being separated from the world, and these seemed to strike her, but not to convince her. Some days after, I was reading in her presence an account of the trial of a bishop in the olden times, who was shooting at a stag with a cross-bow, and missed the animal, but killed the keeper. I remarked that the

bishop might have been better employed. She asked me if I ever shot animals. 'Yes, occasionally.' 'And what right have you,' she rejoined, 'to do what you object to a bishop doing?' Thus showing that her mind had been dwelling on our former conversation, and giving me a very hard hit!"

When leaving Lisbon, in the early summer, he wrote on board ship in the

"Bay of Biscay, off Ushant, 1861.

"I visited the Free English School to-day before leaving. Eight of the girls had found peace in believing last Christmas, and I had pressed strongly upon them the necessity of speaking to the other girls, and to pray for them; and I was so thankful to find *every girl* in the school professing to rest in Jesus as her Saviour. At the same time I had not found a single boy accept the blessed message. Their heads were well furnished, but their hearts were untouched. There was no power of the Holy Spirit working in them, or, at any rate, they were resisting it. So to my sorrow I had to leave them in that wretched state, as my time had expired. The contrast between boys and girls was so striking, that in one case it seemed as if their whole faces were enlightened and beaming with happiness; but in the other a dogged kind of resistance, which only much prayer for the power of the Holy Spirit could overcome. I felt so sad at having to leave them thus, and perhaps never to see them again until we stand before the judgment-seat in eternity. I pressed on

the schoolmaster and his wife, who are both converted persons (but living too low and sleepy) to be more in earnest about the boys. Oh, what a cold indifference creeps over one, making one so callous about the loss of immortal souls; and yet, an equally great danger exists of doing too much oneself, without resting enough on the work of the Holy Spirit. Satan will find some loose point of the armour through which he can send a fiery dart, unless we just cast ourselves on Jesus in utter helplessness, to be kept safe by Him, and He will never forsake us."

"Cintra, 1851.

"Your letter is difficult to answer. I discard the idea of your not having been rightly converted as a falsehood of Satan; for it is a common device of his to make one dig up the foundation because some part of the wall is wrongly built. My impression is that you are making an effort to mend the old nature; instead of seeing it to be utterly vile, and that it must be constantly crushed and kept crushed. It has at times been locked up in the dungeon, but then you used to keep the key yourself, and every now and then let it out for a little airing and indulgence; and now when you cease to do this, and give the key to Jesus to keep, the old nature rebels, and threatens to break out and resume its power, and you wonder that it is as bad as it ever was, and get alarmed, and think there is no progress made. But 'in quietness and confidence shall be your strength,' calmly looking to Jesus, and certain that He will conquer for you. When the children of Ammon and Moab came up

against Jehoshaphat and Judah, a great multitude whom they could not resist, they stood helpless before the Lord, and then were told—

> "The battle is not yours, but God's;
> Set yourselves, go out against them;
> Ye shall not need to fight in this battle;
> Stand still and see the salvation of God."

And they went out, in fact, singing the praises of the victory before the battle began, and without an army to fight. And this is what you must do. You must tell Jesus how strongly the old nature resists, and ask Him to conquer it, and be willing that He shall do so. You say also, 'I cannot believe that I am a new creature;' but what you really mean by this is, 'I cannot believe that I am a new creature without the old nature;' and certainly you are not. The old nature is there, and Satan also is at hand to stir it up. But Jesus is also there to conquer for you. 'But I don't *feel* that He is near me, and I can't get on without that.' Did Jehoshaphat *feel* that the great army would be conquered by God, or did he believe it? 'I pass through moments of agony.' Yes, when you listen to Satan's lies, that Jesus will not conquer for you, instead of trusting His words. —Yours ever sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

It was in this year that Mr. Grant found a new outlet for the spiritual fire that ever gathered as he "mused." The following letters to his friend and useful critic, Mr. Mudie, of Montrose, touch very lightly and modestly upon his first appearance as an

author. He wrote three books, each meeting with acceptance. Mr. Mudie sends me the following jotting:—

"1. 'Forgiveness of Sins,' the first published of his little books, was the most successful and useful. The first edition was soon sold. It passed through three editions (reaching to the seventh thousand) before his death, and in consequence of the demand still, the fourth edition has lately been issued by Morgan and Scott.

"2 & 3. 'Abounding in the Work of the Lord,' and 'The Temple of the Holy Ghost.' Both these have only gone into second editions. Being designed for believers, the circulation was much more restricted than 'Forgiveness,' which was quite an evangelistic work.

"The above was the order in which they were published, and though the 'Temple,' a sequel to 'Forgiveness,' came out No. 3, it was kept back to let No. 2 tell upon believers, as it pressed their responsibility to work for the Lord."

"July 10th, 1861.

"And now I have a favour to ask of you, if you have time to attend to it, and if not, I am sure you will tell me candidly. During my hours of confinement to the house, I have been led to write a few remarks occasionally on texts referring to 'forgiveness of sins and reconciliation to God,' and I am inclined to think that it might be of use to print them, with a view to distributing them among persons who do not believe the doctrine 'of the know-

ledge of our sins being pardoned' to be scriptural, of which class of people I have met a great many; and also, it might help to strengthen believers generally, by setting clearly before them the declarations of the Word of God on this subject. I want the manuscript, however, first looked over in case of errors, and then printed. And as you got the two little works on 'Peace Found' and 'Peace Preserved' so nicely printed, I would like to have my little work examined by you and printed in a similar way, only, perhaps, a little larger, to suit the way in which the texts are put; but which you will judge of when you see it."

"Torquay, December 4th, 1861.

" . . . I have had some nice letters about it already, and in two cases the Lord seems to have given a special blessing. So that to hear this will recompense you for your trouble in sending it before the public, which I should not have done without your aid and advice. My object was merely to assist myself in pressing the truth upon others. I have another of a similar kind nearly finished, on the twofold work of His Spirit—His work on the sinner in bringing him to the Saviour; His work in the believer dwelling in him and qualifying him for heaven. I have very little time at present for finishing it; as doors of usefulness in a private way are opening to me here; but when I have it farther advanced, I want to know whether you will take the trouble of looking it over and giving me your opinion on it."

Mr. Grant held very strong opinions on the sub-

ject of forgiveness of injuries. He followed the Master's teaching fully in this respect himself, and impressed it on others in the most practical way. In conversation with difficult cases, it was one of his ordinary questions whether there was not lurking in the soul irritating and unforgiving thoughts. He often said that this was a very frequent obstacle in the way of a soul that was seeking and not finding peace with God, or in the souls of Christians who were thereby kept from the "perfect peace" promised to fully-surrendered hearts. The following letter was written to one with whom he was intimately acquainted, and it proved a life-long lesson :—

"Cintra, Portugal, June 14th, 1861.

"I received your welcome letter, and it would be wrong in me to conceal from you that I cannot approve of what you said to ——. However badly she may have treated you, and however much you may feel hurt at her conduct on that account, you were bound to act on the high principle of Christian love, tempered with meekness and lowliness of mind. I do not say that it is easy to do this when we receive offence; but still it ought to be done, because it is commanded by Jesus; and the poor in spirit who are 'blessed' are the beggars who have parted with all their own spirit, and now subsist upon what they receive from Christ. The possession and practice of this Christ-like principle form the most striking characteristics of the peculiarity of the Lord's people, because most opposed to the ways and doctrines of the world. It is very, very hard

to follow to the full extent what the principles and example of Christ require. I could not write to you in this way, but would have passed over the matter in silence, if it were not for the deep interest I take in your spiritual welfare, which makes me desire that you, in your Christian walk and life, should aim at an entire conformity to Christ. Perhaps I cannot better explain my meaning respecting what you said, than to ask you whether you could take your remarks to your Lord, and lay them before Him, and say, 'Behold, Lord, now I have displayed a forgiving love similar to that which Thou hast shown me'? If you cannot do this, what becomes of that petition which we utter in the Lord's Prayer, 'Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one,' etc.? (Luke ii. 4) Perhaps you will tell me that you bear no anger in your heart, and that you have forgiven her. So far, well; but our Lord tells us that we must go further, and even love our enemies; and says that if we only love those who love us, we do not do more than the heathen. Well do I know by experience how almost impossible it is to act in this Christian spirit under circumstances of provocation; but what is impossible with man is possible with God; and you remember what St. Paul says, 'Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.' I trust you will not be offended, dear friend, at what I have thus written to you; nor think that in doing so I am myself transgressing the law of Christian love; though sometimes one does so in words when not at all conscious of it. Tell me freely if I have so erred."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SICK-ROOM.

"We are not angels, but we may
Down in earth's corners kneel,
And multiply sweet acts of love,
And murmur what we feel."

We often see that the strongest, brightest characters possess a depth of gentleness and sympathy which render them peculiarly acceptable as nurses and companions in a sick-room. So it was by nature with "Arndilly" (the name by which we in Scotland knew him most familiarly), and these gifts were enhanced both by grace and by circumstances. He had much practice in the soothing care required in sickness during his wife's long suffering state; and there was also a depth of personal experience; for his Master and Teacher, always so wise and loving in His ways of individual training, saw it to be needful to modify thus His servant's almost exuberant love of outward service. It was beautiful to see how gradually but surely he was taught himself, and taught to others that great truth—that service is simply the doing the will of the Father on earth as it is done in heaven, "without asking any questions;" as it was once well expressed. All invalids who

had the privilege of being visited by him in the sick-room, or those invited to Arndilly for change of air and rest, can bear united testimony to the fostering care, both spiritual and physical, which he bestowed upon each case. All will also testify that it was out of the comforts wherewith God had comforted him in his own tribulation, that he was so successfully able to comfort others (2 Cor. i. 4—6).

There was one sick-room in the south of Scotland tenanted almost entirely for twenty years by a dear child of God, where he was the means of diffusing much light and help during an annual visit. This chapter will consist of some reminiscences of those visits, and of some of his letters more especially bearing on times of sickness, weakness, and depression. This friend writes:—

"Only those who knew Mr. Grant as a friend in sickness, can understand what he was to invalids, and the interest, love, and tender sympathy which he ever showed. He always made one feel that it was as great a pleasure to him to be in the sick-room, helping to comfort and strengthen the sufferer with God's words of peace and love, as it was for the sick one to be cheered and helped by him. His face used to light up if told of any text he had given or written, that had been a word in season to a weary one. 'Thank God for that,—His own word is the true message.'

"For eleven years I had the precious privilege of a visit almost every year, on his way to or from the north. The first time we met was on the 28th of March, 1859. Having heard from friends that I had

long been an invalid, he sent me a message that he would like to stop on his way south, which he did. I was very weak at the time, and had much nervousness about seeing strangers, which his gentle, kind manner and tender sympathy soon dispelled, and in a few minutes he seemed like an old friend. He made me feel that he was one who could enter into and understand the trials and difficulties of long illness; but what struck me that first day, and through all the years of our intimacy, was his faithfulness in dealing with a soul. He took nothing on trust, or on what he heard from others, but with the greatest tenderness he put the most searching questions, to see if 'Jesus only' was the rock on which the soul rested. He made it so easy, too, to speak to him, by the way in which he drew one out to open their heart to him; and then the next thing was, 'And what are you doing for Christ, who has done so much for you?' His quick perception soon saw there was a difficulty here, and gently drew it all out, sympathizing so tenderly with the hindrances of bodily weakness; but with cheering words of encouragement; trying to show that it was for the glory of Jesus that these should be overcome, and that He had work for the sick one as well as for the strong. He put it in such a strong light by this solemn question, 'And will you go to that heaven you love alone, and not try to bring others with you?' Then he showed how Satan was at the bottom of much of this, trying to get the advantage over the weak body: 'And will you let him overcome and conquer you, when you have a stronger than he

at your side to fight the battle for you? Take the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, to meet the enemy, even as Christ did, and you will put him to flight.' With deep earnestness he pressed this, as he ever did anything that was to be for his Master's glory. This was a promise often on his lips, 'Ye *shall* reap if ye faint not.' His own soul ever seemed so full of love to perishing souls, and of desire to be of use to them, that he would have every one, however weak, to share in the joy of winning souls for Christ, and thus do away with the feeling which so often comes across His sick ones, when long laid aside, that they are useless. He often said, 'He needs His weak and suffering people; they have a work to do here which none others can do, and a place to fill here which none but they could fill. When too weak to speak *for* Him to others, you can speak *to* Him of others, and thus help to bring down the blessing on those who go forth to work.' Prayer, he used to say, was the 'sick one's special work; and if too weak for that, just lie still and rest like a tired child, and *look up*.' He ever held up Jesus and His glory as the one great end and aim of His children, whether they were in sickness or in health. Having come through much sickness himself, he seemed to have a wonderful power of sympathy with the sick, and thus he fully entered into their various difficulties, temptations, and trials. He had a cheering and encouraging word for every occasion, and always a suitable text ready to meet every need. Truly, he lived on the Word; and his great desire was to win invalids to study it; feeling that thus

many a weary hour would be cheered. It was a real pleasure to him to read it with them, and word by word he would turn up in the Greek, to get at the full meaning: he often said he thought all invalids should study Greek, or at all events, the 'Englishman's Greek Concordance.' No trouble would he spare if he could cheer or comfort a sick and suffering one. His prayers were especially precious by a sick bed, they were so full and yet so simple; they were just a 'telling Jesus' everything; a drawing deep, out of the inexhaustible fulness, and seemed always guided by the Spirit, to ask for what the sufferer wanted at the very time. Often in the day he would say, 'Now we must have a word of prayer;' he was never too tired for that. He would spend hours with me, just coming out and in as he liked to my sick-room. When he had a meeting in the house, he used to stand at the top of the stairs, just outside my bedroom door, and he used always to call them my 'preachings.' I send you some of the many precious letters with which he cheered my solitude."

"Torquay, May 22nd, 1860.

"Your very welcome letter would have been sooner answered, but at the time I received it, I was suffering from an accession of cold, which alarmed my doctor lest it should turn to something serious; and so for ten days past he has shut me up in the house, without allowing me to talk to any one more than necessary, or to see any visitors, or to write more than absolutely necessary, accompanying this

with those disagreeables, blisters and cod-liver oil, and other such favours. I don't like the treatment at all, although it is certainly doing me good for the present, so far as the body is concerned, and ought to benefit my soul also; for is it not as if a loving Saviour said, that I require still more chastening to wean me from the things of time, and make me more meek and poor in spirit? I know it is good for me, however much I may rebel against it; and I try to say through His grace, 'Thy will be done.' How light the severest afflictions will hereafter appear, looking back upon them, compared with that 'exceeding weight of glory' when we are before His throne, day and night praising and serving Him! If people only realized the truth of God's word, how impossible would it be for them to be so engrossed as many are with things that are to perish; and so neglectful of the interests of eternity. We should not then be obliged to view almost as a miracle the spectacle of a person with all that health and wealth can bestow, and youth enabling her to enjoy, deciding to serve Jesus as her Master in preference to the world. Of course, all conversion is a miracle, inasmuch as it is the work of the Holy Spirit; but there are some cases in which the obstacles seem so great, that faith almost sinks in contemplating them; and yet, from one such, I have just received an interesting account of her having found her Saviour, and given herself to Him."

"Lisbon, February 5th, 1861.

"I enclose some remarks on Greek words which I have written out to send you, and they will fill the

envelope. I am glad you find them interesting, as I have often myself derived pleasure from the light that the original language throws upon the meaning of passages. What an unfathomable mine the Scriptures are, and how they seem to grow deeper and deeper the more one studies them! How striking it is to find the numerous excuses made in the present day for not exercising faith to any great degree; whilst the whole tenor of scriptural teaching is to impress upon us that without faith we cannot please God; and that great faith is ever applauded, and little faith blamed. In short, that faith is the great foundation, without which the house of 'Holiness to the Lord' cannot be built. Of course my object is to seek encouragement for strengthening my own faith and that of others; for I find much need of this as regards myself. As long as I move in a beaten track, with great landmarks around on which to hang my faith and help it to stand, I seem as if I possessed it pretty strongly; but let circumstances change, and, instead of a well-trodden path, let the journey be over a wilderness where all around seems to be different from what I have been accustomed to; and then, oh! how weak does my faith become! The great fault, I think, is, that we are too often looking for small helps to faith, instead of keeping the eye singly fixed on that great unchangeable Being on whom alone it can rest in firm confidence and real safety."

"Malvern, November 12th, 1861.

"One cannot help feeling that your trials in the shape of bodily endurance are more severe than

ordinary; but in Hebrews xii. 7, there is a very sweet declaration, 'If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons.' The Greek word for endure means simply, 'remain under,' and is the same word that is applied to our blessed Lord in the third verse, where we are told to consider Him who endured such contradiction of sinners, that is, 'who remained under it,' when He might have cast it from Him. In like manner, the blessed state for us is, to be passive under the chastening, of whatever kind it may be, and to say, 'The Lord knoweth what is best for us, and His will be done.' This is just what your loving Saviour has given to you to experience, and this is the wonderful love that He has displayed in strengthening you to remain under your trial, instead of murmuring and rebelling against it. Your experience can testify that although no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous, nevertheless afterwards it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them who are exercised thereby."

"Teignmouth, October 15th, 1862.

"Your welcome letter has reached me here this morning, and I must reply to it before I write any other, for I can see that a severe conflict is taking place in your mind, and words of love and sympathy may be made of use to help you, if it be the will of the Holy Spirit to bless them.

"You ask me a question, which is to be the text for my letter, 'Do I think that we may be sinning in feeling some trials too much?' To feel a trial, and to feel it very, very deeply, is quite consistent with

the highest state of divine life in the soul; for who felt more keenly than One whose agony of mind caused drops of blood to pour from His body—One who was not ashamed to be seen publicly weeping over Jerusalem—One whose sympathy for the grief of others led Him to weep at the grave of Lazarus, even when He was about to turn tears of mourning into songs of praise? The apostle Paul says, 'Out of much affliction and anguish of heart, I write to you with many tears.' And again, 'Our flesh had no rest; we were troubled on every side; without were fightings, within were fears.'

"But there is one great end which deep trials are intended to accomplish; and that is, to teach us more and more our utter helplessness, and to lead us to rest more entirely on Infinite love; in other words, to increase our faith and love, through a deepened sense of dependence and help. To prevent this end being attained, the enemy is ever seeking to make us look more at the trial than at the love which permits it to come; and to think more deeply of the present suffering than of the benefit to be derived therefrom. Even the Captain of our salvation was, we are told, 'made perfect through suffering; for though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered.' But it was the joy that was set before Him that strengthened Him to endure the greatest of all His sufferings, and to despise the shame of the cross. Now, will you bear with me if I tell you that I fear you are at present more occupied with the suffering than with the benefit to be derived from it; looking more at the weight of the affliction than at

the love which permits it to fall on you. I may be mistaken, and may be wronging you by such a surmise, yet there is something in the way you express yourself that induces me to mention this to you. Again, I repeat that it is not the depth of your sorrow that makes me think this; but perhaps it is the little power that the glad tidings of another soul rejoicing in his Saviour had to temper that sorrow. It seems to me as if you were at present somewhat in the position of Job. Satan had been allowed to tempt him by the destruction of all that was dear to him and all that he possessed; and through grace he was enabled to kiss the chastening rod, refer all to the love of God, and leave all in His hands. Again, Satan was permitted to tempt him by laying a heavy weight of bodily suffering on him; and then we find Job more occupied by the heaviness of the trial than the good to be derived from it, until renewed grace led him to discover the depth of that infinite love which had allowed it to come, and then he could say, 'I abhor myself;' not because he had felt his trial, but 'because he had uttered things which he knew not.' All this, however, was permitted for the advancement of Job's spiritual life as well as temporal prosperity; for we find him made the intercessor for those very friends who had dealt so hardly with him in his trial.

"With you, the temptation seems to be reversed. You have already been tried by severe bodily suffering, and Divine grace has triumphed in supporting you through your sufferings; you could now rest satisfied that the love which permitted them to

come, would temper them according to the strength given, and not allow them to proceed one step farther than He saw right. Thus Satan found that way of distressing you snatched from his hands. Now that you are to be tried in a totally different way, the enemy seems to me to be coming against you like a flood, and you must be careful to seek that the Holy Spirit should raise up a standard against him—even that simple, childlike trust that knows the loving hand which directs the stroke. For a long time you have enjoyed a blessed sense of your Saviour's love, and of His nearness to you, enabling you to cast every care upon Him, and to rely upon His support in every difficulty. This has now ceased, and darkness appears to surround you, and you can testify that the severest bodily suffering was not so hard to bear as when His face seemed wholly hidden and His ear wholly shut. Now you think that this darkness is caused by some sinful action on your part. This I will not question; but you have taken the right way of meeting it by going to the blood of Jesus to find forgiveness. Still you say 'that years of trial have failed to accomplish what a Father's love sent it for.' What right have you to say this? 'Oh, because when a different kind of trial came, I forgot for a time to look at the love on which I had previously been resting for support under it.'

"But a hundred years of trial won't lay up a stock of grace, which, on the contrary, must flow daily, hourly, into the soul from the Source of grace; therefore your failing at first to meet aright the new

trial could be no proof that the previous one had failed in its end; though it might be the blessed means, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, of teaching you more completely that needful lesson, your own helplessness, and your constant need of the support of Jesus. This is just the reason why it is permitted to come, and it is just the lesson that the Holy Spirit is now teaching you. Judging from other parts of your letter, if you had been well in body and able to walk, and in the course of a journey had to pass along a precipitous road where it was necessary to hold by the hand of a guide, in order to go safely, you would in broad daylight walk pretty securely if you had confidence in your guide, because your own senses would help you to judge of his skill and power of supporting you; but if you had to return by that same road in a pitch-dark night, what would your feeling then be? Just in so far as you had a firm confidence in your guide, would it be one of security: if you were enabled boldly to say, 'I am not afraid to travel this dangerous path so long as I have hold of the hand of such a guide,' would not such confidence be doing honour to his skill? And so it is just to teach you this blessed lesson with respect to Jesus that your present state of darkness is permitted to continue. Observe, too, how much it is needed, for you are evidently more inclined to impute the continuance of this trial to some still unseen sin in yourself, than to trust yourself implicitly and unreservedly in the hands of that loving Saviour, who has never yet failed any one who leaned on Him and trusted Him.

"But you may ask whether, in accusing you of thus failing to trust Jesus, I am not accusing you of a very great sin? 'By no means,' is my reply. Sin is a deliberate act committed by us against light that is given to us; but infirmity, although it no doubt springs from our sinful nature, is very different in its character; although it may no doubt soon become deliberate sin if persevered in after the Spirit has opened our eyes to its existence. It is your infirmity that has hitherto hindered you from willingly accepting the lesson that God is teaching you; but I feel sure that as soon as you are enabled to see clearly that you glorify Him more by trusting His love in the midst of darkness, your soul will spring with rapture to His pierced feet, and cry, 'Lord, Thou art right; deal with me as Thou pleasest; but oh, Thy love is unchangeable, and I dare not a moment longer distrust it; for be it light, or be it darkness, I am Thine, and Thou art mine.' It is so easy to walk along the road to heaven when all is love and joy in the soul, and when the glory of Jesus is shining into the heart; for then we have a kind of sensible spiritual sight to help our faith; but when all this is for a time removed, and we know not why, except that it is the will of God that it should be so, oh, then comes the strong exercise of faith and love, which says, 'Let Him do as seemeth unto Him good; for though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.' And thus, by the very severity of the trial, fresh renewed strength is given to the soul, and a greater victory than ever is gained over Satan and his powerful weapon, unbelief. At the same time,

do not suppose that I mean you to rest satisfied with the state of darkness. Oh, no! You may tell your loving Saviour what a joy it will be, when He sees fit to dispel it, and once more to restore to you the light of His countenance in a sensible spiritual manner. But at the same time be like David, who said, 'I waited patiently for the Lord;' although he was praying at the very time for relief, for he adds, 'He heard my cry.'"

"May 30th, 1864.

"I thought of you much during some of my severe spasms in the heart, and said, 'Ah, this is what —— suffers continually and meets calmly, and I am shrinking from them; but the support given her is for me also.' So in a very sharp one last night I just lay quiet, resting on my blessed Saviour, and I got sweet comfort."

"Arndilly, June, 1864.

"There is a mistake that I find some fall into, of thinking that they must keep looking into their trials to discover the *need be* for their having been sent, and so profit more truly by them. All this may seem very plausible, but at the same time very dangerous, in turning our attention away from Him through whose tender love the trial has been permitted to come. One would suppose that it does not need much looking within to discover the *need be* of every trial; namely, to draw the soul closer to Jesus, and slay self-will more effectually. Then if this be plainly God's design, let us spend our efforts in carrying it out by watchfulness and prayer, and not be drawn

away from feeding thus on the kernel by a minute examination of the shell that contains it;—that is, not be looking at our present condition instead of aiming earnestly at becoming more like Jesus. . . .

"I can sympathize with your hard conflict throughout this severe trial, and with the difficulty you found of saying, 'Thy will be done.' This is just the most severe hill of difficulty that the child of God has to climb—entire submission to our Master's will,'—laying everything at His feet,—and trusting His way as the wisest and the best. It is very strange indeed that it should be so difficult to submit entirely to One whose love we have proved to be so unfathomable in His dealings towards ourselves; and whose wisdom we know to be unerring. It proves how much of the old Adam remains in us to the last; ever ready to oppose the new nature; but, thank God, ever to be defeated when we put on the strength of Jesus, and go forth to the contest with His glorious armour covering our utter weakness.

"My constant prayer now is, 'Not only Thy will be done, but teach me to love that Thy will should be done.' I do so need to be taught this; it is a blessed lesson, and one that gives such peace. What can go wrong when all is committed entirely to Jesus? Much may seem to go wrong and make us ready to say with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' But faith lifts the curtain, and shows all working together for our good."

"Arndilly, June 4th, 1865.

"It was indeed a blessed leading of the Holy Spirit, on that night in which you were dreading the

return of harassing thoughts, that your mind was directed to the love of Jesus, for that was a City of Refuge to which you could fly from your cruel pursuers, and where you could find true rest. A wondrous subject indeed for meditation, of which St. Paul might well say that it passeth knowledge, and therefore needs the frequent utterance of the prayer, that the Holy Spirit may teach and enable us to comprehend somewhat of its 'breadth, length, depth, and height.' How truly has He answered that prayer to you again and again in all your trials, enabling you to taste and see how very gracious the Lord is in every trial, and how truly He makes a way of escape in them, that we may be able to endure them! And this late trial is no exception. Indeed, I think that Satan's great way of attacking you just now is by bringing before you the anticipation of evil, rather than the evil itself; for he knows well by experience that the latter sends you at once to the arms of Jesus; whereas the former, by its very uncertainty, and often unreality, keeps the mind in a partial bewilderment, vainly endeavouring to grasp it. . . . Yes, it is often the great source of many of our trials, that we forget that we must continue as weak ones unto our journey's end. The great effort of sincere young believers is to be strong; and though they impute the glory of their strength to Jesus, yet they are apt to look upon it as something they possess;—no doubt owned as a gift or grace, but still a possession or stock of grace laid up, on which they may feed in the wintry day of trial. This view of God's work in their souls sometimes helps them over a present

difficulty, but only to lead them into a still deeper one; when at length their eyes are opened to discover that all their riches of grace have vanished, and all their fancied strength has become weakness. Then they are ready to despair, and to cry, 'Hath God forgotten to be gracious? Hath He shut up His tender mercies?' Quite the contrary. The Lord is thus preparing the soul for a deeper knowledge of its own thorough weakness and helplessness, and of its need of being fed with daily supplies of the manna of grace; instead of vainly attempting to lay up a store of it. Thus, in proportion as it attains to a truer sense of its utter weakness, does it likewise obtain a truer estimate of Christ's continual, unfading, unchangeable strength; on which it can lean, secure from every harm, and from which it may draw grace to help in every time of need. This lesson you have long learned and known; but it is one of which we need to be reminded by line upon line, and precept upon precept, to enable us to carry it into fuller practice:—and this is what He is impressing upon you. You dread the thought of more health being given you now, and the reason is, because you fear you may not devote it to His glory. But this is just your real position, that you neither can nor will devote it to Him in so far as self is concerned; but that He will so build up and strengthen the new nature in you, that you will draw from His strength an ample sufficiency for the day of need, and thus you will give to Him all the glory of the work. See how He is guiding you on step by step, when He is leading you to desire that every increased measure of

health should be given to Him. And giving you the blessed desire, will He withhold the power when the time for using it shall come? Oh, no. 'His faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds,' and He neither can nor will fail."

To another young invalid he wrote:—

"Hendersyde, Torquay, March 24th, 1863.

"MY DEAR MARY,—In one point, your letter gives me much pain, for I fear that your bodily health is far more feeble than I had any idea of. I know that you are in the hands of a loving Father, who will order everything as He sees best for His child; and His way must ever be the best. Still, it is sad to think of you as separated from outward means of grace, and without any friends to sympathize with you in those spiritual trials which are ever ready to assault us; and which are particularly hard to withstand at a time when the body is weighed down by illness and weakness. Yes, I do not wonder at your saying that 'dark thoughts often come over you.' Satan is not bound, and he will attack Christ's people to the utmost of his power, just because they belong to Christ; but it is such a comforting thought, 'that He who is for us is greater than he who is against us;' and the more we learn our own weakness, and the impossibility of our resisting the enemy in our own strength, the more willing are we to lie at the feet of Jesus and trust Him entirely. When I have been tried, as you are now, with a suffering body and a harassed mind, I have often found it such a relief, just to fly to Jesus and

cast every care upon Him, and banish them all from my own mind, assured that He will manage them for me far better than I can for myself. . . .

"I think that in some of my former letters I have warned you of the danger of allowing your thoughts to get the mastery over you; else they will toss you to and fro. Don't listen to these dark thoughts which you mention. Pray against them as soon as they arise, and then, by your Saviour's power, you will conquer them. He will get the glory of the victory, whilst you will reap the benefit. —Believe me, yours very affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"Pendeen, Penzance, December 31st, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. G.,—The trying position of your sister during this sad time in India makes me feel how really difficult it is for us to follow the example of St. Paul, and 'live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us.' How calm and placid would such a life be, even in the midst of trials, such as your dear sister is now encountering; because it would be such a life as St. Paul describes in the preceding sentence, 'Christ liveth in me.' And such a life would not be one that would substitute for warm feelings insensibility; but one which would, in the midst of the severest trial and suffering, repose in the arms of Jesus, like a sick child resting in the bosom of its loving mother, with a feeling of security in the very midst of its pain. This is one of the blessed fruits to be obtained in this life from trial, and one which glori-

fies God more than an undisturbed life of activity in His service can possibly do; for it is, as it were, a present realizing of the promise, 'If so be that we suffer, that we may be glorified together.' Yes, the very glory is commenced *now*, in that lowly, meek, and loving spirit which is wrought in us by the Holy Ghost; when it is given to us, not only to believe in Jesus, but to suffer for Him, and with Him, and through Him.

"I have been led to meditate of late upon the blessings which a loving Father intends that His children should reap through a participation in suffering. Children of God are too apt to adopt the language of the world, and speak of all trial and suffering with sorrow, almost forgetting for a time 'the peaceable fruit of righteousness' which they are to yield to those who are exercised by them (strengthened spiritually, as the body is physically by gymnastic exercises). Our aim should therefore rather be to say to fellow-believers when under affliction, 'Oh, don't lose this blessed opportunity that the Lord has given you of growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ!' When we do fail in seeking for the benefit to be derived from such messages of love, we often come out of them rather hardened by them than softened; and then wonder that they have not done us more good.

"Our very language in calling such trials, chastenings, and chastisements, 'by our translation,' instead of education, its proper designation, shows the animus which pervades the old nature in us at such seasons.

"Perhaps these thoughts may help to draw your mind also into this channel of comfort, so as to reap more benefit than we usually do thereby; for I can gather from your present letter, and others received of late, that you are more tried by weakness of health now than you used to be. The benefit that we ought to aim at obtaining is, I think, twofold;—a likeness to Christ in spirit, in which we enter upon the trial, and continue under it; and also a likeness to Christ in the effect produced upon us after the time of trial has for the present passed away. I think both of these are included in the second part of our Saviour's injunction (Matt. xi. 29): 'Learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart' (this is the spirit of enduring), 'and ye shall find rest unto your souls' (this is the effect produced). So clear did it appear to holy men of old that suffering is the true path to happiness and glory, that the erroneous practice of self-inflicted sufferings seems to have arisen from a desire to tread this narrow way. We do not, however, learn this way from the example of Jesus; for He only submitted to sufferings according to the will of God, and did not manufacture them. Sufferings are of two kinds—those which come directly from the hand of God, because He sees them good for us; and those which come through His permission, because He can bring good out of the evil intended by them; and though it may often be difficult to distinguish to which class our present trial belongs, yet the effect produced ought to be the same."

CHAPTER XII.

THE LAYMAN.

"Come, labour on!
Claim the high calling angels cannot share.
To young and old the gospel gladness bear;
Redeem the time; its hours too swiftly fly;
The night draws nigh."

Hymns from the Land of Luther.

I HAVE thought that it would not be uninteresting or unprofitable to review in a short chapter the ecclesiastical position of this prominent layman. Many zealous labourers of the same sort form an erroneous estimate of their own place in the Master's vineyard; and mar their work by an undue exaltation of it, and sometimes of themselves. It is not uncommon for such to put themselves in opposition to an appointed ministry, and very often they become sectaries of one sort or another. Indeed, no sooner does a Christian man begin boldly to "show his colours," than it is often reported of him that he has gone over to this or the other sect: sometimes certainly with too much truth; sometimes with no truth at all, as in the case of Hay Macdowall Grant, about whom all sorts of rumours were rife. His position being always in the front, he was certainly a

mark for different kinds of arrows. Thus, on one occasion he wrote to one of his sisters, "Miss —— is still here, and, I am told, continues earnest and very full of joy, but her father has written to stop her coming to the Bible-readings, for fear she should be hurt by my Antinomian teaching. . . Whilst he attacks me as Antinomian, the Plymouth Brother who teaches here has tried to keep a family from seeing me on the ground of my teaching being full of legality."

From the beginning of his work, Mr. Grant had a very high opinion of the important influence of an appointed ministry, and, as we have seen, took every opportunity of pressing upon his clerical friends the fuller and closer use of this influence. The burden of his message to such was ever the same. Thus he wrote—"If I were at his (Mr. C.'s) side, I would say, 'Preach the Gospel to every *individual* of your congregation: individually as well as collectively; privately as well as publicly." His joy and gratitude to his Lord were ever great when he came into contact with a living ministry, of whatever denomination it might be. Mr. Hay Aitken writes: "So great was his respect for the ministerial office, that, to the last, the heaviest cross that he ever attempted to take up in the way of work for the Master, was to address a clergyman on spiritual matters, with a view to dealing with his soul. He used often to confess to me how he dreaded having to do this, and I believe it was only towards the end of his course, when he was indeed a father in Israel, that he overcame this feeling; but I believe that several clergymen did

receive spiritual blessing through him." The following are extracts from letters written to his brother-in-law at different times :—

"Arndilly, June 19th, 1857.

"My dearest A.,—Your letter from Wednesbury gave very interesting information of the blessing attending your labours in that quarter, and may it please the Holy Spirit to continue to prosper your work for the salvation of souls. The conversion of such influential persons as the clergy of large parishes must have a very blessed result, if they faithfully act up to the light vouchsafed to them; but a frequent evil is, that even those who know the truth and have tasted the love of Jesus, shut it up in the nutshell of their own hearts; so that it cannot be discovered till some startling circumstance calls it forth. . . .

"I have read your sermon delivered at the Archdeacon's visitation twice over attentively, and am delighted with it. It is written in the spirit that should actuate a Christian who loves his Church, but loves the truth of Christ more—who values the blessings and privileges he enjoys in his Church, but is not led by bigotry and presumption to deny like privileges to other true followers of our Lord throughout the world. At the same time, I shall not be astonished to hear that one party thinks you have gone too far, and another that you have not gone far enough. . . .

"It is strange to hear of converted men going over to Rome; turning from resting on the finished work of Christ to rest on man under the name of a

Church. Truly, Satan's devices are manifold, and we need the *whole* armour of God to withstand them."

His opinion of a lifeless ministry, and still more of those who neither enter themselves, nor suffer others to go into the kingdom of heaven, was ever expressed in the plainest and most unflinching language, whether by letter or word of mouth. "How shameful," he wrote "of the Bishop to stop the Lord's work at ——! This comes of a dead man being over the Lord's heritage."

On another occasion he wrote:—"Oh, the responsibilities of men who thus trifle with the Holy Ghost, nay worse, that resist Him! What is to be done? Are we to sit with hands folded whilst souls are left to perish? Is Satan to triumph when all things are ready for gathering in the harvest?" The necessity of unfolding Christian hands in the presence of perishing souls was in his case, as in all true lay-preaching, the simple plea and reason for his work founded upon God's word. Thus we read as follows:—

"My dear Miss Marsh,—I have asked your question of Mr. Aitken, and his reply is concise, so that you must enlarge it for yourself through the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

"The description in 1 Peter ii. 9 includes all true believers (laymen as well as clergy), and they are to show forth the praises of Him who, etc., etc. And how can they do this, if they are silent respecting the greatest ground of praise, the salvation of sinners through Christ?

"In Acts viii. 1—4, they that were scattered abroad were believers of all classes, and they went everywhere preaching the Word, but the apostles remained at Jerusalem. Ananias, who was sent to restore Saul to sight, was simply a believer, and yet he carried the message of life to him. Apollos was taught the way of God more perfectly by a layman and his wife; and then he helped much them that had believed through grace (building up as well as evangelizing).

"Saul entered the synagogue to preach Jesus as soon as he was converted, without waiting for any authority from man. Some say that this was because he was directly called by Jesus Christ; but is not every real conversion a direct call from God? for no man can come except the Father draw him. When the disciples forbade one to cast out devils in the name of Jesus because he followed not them, Jesus replied, 'Forbid him not,' etc., etc.

"It is a law of natural life, that it desires to save life when in danger; to save a man from drowning, or burning, or sickness, etc.; and if one were to leave another to perish in a burning house because he did not happen to be a policeman, he would be reprobated by society. And is the law of spiritual life of a lower type,—that it is to let souls perish eternally, and not try to save them, on the ground of some smaller excuse? Origen preached before bishops, and he was never ordained. Patrick, Bishop of Ely, was sent forth to preach whilst at college before his ordination.

"I think these are the principal points named by

Mr. Aitken; but, 'Woe unto those who allow a brother's blood to rest upon their consciences, when they might have been the instrument of saving them,' is my commentary."

This obligation he ever pressed upon others, in all his teaching.

"Lisbon, February 3rd, 1861.

"My dear Miss B.,—There is a subject which I do not think is sufficiently attended to by converted persons, and which ought to be pressed upon them, for it seems to me to be one very plainly laid down in Scripture; I mean the duty of those who have received life and light, to seek to give that light to others. I am quite aware that you both admit and practise that duty; but I want you to take opportunities of showing to others that it is equally incumbent upon them; and for this purpose I have marked down in the enclosed paper about sixty texts bearing on this subject, and have written a few remarks opposite each of them, as a little help in your speaking about them, although of course the Spirit will lead you to see many of them in a far stronger light than I have put them, and any additional light on the matter that occurs to you, I wish you to send me, as I feel a deep interest in it. The promise is that the whole world is to be filled with the knowledge of the Lord; and I think we have been trusting too much to this being accomplished by a few thousand ministers and missionaries, who bear such a small proportion to the mass of the people, that it is physically impossible they can speak to one in a hundred throughout the world. If

every living Christian were stirred up to give life to others, the agency would be at once multiplied a thousand-fold, and of the most effective kind; for though they might not have the knowledge that those set apart and educated by human means have, they would have the aid of the Holy Spirit, which is often deplorably wanting in some of the authorized teachers. It was such agency as this that was so efficient in the early ages of Christianity, when 'they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word.' I do not of course mean to say that even this may not be liable to abuse, for that were to suppose Satan bound or asleep; but the advantages are far greater than the evils to be dreaded. . . .

"I have read the report of what is doing in Italy with great interest. The door is open at present, and politics have been made the instrument of breaking down former barriers; but the very excitement about temporal freedom will be found, for a time, to blind people's eyes to the need of spiritual liberty; and again, when that passes away, and the country becomes settled, the priestly power of the Roman Catholic Church will to a great extent resume its sway. So that there is only one great stay to rest upon, 'The Lord reigneth,' and the work is His own, and He will bring it to pass in His own good time. What doors seem to be opening everywhere amongst the people of the earth who were hitherto shut up in darkness, and how trifling seem all the efforts made to meet the demand for help! Believe me, ever yours very sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

From one of Mr. Grant's earlier journals I quote the following, which makes his own position clear, confirmed by the graphic letter to his sister written many years later.

"Attended Sacrament in the Free Church at R——, having been long prevented from commemorating my Saviour's love to me, a vile, unworthy sinner, in my own Church,—the English Episcopalian. I had doubts at first whether I might not do harm to God's cause amongst the people generally, by appearing to join one Church more than another; but spiritual religion exists more in the Free Church in this quarter than in the Episcopal Church; and communion in that Church is therefore more agreeable; and as it is a clear duty to unite with those who celebrate Christ's love to sinners, the result may be safely left in God's hands."

"Bridge of Allan, June 19th, 1863.

"My evening at Windermere was in a room used by the Independents, which the minister (a Scotchman and a converted man) gladly gave up to me, as it enabled him to go to Hawkshead, where a revival has lately begun. He also put out bills at his own expense announcing me. On Friday the clergyman of the parish called on me with another clergyman, a visitor, and said he had come to remonstrate with me about giving an address in canonical hours. I did not know him, and asked him who he was. He said, 'I am commander-in-chief here, though intruders like you will not, I suppose, acknowledge my authority.' 'But in what sense are you such?'

I inquired. 'I am the clergyman of the parish, but I suppose you are a Presbyterian, and won't acknowledge me?' 'No, I belong to the Church of England.' 'Do you, indeed? That makes your offence worse. Besides, you have issued a bill to say that a gospel address will be given; which is as much as to say that I don't preach the gospel.' 'Well,' I replied, 'you must allow me to defend myself from these charges. 1. I am sorry the printed bills have been sent out, for I don't think it was necessary, and it was not my doing. 2. I am not sure that the evening can be considered canonical hours, strictly speaking; though I don't mean that I should have been restrained by that circumstance, as I am going to Kendal to speak in the forenoon. 3. If I did not speak in the room, some one else would. And lastly, when the apostles wanted to stop one who was casting out devils in the name of their Master, because he did not follow them; Jesus forbade them to do so.' He took my replies very quietly, and argued against all; but first and last, on parting, he 'wished a blessing might attend my work,' which I thought very liberal."

I can state from authority that to the last Mr. Grant considered himself as virtually and really a member of the Church of England. In his busy life he had few silent Sabbaths, except when his lips were sealed by illness; but when able to go to church, his rule, as he has told me himself, was to go wherever he got most food for his soul; and in Scotland he considered that this was more frequently the case

in the Free Church. He frequently preached also in Free Church pulpits, as he considered it part of the true lay evangelist's work to give help in this way to ministers of any denomination requiring rest, whether from bad health or overwork. Thus, one year he writes that he must delay taking rest, as he is "occupying the place of the Free Church minister, and holding five meetings a week."

The Established Church of Scotland was much entwined with his early Scottish memories, and he was ever full of sympathy with the work of the living men connected with it; such as the late Mr. Smith of Aberdeen, Professor Martin, etc. To one young Established Church minister he was as a father and teacher, and to him I owe some interesting particulars. This young man being at one time doubtful whether he should leave the Establishment or not, he applied for advice to Mr. Grant, who at once advised him to remain where he was, and to strive to communicate to others whatever fresh light and warmth the Lord had given him.

In Mr. Grant's diary there was (pp. 60, 61 of this book) a brief and modest allusion to an address he gave at Elgin in 1856 to a large and interesting assemblage of ministers, elders, and "heritors" of the Established Church of Scotland; and of some good resulting from his after-intercourse with some then present. It must have been rather startling for that large assembly, the object of which was church extension, to find themselves gently but firmly rebuked by a neighbouring "laird" for want of faith in the matter of funds, and by having George

Müller, of Bristol, held up to them as an example! I cannot resist giving in the Appendix some extracts from this address.*

It was often said that Mr. Grant had identified himself with the form of communion known as "Brethrenism." All who knew him best, knew that he never in any way did so, even with those known as being more "open" than others. The following extracts were sent to me with the simple design of having the full scope of Mr. Grant's teaching understood; which was always strongly against any one being narrowed up into a man-made system of any kind whatever:—

"You mention that you have a friend staying with you who is a Plymouth sister. I have several dear friends amongst them, but I always regret to find among them a certain narrowness of Christian love, which prevents a full communion on their part with any but those of their own persuasion. I admire them for the bold stand they make for a fuller separation from the world and consecration to Christ; and their knowledge of Scripture is generally very great, though often interpreted so as to suit their peculiar views; but it is sad to see the generality of them declining to lead sinners to Jesus, and preferring to proselytize those already converted. The desire, too, that they evince to pull down every other denomination, and to discover all the evil they can in them, without allowing any good, has always given me the impres-

* See Appendix B.

sion of a person saying, 'Stand by, for I am holier than thou.' It is chiefly the Darby party to which I allude in these remarks. Oh, for each one of us to seek to be more and more nothing in ourselves, that Jesus may be all in all. . . .

"I have had a long talk with a lady who thinks she may get more of Jesus by becoming a Plymouth sister. How fond we are of doing something for that purpose, instead of going direct to Jesus himself, to make us His own more entirely!

"It is wonderful how that spirit of doing something we think best, is ingrained in human nature, and leads us sometimes to act like Naaman the Syrian; making a way of our own for being healed; even whilst we profess to be seeking the Lord's way only. Well, in all these difficulties I fall back upon one comfort, 'The Lord reigneth,' and He can bring even the mistakes of His children to glorify Him. A life of constant fellowship with believers who think like one's self, and coincide in all one's ways and views, is not the life that glorifies Jesus the most, or extends His kingdom the most widely, unless it is also an aggressive life, pressing truth on those unwilling to receive it, and thus suffering direct and indirect persecution on account of such conduct."

Nothing was more noteworthy in Mr. Grant's public and private Christian character than his large-hearted love and fellowship with others, whatever might be their denomination. The word which best expresses this Christ-like feeling is the much abused one of Catholicity, in its best and most genuine sense.

CHAPTER XIII.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE.

"Let me to others do
As Thou hast done to me;
Love them with love unfeigned and true,
Their servant be,
Of willing heart, nor seek my own,
But as Thou, Lord, hast helped us,
From purest love alone."

Gesenius, 1646.

I GROUP together in this chapter some of the many letters touching on varied subjects of work and interest, ranging from 1863 to 1869, with but a word of explanation now and then. To his Arndilly missionary he writes :—

"Pendeen, Penzance, January 4th, 1863.

"MY DEAR GILBERT,—Thanks for your two letters telling me how matters are going on amongst our people, so far as their spiritual interests are concerned.

"Would to God that your reports could have been more favourable; but still we must not look down on the day of small things, but plead with the Lord to make them greater. Alas! that is where we fail so often. It is not that His ear is heavy or His arm

shortened; but that we are not sufficiently prepared for the reception of the answer, owing to the deadness and coldness of our hearts. May the Lord in His great mercy, through Jesus, stir us all up to be more in earnest than ever. It must have been a sad trial to dear Mrs. I. to lose her eldest son, but the Lord can make it up to her a hundredfold by filling her heart with more and more of that peace which passeth all understanding. May this be her blessed portion at His hand, enabling her to say, 'He doeth all things well.' I trust the affliction may have been rendered useful in the hands of the Holy Spirit to soften the heart of her husband.

"When you have leisure, I should like you to mention the names of any whom I am likely to know about, who may receive benefit to their souls this winter, and also tell me if there is any continuance of work in Dufftown, for if I am spared to return home in the summer, and am then able to work, it will help to keep up my interest in them."

Some years later Mr. Grant and his home-work sustained a heavy loss in the death of this excellent missionary, who ever since his conversion in 1856 had laboured earnestly and unremittingly. He wrote as follows:—

"Arndilly, November 5th, 1869.

"My dear Mr. Mudie,—Mrs. Gilbert has sent me your very kind letter to her about the loss of her husband, and asked me to thank you for your sympathy. It was, indeed, an unexpected blow. He

was only six days ill, but of a complaint that has attacked him for the last three years in autumn, and I daresay the severe continuance of work in Rothes and Boharm had weakened his constitution much. Mrs. Gilbert is keeping up wonderfully; for the effect of the blow has been to enable her to realize greater nearness to her Saviour than ever before. The Lord's ways are past searching out, so we must accept them in thankfulness as revealed to us.

"The work in Rothes and Boharm progresses well, and two ladies have been much used in it—Lady R. in Boharm, and her daughter, Miss W., in Rothes. Gilbert was seeing, through them as instruments, many hard ones awakened and converted, and thus his prayers answered. Then suddenly he is removed. Yet it is all right, for it is His doing who cannot do wrong. I continue very weak in body, and was able to preach only sixteen times in the month of October."

To a friend he writes :—

"Pendeen, Penzance, December 31st, 1863.

"There has been a delightful revival amongst the school-children going on here for two months, and more than one hundred from the ages of ten to fourteen profess to have been converted. I have been holding meetings with some of them, with a view to press upon them the necessity of bringing forth fruits of holiness, after they have received life into their souls; and I am also speaking to them individually as I am able, and have thus already seen twenty-one.

"One remarkable feature in the work is that there is very little adult agency concerned with it. The converted children seem themselves to be imbued with an earnest desire to bring other children to Jesus, and speak to their companions if they will let them. They have a little room at one end of Mr. Aitken's garden, in which the girls meet every day for prayer for others, and they bring unconverted companions with them if they can.

"The converted ones meet a good deal of persecution in a quiet way; for the rudest of the village children call them names in the streets, or taunt them that they will soon give up religion and come back to them; and in most instances I find them enduring this sort of trial in a mild, forbearing spirit. Sometimes they are treated with violence, but not often. One boy was dragged from his knees by the hair of his head by his father, and put out of doors at night."

In the autumn of 1864, Mr. Grant's health again seriously failed, and he was ordered to try a winter on the Nile, which, like everything else, failed to remove the cough and affection of the voice, which formed for him the most trying of all discipline. The following letters give characteristic glimpses into this time of exile:—

"Luxor, opposite Thebes, on board our Nile boat,
December 27th, 1864.

"My dear Mr. Mudie,—A few lines from this far-away land may not be unwelcome, though I have little to tell but what concerns self. We

have got thus far on our journey up to Nubia, having had a very tedious voyage from Cairo (twenty-six days), from which are to be deducted, however, three Sundays that we rested. The distance is 450 miles, and a great part was done by drawing the boat, (tracking it is called) as we had very few days of favourable wind.

"Our party consists of Mr. Cunningham, his son Charles (a boy of fourteen), Rev. Mr. Abbott, his tutor, and myself, with one or two men-servants. We have, besides, our dragoman, waiter, cook, and crew, consisting of first and second captain, twelve men, and a boy. There is no shelter for any but ourselves; the rest sleep in the open air, on the deck of the boat; and how they can do it in safety, I cannot understand, for the temperature constantly varies thirty degrees between day and night. But they do not seem to suffer from the exposure.

"We purchased a large quantity of Arabic tracts at Cairo, and brought them with us for distribution, but it is not very easy to make use of them, not knowing the language. In riding through the bazaars of towns, whenever I see a man reading or writing, I generally give one, and they seem pleased to get them. Oh! what a mass of darkness is hanging over this land spiritually—Egyptian darkness, that may be felt; and hopeless seem all the efforts of man to dispel it; yet there is nothing too great for the arm of the Lord to perform, and when the set time is come, all will be accomplished. At present, Egypt seems passing through a great

change in a very gradual way, from the external influence of education.

"The present Pasha, instead of being a man of war, like his predecessors, is a money-making man through commerce. 'Call me not a prince,' he says, 'but a merchant;' and this spirit is likely in the end to benefit the country. During the last four years there has been a terrible murrain amongst the cattle, and there has been in consequence a great deficiency of labour for cultivation. So the Pasha has introduced about one hundred and fifty steam-ploughs to cultivate his private property, which amounts to about 300,000 acres. He has also introduced numbers of pumps driven by steam-engines, to supersede the old method of watering the land by the hand and buckets, or by mules and wheels. These changes are gradually awakening the people from their old habits, handed down from their forefathers, and may be precursors for other changes, mental and spiritual. At present, the lower classes, or '*fellaheen*,' are in a very degraded and oppressed state. Power of life and death has been nominally taken away, but the right to bastinade, with the '*koortag*' (a whip of buffalo hide) is a terrible power to leave in the hands of reckless men, and death has sometimes ensued after the use of it. Another kind of degradation amongst that class is, that you can hardly talk with any of them without their asking '*backsheesh*' (*i.e.*, a present), it not being felt to be any shame to beg.

"I am writing to you a very rambling letter, but this is not a climate for much exertion, mental or

physical, to whose who are unaccustomed to heat, and for three days past the thermometor has been seventy-six in the shade.

"We were yesterday at the ruins of the Temple, or rather Temples, of Karnac, for there have been many of them, and the space enclosed must have occupied fully three hundred acres.

"There is something very solemnizing in looking upon buildings that have been erected three thousand years ago by a people whose history has disappeared, except in so far as their own records make us acquainted with them; but when these buildings are found to surpass in an inconceivable degree anything erected in more modern times, the interest becomes still deeper. In the great hall at Karnac are one hundred and thirty-four pillars, above sixty feet high. Some ruthless destroyers (said to have been Cambyses and the Persians) have endeavoured to destroy them, but after throwing down one row, the immense cost has most likely made them desist, and the remainder are very entire."

To his sister:—

"Egypt, 7 miles from Philæ Temple, immediately above the 1st Cataract, February 4th, 1865.

"There are other interesting matters in your letter which I will not notice at present (though I trust the tower of Pendeen Church has escaped being sacrificed to Moloch), and I will proceed to give a short account of our journey into Barbary and Nubia, 220 miles above the First Cataract.

"It was with great difficulty that we got our boat taken up—not that there were any real difficulties, but the Cataract captains invented them in order to plunder our dragoman of twice the usual pay. We got off pretty well, however, as we were detained only four days; for which I think we were indebted to two second-hand flannel shirts of Mr. Cunningham's, which he was able to spare to deck the governor's person, as he had expressed to our dragoman a desire to receive a couple!

"We were three days going up to the Cataract, because another boat followed us, and each day, after advancing a little bit, they went back for the other and brought it on—and then such a scrambling, and tearing, and shouting, and abusing went on among the Arabs, heightened by the presence of the two captains, and the governor's officers, who were great brandy-drinkers. The last part of the Cataract is certainly trying, as the incline of the water must be one foot in twenty, judging by the eye, and about eighty men had to pull up the boat by main force against the strong current; thank God all was safely accomplished; but it reminded one of the story, 'Gin the tail brak ye'll ken what.' Had the ropes broken, the current and rocks would soon have made mincemeat of our good Dahabieh, and ourselves too perhaps. It is wonderful how safely the Arabs can swim in the worst parts of the Cataract, when the water is foaming far worse than the Spey in a flood at the rock at Cobblepot.

"We stopped the first Sunday at this remarkable Temple ruin; for we had got up the Cataract on

a Saturday, and did not wish to proceed farther that evening, as this was a nice place for resting on Sunday, which we always do; and now after twenty-one days' absence, we have returned to it on a Saturday, having travelled 225 miles up, and the same back in that time—in all 450. It is of no use to attempt to describe the ruins of the several temples which we have seen, but none in Upper Egypt equals the grandeur of this one as to situation and remains. Aboa Simbal is cut out of a rock two hundred feet deep, and has four different rooms in it, the first of which is supported by immense colossal figures, and all the walls covered over with drawings cut out of the rock, representing the exploits of the kings of Egypt, and figures of their gods with offerings made to them; but at the same time, all more or less mutilated, and carrying forcibly to the mind of the beholder the meaning of the word *desolation.* Outside the temple are four immense colossal figures, (three of which are partially broken), each sixty-six feet high, and the ear of one of them, which we measured with a long pole, was more than three feet in length. On the opposite side of the Nile to where we now are, there is a neat-looking house built of stones and mud by some Roman Catholic missionaries, who have made this one of their stations in their advance up the Nile into Nubia and Abyssinia. Two monks are now in it, learning Arabic, and however mistaken they may be in doctrine, one must admire their self-sacrifice for that which they believe to be right; they have made no converts here, but have some Mussulman boys whom

they are training. Coming down the day before yesterday, we met a boat coming up with the English flag flying, and as it drew near two gentlemen left in frail shallops and rowed up to us. They proved to be young Nankivell and his friend Mr. Chambers. . . .

"I know not whether I shall be glad or sorry to leave this temporary home. It has many advantages, especially the quiet leisure which one has for reading the Word. During the last three weeks we have introduced the amusement of playing a game at chess with four sets of men (called Russian chess) on our dining-table, which we turn into a board for the purpose by making squares upon it. We play every second night for an hour to amuse Charlie C., but I think we old people enjoy the hour with as much interest as the young. We saw seven crocodiles on our way up, and Charlie C. and Stevenson fired at two, but did them no harm; they were within thirty yards of us, lying on a rock sleeping in the sun. I took Charlie's gun one day, and fired at one a hundred yards distant, but did not hit it. The Arabs, however, swim fearlessly across the Nile on logs of wood, for the crocodile seldom touches any one while swimming.

"We found many more people able to read in Upper Egypt than in Lower, and our Arabic tracts were in great demand among Mussulmans. The Governor of Assouam saw me giving one to a Copt Mullah, and asked what the book was; so I made the dragoman tell him that it was a copy of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and inquired if he would read

one if I gave it to him. He said he would. None of the Copts in Assouam, except one Mullah, had a copy of the complete Scriptures in Arabic, so we gave them two, and hope they will read them. The Governor of Assouam said he would like to have the 'Arabian Nights' in Arabic, if we had a copy, but this was not altogether in our line of bookgiving. About myself I can only say that I am very well in bodily health, but my cough is not in the least improved, being indeed more troublesome than formerly, so that I am sure this climate does not suit me, neither perhaps will any other. I long to be at home and at work again, but I suppose I must wait till May."

"March —. Started from Cairo for Suez by the railway across the desert. Stayed there four days enjoying the refreshing breezes. At Suez the heat was unbearable, the sirocco blowing hot with clouds of dust, for the hotel stands close on the Red Sea. One day we took a sailing-boat and ran down the Red Sea for twelve miles, crossing over to a place called the Wells of Moses, where there are a few Arab huts, in one of which we lunched. These wells are opposite to the place where the Israelites crossed the sea on dry land; opposite to them, on the Egyptian side, is a wide valley running right down through the mountains to the sea. The mountains on each side are so precipitous that they cannot be scaled, and are perfectly barren, without a blade of verdure. Thus the infatuated king of Egypt naturally reckoned on bringing them all back, saying, 'They are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut

them in.' The passage across is eight miles. The Arabian side is sandy desert covered with shells."

"Naples, April 18th, 1865.

"MY DEAREST M.,—I write these few lines to tell you our movements as far I can. We arrived here on the 11th instant from Malta; propose leaving for Rome per rail to-morrow; stay there till Monday 24th; go to Leghorn, Spezzia, and Genoa, on to Nice, where we hope to be on the 30th instant; remain there a week, and then homewards, arriving in London on the 13th of May. I have been suffering much from my cough since I came here, and suspect that there is more progress in the bronchial affection during the last few weeks than for a long time previously. I caught a bad cold in Alexandria, and it increased on the voyage to Malta, as the weather was very cold. While there, I preached in the Scotch Church on Sunday evening, and in the Soldiers' Institute on Tuesday evening, and perhaps the exertion increased the cough. At any rate, I have not felt so unwell as I do now, since I was in Lisbon. Perhaps this fine air may help to re-establish me, as I am much better to-day. But the only happy way is to leave everything in His hands who ordereth all for the good of His people.

"Pompeii is the only great sight I have seen here, as I could visit it without fatigue, going there by railway, and being carried in a chair through the deserted streets. I was also able for an hour's drive to the Amphitheatre of Pozzuoli, which is mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, as

the town St. Paul landed at on his way to Rome. I presume Naples scarcely existed then, or, at any rate, only as a village. I was asked to preach at the Scotch Church here (a large room only) in the afternoon; and I dare say I should have made the attempt, but I determined to be guided by the opinion of Mr. C., who considered that it might lay me up entirely; so I declined. Nearly six months have passed since leaving England, and, alas! how little have I done in my Master's service. It seems as if I were told that my work is at an end; and how many opportunities have I missed that will return no more! We are so apt to use our private judgment as to suitability of time and place, instead of casting ourselves upon the Lord. There was a striking instance on the Nile this year of the blessedness of sowing beside all waters. A friend of mine married Mr. W. last year, and came out to Egypt on their marriage tour. We met them occasionally on our route up the Nile, and parted at Assouam, as they did not intend to ascend the Cataract. On their way down they stopped eight days at Thebes, and had service in their boat on Sunday by a clergyman, a friend of theirs. There came to it a young Englishman who was very ill, and who was staying at the English Consul's house. The exertion of attending service made him much worse, and next day Mrs. W. went to see him. She found him a decidedly converted man, and able to look forward to his near departure with calmness. He died of consumption on the Friday. In an adjoining room lay a young American, also ill with consumption. Mrs. W.

spoke to him about his soul, but he said he disbelieved the Bible, and all it contained. Her husband offered to read to him, and he accepted the offer, with the proviso, that he would not read gloomy books. After reading a story to him, Mr. W. said, 'May I read a Psalm to you before I leave?' 'You may read it to yourself if you like, but not to me.' He was much affected by the death of the young Englishman, as they had been in the same boat together; and Mrs. W. again took an opportunity of speaking to him earnestly about the value of his soul. He listened quietly, and then told her that he was sensible of her kindness, but that he did not believe as she did. She said, she felt sure he would find the Bible a comfort in sickness if he would read it, and as he had none of his own, offered him hers as a present if he would read it. He accepted it, and so they parted. A fortnight after, this young man's boat landed him at Cairo, where he sent for Mr. L., the American Missionary, who found him another man spiritually; a man altogether changed; for the Spirit had applied the Word to his heart, discovering to him God's way of salvation, and the loveliness of the Saviour provided for sinners."

In the following spring, this indefatigable worker was again at his post, and in another field—the fashionable world of London.

"Fern Lodge, Hampstead, May 23rd, 1866.

"MY DEAREST M.,—I came here on Monday, and have had plenty to do, with speaking to indi-

viduals and two short addresses. Then there was my meeting at Willis's Rooms yesterday, which was well attended. I spoke chiefly to believers. The young D. of —— was there. I was introduced to her after most had left, and I spoke a few pointed words. Lady —— was there, and was glad of it, for she professes to be converted. She told me that she was at the previous meeting, which was also for believers. Lady ——, sister of Lord D., whom Willie may recollect at Thurso Castle, was also there with her daughter, and I have promised to see them at Norwood to-day. . . . My day at Harrow was a busy one. I got opportunities of speaking to fourteen people, and gave an address in the evening in the school-room, which the vicar permitted me to use, although he is a High Churchman. It was well attended. I was speaking to gentlemen whom Mr. K. asked me to see until twelve o'clock at night. I go back to Harrow on Monday if the Lord permit; the people seem in a state of inquiry. . . . I have just returned from Mrs. C. B.'s house. Her sister is staying with her, and when I entered the drawing-room, she was preparing to leave; when I asked her if I might not speak to her about her soul. She said, 'No;' but I sat down and drew her into conversation gradually, and then the ice thawed, and she opened her mind.—Your very affectionate brother,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

In the subjoined letter there is a brief notice of what he calls "a new affair," viz., the first of a series

of large open-air meetings, which many have good cause to remember. He had assisted at the annual Huntly meetings of the same kind, which only ceased at the death of his esteemed friend, the Duchess of Gordon. In 1865, he gave us much blessed help at an open-air meeting at Park-hill; remaining some days with us to follow up the work by visiting among the people, and endearing himself to the inhabitants of farm and cottage by his peculiarly frank and winning manner. The Rev. Mr. McWatt, Free Church minister of Rothes, had also had a meeting of this nature in the village, of which Mr. Grant, during his absence, had heard good accounts. His own trial of this mode of reaching souls met with much blessing. These meetings were attended by large crowds, and the picturesque grounds of hospitable Arndilly never pleased their owner better than when they were thus made to minister to his Master,—their freshness and beauty blending pleasantly with spiritual teaching and gospel exhortations. The green slopes, the lofty trees, the comfortable tents, the large "monarch of the forest," under which prayer was wont to be made, the boundless hospitality of the "great house," and the congenial circle of friends gathered together there for three successive years, will never be forgotten.

"Arndilly, August 17th, 1866.

"I ought to have written to you long ago in answer to your two welcome letters, but I have had a new affair on hand since my return from

Nairn and Ross-shire, which has occupied me much. Two Christian friends persuaded me to try the effect of holding two open-air meetings here for religious services, which took place last week, and they were very successful and blessed. Although the weather had been excessively wet on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, it cleared up on Wednesday and Thursday (the days of meeting) and then began to pour again on Friday; all this I believe in answer to much prayer made for us throughout the country.

"We have no town near us, but only a village at a mile and a-half distance across the water; and yet the attendance amounted to nearly two thousand the first day, and nearly three thousand the second, as estimated by appearance. The first day there were many persons willing to listen to private conversation about the state of their souls; but the second day many seemed to be deeply impressed and several found peace in believing. In short, the power of the Lord seemed to be present with both speakers and hearers, throughout the meetings."

And on a later occasion:—

"Will you seek for a great blessing to be given? There are to be six different speakers each day, and the average attendance of people expected is from two to three thousand. I shall have thirty-four gentlemen and ladies sleeping in my house, and about forty at dinner each day; so that it is no easy matter to make all necessary arrangements; but the most essential of all is,—the presence of the Holy Spirit to guide and direct."

The following graphic account was written by a gentleman who was present at the last of these meetings in 1868 :—

"Few sights could be more solemn than the breaking up of the last of these assemblages at Arndilly, in August, 1868. Some 2000 to 3000 persons had assembled in the park, and were dispersing, towards the close of a beautiful summer afternoon: a few remained in groups—some were slowly wending their way from a retired spot, to which finger-posts pointed, having inscribed on them the words, 'To the tree,'—a hallowed spot where prayer had uninterruptedly been offered during each day by one and another of successive earnest pleaders. The river Spey, sparkling in the evening light, wound its course round the park; the setting sun was shining on the distant hills of green and heather, and the long shadows were gathering on the nearer hill of Ben Aigen, which reared its wood-crowned summit 1600 feet above the sea; the road leading from the house was crowded with departing visitors; the thoughtful looks of many, and the tears of not a few, showing what a solemn impression had been produced by the faithful, stirring addresses which had that day been delivered, and the earnest words which had that day been spoken."

"Pendeen, March 14th, 1867.

"I must tell you something about Torquay, which you may have heard is a very dead place. The richer classes who go there for health, generally fear any thought of death intruding, and try to keep it away by amusement; unless when the

Holy Spirit has begun to work in power. The middle and lower classes are occupied in money-making during winter, as the influx of strangers constitutes their harvest of worldly gain. I hired a public hall for a fortnight, and determined to give two addresses weekly to the rich, and two to the poor. My illness interfered with the first week, and the second the attendance was only middling, though there was blessing, for there were three conversions one night, and eight the next. The third week, Miss Hooper, from Bath, came to give three gospel addresses, one to the rich and two to the poor. Numbers of professing Christians spoke against her coming, and said they would not go to hear her. For my part I hailed her coming with joy; for you know my persuasion, that the Lord is working by what man calls weak instruments in the present day; and my desire is that the people should be aroused, let the Lord send by whom He will.

"I could not attend on the first night, having a meeting of working-men, but there was a good attendance. The second meeting was for the rich at three o'clock; there was an immense attendance and much impression, but no after-work was attempted. The third meeting (at night) the crowd of all classes was very great,—far more than had ever been seen in Torquay, and I proposed that the anxious should remain to be spoken with. Many did remain, much broken down. Seeing the Lord gave such a blessing, some of the people called on Miss Hooper next morning (Saturday) and asked her to give another

address before leaving for Bath that evening, which she did, with evident power from above. I then persuaded her to remain till Monday; she agreed,—many were impressed, and a few found peace in believing. On Sunday at three o'clock she gave another, and the crowd was so great that numbers were shut out. On Sunday evening I preached, and the attendance was equally great, and the after-meeting good. Miss Hooper then proposed a meeting on Monday morning at seven o'clock, as she was to leave at eleven. I doubted if the people would come so early, in such a dead, worldly place as this, but an immense number came. Then I remained a fortnight at Torquay and held meetings of one kind or another almost every night, to gather up the fragments, and many found their Saviour. Now I can only say, 'Truly this is the Lord's doing, and marvellous in our eyes.'"

"Balfour, Markinch, Sept. 10th, 1868.

"MY DEAREST M.,—It has not been easy to write details of our meetings to any one, from the number of people in the house, and continuing in it, and fresh numbers coming have kept me constantly engaged. I cannot say that I have been much occupied in real work during the three months of June, July, and August. On the contrary, I have yielded to a great feeling of lassitude, which kept me from riding about much amongst the people to speak to them, and from stirring up others also; but since I left home, a fortnight ago, all this has passed away, and I have been constantly engaged in speaking or

preaching at the different houses I have visited. Lady R. and Miss W. spent ten days at Arndilly, and we had many meetings. I think most of the visitors to the house went away very much stirred up to do more for their Master. A great work has begun in that dead town Forres. Two dear Christian ladies have been praying for it for a year, and three weeks ago wrote to Captain MacKenzie (secretary of the Evangelistic Society in Edinburgh), to send down a missionary. He sent two, and their labours have been wonderfully blessed. At first, they preached in the open air, amid scoffs and jeers, but before leaving there was not a building large enough to hold those who flocked to hear them, and many have found the blessedness of peace in believing. I go to Dundee for a Conference there, and home again in a week. Mr. and Mrs. Pennefather have been at the Perth Conference, and he spoke more earnestly and powerfully than I had ever heard him speak. There was an *open* communion for all denominations of Christians in one of the Free Churches on the third day, and about six hundred persons attended ;—it was very solemn and refreshing."

Another prominent piece of service in which he is well remembered, was his part as leader of the "Perth Conference," alluded to above. This remarkable gathering of Christians of every denomination, from home and abroad, was, in the first instance, convened by Colonel Macdonald Macdonald, of St. Martin's, in 1863, and still continues to be a great power in the land. At these meetings Hay Mac-

dowall Grant took a leading part in charge and superintendence for the last years of his life. He also much encouraged and frequently attended other smaller conferences of the same kind. Particularly did he enjoy the Perth general communion, held in rotation in the different churches of that city.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEMPTATION.

"Courage, my sorely-tempted heart!
Break through thy woes, forget thy smart;
Come forth, and on thy Bridegroom gaze,
The Lamb of God, the fount of grace;
Here is thy place!

"Then combat well, of nought afraid,
For thus His follower thou art made;
Each battle teaches thee to fight,
Each to be a braver knight,
Armed with His might."

J. H. Böhmer, 1704: "*Hymns from the Land of Luther.*"

THE subject of Temptation was very frequently enlarged upon in Mr. Grant's correspondence. It was never pressed on the attention of any one, however, without the other side of the shield being turned to the light, with "Victory" engraved thereon. An interesting anecdote has been told about him in many different ways, and of different persons. Probably something of the kind occurred more than once. I give an accurate one as a good preface to these letters on temptation, and as a specimen of his teaching. Mr. Hay Aitken writes:—

"I remember a circumstance which occurred when my uncle and I were taking a walk together

fication that you are so imperfect, and that you have to go so constantly to the Blood to sprinkle your holy things.

"Your comparison of the unholy touching of the ark, and the offering of strange fire and strange incense, is not a just one; for these were sins of presumption, in direct violation of express commands; whereas the sins you complain of are sins which you hate and desire to overcome. And in reply to another remark of yours, I don't see how the watching against such subtle sins, and praying against them, and striving to overcome them, can be called 'Antinomianism,' even though you had to go to the Lord seventy times in a day to tell Him of your failures, and seek pardon and cleansing, and get it, glory to God! And what do you think is the next sentence in your letter? Listen: 'Never had I such strong desires to do all for the Lord my God, and to give up my natural will for the perfect will of God.' Well, whose work is this? You answer, 'Of course, it is the work of the Holy Spirit.' What, then,—will not He who has begun this good work in you perform it until the day of Jesus Christ? God's faithfulness made Paul confident of this. I must give you another sentence out of your letter: 'When His love is so dear, and His presence so sweet, one would like to please Him more perfectly.' Thank God for such a desire; therefore go in utter weakness to His feet, and tell Him this, and He will be glorified in making His strength perfect in your weakness."

And to the same, some months later:—

"I must still sound a note of warning in your ear, that Satan's great aim at present is to get you simply to listen to his lie against God's love; knowing well that if you once listen, a further step downwards will follow, and then you will doubt His love. Milton truly and beautifully exclaims when contemplating the coming temptation of our first parents,

'Oh, for that warning voice which he who saw
Th' Apocalypse, heard cry in heaven aloud.'

If any one had told Eve the danger of her even listening to Satan's lie, and she had acted on such advice, she might have stood victorious over his power. This is the superiority of the new birth and divine nature implanted in us,—that it overcomes Satan through the power of Jesus. Yes! the most glorious way of gaining the victory is to have such a firm confidence in the excellency and purity of God's love through Jesus, that we do not even listen to any insinuation against it. Now, I advise you, that every time Satan attacks you with this temptation, you use the sword of the Spirit against him, and cut the temptation down with 'God is love—GOD IS LOVE.'"

To another friend he wrote:—

"Teignmouth, October 20th, 1862.

"I received your welcome letter of Friday this evening, and I find something in it which induces me again to look upwards for wisdom to write to you on some points. . . . I have two leading remarks to make: first, I do not think you see clearly the object that our Lord has in view, in the way by

which, of late, He has been leading you; second, the attacks and temptations of Satan are not our sins, unless we yield to them. Let me enlarge the first remark.

"If our faith were to go on day after day, and year after year, without any trial; instead of getting stronger it would in reality be getting weaker, just as a healthy arm tied up for a year, and not used, would be unable to lift at the end of that time the same weight that it could at the beginning. The aim, then, of the Holy Spirit is to keep our faith constantly in exercise, that it may grow stronger. But the very means used for this often afford opportunities for an enemy to re-awaken unbelief, and thereby to cause sad falls to the children of God. Such, however, is the wisdom as well as love of God, that from these falls He conveys to them fresh strength; and thus brings good out of the evil, by their looking up to Jesus for the power to overcome. The same grace which has conquered for you before will make you victorious now; for the promise is sure and true, viz., that sin in no way or shape shall have dominion over you. . . .

"And now for the second remark. The attacks of sin are not our sins unless we yield to them. The glory of God and the honour of Jesus consist, not only in saving sinners, but in rendering believers triumphant over that enemy who once held them secure in his bondage. But this could not be the case if Satan were bound, and not permitted to attack them. True, it does appear, that in the first beginning of divine life in the soul, the malice and

power of the enemy are restrained to a certain degree, in order to give time to the new-born child of God to acquire a little strength before entering into the hard battle. Even this mark of love, however, on the part of God is often made through Satan's cunning a means of evil, by inducing the believer to be careless and even presumptuous, and to say, 'I shall never be moved.' He is then allowed to attack the soul with all his wiles, and these are what we have to dread far more than his actual power. His greatest wile is, in some way or other, to separate us from Jesus; and just as he can accomplish this, more or less, he tosses us to and fro. One wile is that, when he puts a sinful thought into our heart, he tells us that it is our own sin; and if he puts many into us one after another, he then says, 'You are deceiving yourself in thinking you are God's child; how could He love one so evil as you are?' Or he says to a more advanced Christian, 'It is of no use your fighting the battle any longer—see, you have been trying for years and yet have made no real progress—else all these wicked thoughts would not arise in your heart.' But the glory of the Holy Spirit dwelling in us, is to make us meet each one of these attacks by an appeal to Jesus, and by resting on His love, and thus to turn the attack into a victory, and so, in the course of a series of hard assaults of the enemy, to gain a series of victories, of which Jesus gets the glory, whilst the believer gets the benefit. But, alas! through want of watchfulness, and sudden surprise, we are often overcome before we have even called for help, and the fiery dart is often allowed to penetrate before

we remember to put up the shield; and thus the temple in which the Holy Spirit dwells is afresh defiled. What then? It shall not remain so, for the believer flies to that all-cleansing blood which takes all guilt away, and thus is prepared again to fight the battle, more watchfully and prayerfully than ever. Then he gladly takes up the song of Micah, 'Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy; when I fall, I shall arise; when I sit in darkness, the Lord shall be a light to me.'

"And now I must notice one more thing, which I often hear from the mouths of believers, but which, although it contains a measure of truth, sometimes leads to a great deal of danger: This is, 'I know He has forgiven His erring child, but I cannot forgive myself.' In this there is a certain amount of humility and contrition, but there is also a danger of giving Satan an advantage over you; for, whilst brooding much over your past fall, you may be forgetting to watch against the coming attack; and whilst not forgiving yourself, you may be to a certain extent weakening your complete sense of His forgiveness, and so weakening your power to fight. Let me try to illustrate my meaning from a worldly matter which actually happened, though I may not be quite sure of particulars. Two armies were opposed to one another at Bannockburn, Bruce's and Edward's. Bruce had given to Randolph a particular post to guard, on the maintenance of which perhaps the safety of his army depended. Randolph was negligent. The English made a sudden assault, and drove his troops back, seizing the post. Bruce

rode up to Randolph and said, 'A chaplet has fallen from your brow to-day, and you have endangered the honour of your country.' Now Randolph might have acted in one of two ways. He felt deeply the truth of the remark, and saw the error he had committed, and he might have said, 'I cannot forgive myself, and I must go mourning on account of my folly;' or he might have replied, 'I have done very foolishly, but I will only fight the more bravely, and regain that point or perish.' He chose the latter, and he chose wisely. Believers also show their contrition for a past error better by greater watchfulness and courage for the future, than by repining under the memory of the fall. I do not think that we have any right to remember what Jesus has put away, except, in so far as the remembrance will magnify His pardoning love, and then it combines both sorrow and rejoicing. Any other kind of memory will weaken instead of giving strength; unless, indeed, it be a memory of the way by which Satan got the better of us, and thus we are taught more watchfully to guard against that way.

"I trust I have not, in all that I have written, 'darkened counsel by words without knowledge,' for I know that the Lord has made you far more fit to teach me than I am to teach you; but He does make use of His servants to stir up one another, and He may bless to your further help some portion of what I have written."

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, July 2nd, 1863.

"MY DEAR MARY,—Last night I had the pleasure of receiving your letter thanking me for the

copy I sent you of my little work on the operation of the Holy Spirit. May it be blessed to the strengthening of your soul; as the writing of it has been to my own, by leading me to contemplate more earnestly the glory of believers being made the temple in which the Holy Spirit of God deigns to dwell; and the necessity of keeping the temple purified, so that that holy and loving Friend may not in any way be grieved, but may delight to dwell in us, and to make us more and more like unto Jesus. It is very sweet to find that this is your desire also, and confidently to expect 'that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.' What a blessed truth it is, that our Saviour not only saves us from the guilt of sin, but also from its power, and this is what we should be continually pressing forward to attain. No doubt our enemies are many and powerful, and they find too often an open door through our old natures, through which they can attack us; but, thank God, He that is for us is greater than they that are against us. Have you thought much upon the different ways in which Satan attacks the children of God? He is represented as a roaring lion, walking about seeking whom he may devour (1 Peter v. 8); and again, as a very cunning enemy, who tries to mislead us by his wiles (Eph. vi. 11); and again, as a malignant spirit, who first tempts us to sin, and then accuses us before God of having sinned (Rev. xii. 10, 11). And yet, notwithstanding his mighty power, weak worms like you and I can overcome

him, through our faith in the blood shed for us on Calvary, and through the word of our testimony as to the love of Christ for us. You tell me that you find a great difficulty in bearing witness for Jesus to others—who does not? It is Satan's way to do all he can, after he has lost us, to hinder us from honouring our Master, and to make us damage His kingdom. But go and tell Jesus of your difficulty; for it is His glory to help you and make you strong. Never keep away from Him because you are weak, but let your weakness be made perfect in His strength. Yours affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

Mr. Grant had himself suffered great spiritual loss from the wiles of Satan, who had so successfully approached him on the side of worldly conformity in the old days of his Laodicean Christianity. As the years of his working life rolled on, his warning voice on this subject grew ever louder and louder; especially in his work among the young. The following letters well exemplify this phase of temptation. I subjoin, though out of date, some practical thoughts which he gathered on the same subject at a Conference of Christians.

"Marine Parade, Penzance, January 18th, 1863.

"MY DEAR M.,—Mrs. Fenton has sent me a letter of yours to her to read, and it is the cause of my writing so soon again. Had you ever a friend attacked by illness, about whom you were kept in suspense, as to whether the disease might not be one

of a very fatal nature, although the symptoms were not yet sufficiently developed to enable a correct judgment to be formed? Such is the feeling I have respecting your soul. I fear the world has partly touched you with its infection, and I dread lest the disease be developed to the severe injury of your soul. True, you have a safeguard at present to keep you from yielding to its temptations, in the earthly sorrow with which you were so severely tried a few months ago; but that is no real protection against Satan and his wiles; for time gradually erases from the memory this kind of sorrow. 'It is *godly* sorrow that worketh repentance, . . . but the sorrow of the world worketh death.'

"See, too, in what a cunning way your enemy is casting his fiery darts into your soul: first, he is accustoming you to frivolous conversation, which four months ago you would have shrunk from in disgust at its unsuitableness to your state of feeling. He has votaries of his pleasures who are far more ready to act for him than the children of God are to act for His glory. Look at the command respecting foolish talking and jesting, in Eph. v. 4. If you were to talk to those frivolous visitors about the eternal interests of their souls, do you think they would like to listen to you? Certainly not. They would most probably ridicule and censure you to your face—at any rate, behind your back—because their carnal minds could not value spiritual truths. And do you think that you can indulge in vain conversation without grieving the Holy Spirit of God who dwells in you? If you read the warning not to do this,

as contained in Eph. iv. 29, you will see how strongly St. Paul speaks against corrupt communication, and commands that conversation which is good to the use of edifying, that it may be a means of doing good to others. But if you lose the power of the Holy Spirit through grieving Him, how are you going to fight Satan? I fear you will then be at his mercy, and be tossed to and fro by him like a wave of the sea. And how cunningly do those votaries of the wicked one attack you, 'We don't ask you to join our pleasures just at present,' they say, 'but come as a looker-on.' Oh, how kind! This was just the way that Satan attacked our Lord, for he showed Him the kingdoms of the world and their glory, before he invited Him to partake of them. No doubt there was one little condition attached to the receiving of them, which the world may think a mere trifle, but from which His holy and pure mind shrunk back in indignation, 'Fall down and worship me;' and do you suppose that you will escape this condition also, if you are led back to those vain pollutions of an ungodly world from which you have escaped? It would indeed be a master-stroke of the great Tempter, if he could persuade you of this. Do you think the Holy Spirit would accompany you into a ball-room, and assist you in all the frivolous occupations (to use a mild term) of its votaries? Would you dare even to offer a secret prayer in such a place, that He would help you to carry on the foolish talking? Perhaps you may think that I am writing very strongly, but do you know why I do so? It is because you appear to me to be sliding imperceptibly

down an inclined plane, which leads to a terrible precipice; and as you do not seem to observe the abyss below you, I am trying to shout 'Danger' in your ears.

"Not only does Satan lead you to take a part in conversing about worldly pleasures, but he is accustoming you to think about them, and to look upon a return to them as something that must occur in the course of events. See what you say: 'I can remember when I used thoroughly to enter into gaiety at Christmas-time, and know not how it can be otherwise if spared till next winter; all my friends live in similar gaiety.' But do Christ's friends so live? I thought when it pleased Him to call you by His Spirit, and make known unto you His wondrous love for you, He bought you and made you His own, and that the command given to you is, 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate,' and then, 'I will be a Father unto you, saith the Lord Almighty.' Is it a light thing thus to trifle with the love of God, and return to that out of which His love has rescued you? Do you know where declension first begins? Always in thought, and I fear it has begun in you, my poor dear child. Do you recollect those sad words in 2 Peter ii. 20; I must copy them here, for they seem as if sent to be a warning to you:—'For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning.'

"You complain that you have no friend to sym-

pathize with you and to share your feelings: Is that a wonder when you seek your friends amongst the gay of this world? Had you treated them with Christian love, and dealt faithfully with them, though you might have met with scoffs and reproaches occasionally, yet the Holy Spirit might even now have given you the delight of rescuing souls from destruction. The whole cause of this declension of divine life in your soul is your timid unfaithfulness to your Master; you have been afraid to confess Him before men, as having made you one of His own redeemed ones. But have you no fear that He may be ashamed to confess you before His holy angels hereafter? Do you think you can hide from Him what is passing in your heart, or deceive Him by a formal outward service, whilst the heart returns to the world? Have you ever seriously considered the nature of the excuse which you have put on paper for not honouring Him now before the world? You say, 'I cannot speak against such things, when perhaps, if all is well, next winter I shall again be one of the party;' and you add in another part, 'Better not make a Christian profession than not keep it;' but when you are once more one of the merry party of the world, will you any longer be one of Christ's Christians? You will of course continue one of the world's Christians; for their religion admits of these things, but the Word of God is very plain in saying that 'the friendship of the world is enmity with God;' and adds, 'Whosoever therefore will be a FRIEND of the world is the ENEMY of God.' Can you imagine a more plain and simple warning against the snare laid for you than that

which the Holy Spirit thus gives? But now shall I open to your view a little of what seems passing in your own heart, though perhaps not yet clearly observed by you. You have no objection that your worldly friends should consider that the loss of a dear relative is keeping you back from gay society; for that in their eyes is a legitimate excuse, and you will thereby meet from them much sympathy, even as you have already done. But if they thought that it was the love of Jesus which was keeping you back, and if they believed that you had indeed truly enlisted under His banner, then the most of them would shun you as a person infected. A few might flutter about you to try the effect of scoffing and ridicule; and perhaps one or two be led by your boldness for your Master to come and ask you to help them to escape from the bondage of Satan and lead them also to Jesus. Oh what a sad thing indecision in religion is! Our Lord compares it to the vain attempt of a servant to serve two opposite masters. I dare say I am tiring you by writing so strongly on this matter (although I hope I shall not offend you by being faithful), therefore I shall just make one more remark. It is written in the Word of God, 'If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' Do you think that after you have returned to the gay pleasures of the world next Christmas, you will then any longer be able to say 'old things are passed away.' But next Christmas! where may many of those gay people be by that time? where may you be? Oh, but you say 'if all is well.' Oh, how

different is your meaning of that expression from God's meaning: He says, 'As many as I love I rebuke and chasten,' or, as the original means, 'I convince of sin, and discipline.' Believe me to remain, yours affectionately,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"Morab Villa, Penzance, February 23rd, 1864.

"MY DEAR M.,—There is one characteristic about your letters which is a very pleasing one,—namely, that you always speak the truth out plainly about yourself, without making excuses that might tend to mislead. I do not send this reply to your last letter with a hope of shaking your opinion about balls and parties, for that must be the work of the Spirit of God; when He shall be pleased to open your eyes, to see what is meant by 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.' All of these I think you will admit to be included in the term, 'pomps and vanities of this wicked world,' which at the time of your confirmation you took upon you to renounce in the presence of God and the congregation. To be sure you may say that such is not the world's acceptation of the terms; and no wonder that it is not so, for the Lord tells us 'the world hates Him;' and St. James says 'that the friendship of the world is enmity with God;' and St. Paul says 'that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him, neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' But I do advise you to go to the throne of grace and ask God

to teach you by the Holy Spirit what it is 'to present your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service' (Rom. xii. 1), especially as this injunction is followed by 'Be not conformed to this world.' The world will tell you that it will be time enough to attend to those over-strict minutiæ when you can no longer enjoy its pleasures; and it is quite true that sickness becomes the time for many a closed spiritual eye to be opened; as we find in those touching lines of the Princess Amelia, youngest daughter of George III., whose untimely death is supposed to have led to the insanity of the old king.

'Unthinking, careless, thoughtless, young,
I laughed, and played, and danced, and sung,
And in the hour of childish glee
I thought the world was made for me;

'But when the day of sorrow came,
And sickness racked the wasting frame,
Oh then I thought how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.'

"I have been led away, however, from the object which I had in writing to you, which is to point out that you rest the matter of gaiety upon 'how far it hurts you or not.' Now I wish to show you, that the very essence of this plea is 'self,' which is to be crucified, and not gratified, in the true Christian. The question to be settled is,—how far does your present life hurt the Lord Jesus Christ, and, how far is it the life such as He would lead were He now upon earth? When St. John glories in our being

sons of GOD, he adds, 'We know that when Christ shall appear we shall be like Him,' and he tells us that the effect of this is 'that every one that hath this hope purifies himself, even as Christ is pure.' Have *you* got this hope of seeing Christ at His coming in glory? Would it be pleasure to *you* were the heavenly trumpet to sound just whilst you are reading this letter? Do you consider that *you* are trying 'to purify yourself even as He is pure?' The opinion of many Christians is, that the LORD's coming draweth near; and St. Paul says that 'a crown of righteousness is laid up for them that love His appearing;' do you come under this description? Do you think of it with joy? Well do you know the joy with which you expect any one you love dearly to return home, when he is absent; for you have naturally a warm, affectionate heart. Have you any foretaste of this joy about the return of the One who has done more for you than any other in the world, and whom you profess to love? I don't like to write more on this point, for I have said enough to lead you to examine your heart, if the Spirit will bless it; and if not, twenty pages would be of no use.

"That GOD in His infinite love may grant you the enlightening of His Holy Spirit, is the prayer of your affectionate friend,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

On another occasion he wrote:—

"What a true remark is that made by ——, that it is a difficult position, when necessarily obliged

to be *in* the world, and yet not *of* it. There is but one way of being protected from its power, viz., to carry Jesus into it, and seek occasions to speak for His glory. The consequence will be that one half of the world will soon shun you; a quarter of it will look upon you with surprise; and out of the other quarter you may discover some true friends worth having. It is wonderful how little will frighten the world."

The following pointed sentence occurs in a letter to a young friend :—

"And now a word about yourself, dear child. Take care that your heart is not gradually poisoned by the touching of the unclean thing. I tremble for you, knowing how hard it is to lead a consecrated life even apart from the world; and how impossible, when 'in the world.' True, you may be willing to lift up a testimony in those parties, but may not the Lord ask 'What doest thou here, A. B.?' when you are found amongst His enemies. What said the prophet to Jehoshaphat, 'Shouldest thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord? therefore is wrath upon thee from before the Lord.'" . . .

"Arndilly, November 11th, 1869.

"One of the questions at the Glasgow Conference was, 'How to manifest the Spirit of Christ in our social intercourse?' and I thought that this important subject was dealt with in far too compromising a spirit. In Glasgow many Christians have become very rich during the last twenty years; and for the benefit of their children, they think that they

must now mingle with the world. Such is their theory. And so I was considered rather strait-laced when I advised that Christians should begin by considering 'with whom they ought to have social intercourse?' At the recent Conference in Stirling a similar discussion took place, on 'How Christians may best recommend Christ to the world?' and the almost unanimous decision of about twelve speakers was:—

"1st. By making no compromise with the world; for that good never resulted from Christians meeting the world half way.

"2nd. By gentleness of conduct under all provocation.

"3rd. By cheerfulness under trials and difficulties, through resting secure in the love of Jesus.

"4th. By keeping in mind our high calling; to live to the glory of our Master, and not to self, and therefore to be ever seeking opportunities of winning souls to Jesus.

"5th. By keeping ourselves in the back-ground, and putting forward the glory and dignity of Jesus.

"6th. By being well grounded in the Word of God, and ready to use it as opportunity occurs.

"7th. By taking every meal as if it were a sacrament, and living every day as if it were a Sunday. (See 1 Cor. x. 31.)

"8th. By always manifesting a spirit of love; as it was said of Christians of old, 'See how they love one another.'

"9th. By making excuses for the mistakes of others, instead of exaggerating their errors.

"10th. By setting forth Christ himself as the

Great Power whereby evil is to be conquered, and good received by all willing to have it.

"11th. By keeping in mind that our unconscious, as well as our conscious, influence acts on others and therefore that we must always walk circumspectly as Christ's witnesses.

"12th. By not allowing the presence of worldly visitors in a house to make any difference in the religious observances of the family circle; and so keeping our colours always mast-high, without lowering them to honour the world.

"13th. By showing the world that we possess something which it has not got; and rejoicing always in that possession.

"14th. By keeping in mind that we are not our own property, but bought with a price; and, therefore, that we cannot go to any place where we must separate from our Master.

"15th. By inward conformity to Christ, as well as outward consistency of conduct."

"Pendeen Parsonage, March 25th, 1867.

"Your standing alone at home is a good reason for living nearer to Jesus than ever you have done; for sometimes human helps, however pleasant, are dangerous; through the tendency of our foolish hearts to substitute them for Christ himself. The very essence of Christ's teaching, is to be separate from the world, and to expect to be treated by it as He was treated, viz., hated—and why? Because He testified of it that its ways are evil, and His children must do the same. Well, now you have gone to

Aldershot, and you are in a position to show forth the colours under which you mean to fight, and thereby to honour your Master; or, by hiding them to dishonour Him. You see how boldly your sister shows her worldly colours. There is a Mission Hall there, which has been made the honoured instrument of winning many a soul to Jesus; and Mrs. Daniell, who conducts it, has proved the blessed messenger of love to hundreds; so your sister says boldly, 'You must not expect to go there,' and why not? If your sister knew Jesus as the Saviour who has saved her, she would not thus speak; but being still in bondage to the god of this world, she takes his part to hinder you. Well, I mean to put you to the test, for I am going to inclose in this letter one for Mrs. Daniell to tell her of you, and I expect that you will call and deliver it; two and a half miles is not very far to walk for this purpose, and she may find means of helping you as she has helped others. But if you do not mean to show your colours boldly, then send the letter to her; for it is to say that I am prevented by the work at Torquay and Weston from going to Aldershot this spring as I had intended.

"Now as to your questions about reading and music, I can only bid you be guided in these by the teaching of the Holy Spirit who dwelleth in you. The true rule is, to do nothing which will hurt the new nature that God has given you; or strengthen again the old nature which is to be slain (mortified, crucified, put to death). I myself see no harm in reading a book of history, but by your own acknowledgment there must be something not quite

right when the Word of God gets only half an hour out of the twenty-four, for study, by one who professes to be a temple of the Holy Spirit. In like manner about music,—there is nothing wrong in it abstractedly, but worldly music often makes the Lord's children very worldly, in a quiet and almost unconscious way: but you must judge for yourself on your knees before Jesus as to what is right or wrong. As to 'studying the Word of God being difficult,' no doubt this is true. But is not studying geology difficult? or a new piece of music? At first it may seem very difficult to keep a text in your mind, or think of it often, but after a little perseverance with prayer, it becomes more easy, and what we really need is, more of that fulness of the Holy Spirit which makes us love such things and delight to speak of them to others. I am glad that you have found the Lord Jesus to be A POWER, in enabling you to overcome indulgence of the flesh in the morning; for you said truly, when the day is thus begun, all seems to go wrong afterwards; and then what an inconsistency it appears to mere worldly professors. Continue to look unto Him for everything, and He will never fail you."

"Taunton, April 4th, 1867.

"Your former letter was of a very cheering kind in some respects; for in it you mentioned 'that you do not run into temptation,' and that, notwithstanding all your difficulties, you do love Jesus better than any other; and I ought to have replied to it sooner, but my hands have been very full of work

of one kind or another. Thank you for your present letter, telling me how graciously the Lord has since dealt with you, in taking you from London for a time, and giving you such a blessed opportunity of working for Him. . . .

"And now for a word or two about some of the drawbacks in your returning to London. The great object of God's dealings with His children is to make them conquerors of Satan through the power of Jesus, and thus to glorify His dear Son. Now, if we were hedged about and shielded from the attacks of the enemy, there would be no victory; but if we keep looking to the strength of Jesus to be made perfect in our weakness, then we have a Friend on our side greater than he that is against us. And you justly remark in this last letter, that one effect of the repeated attacks of Satan is to drive the weak one to Jesus. Yes, and this is a blessed effect; for these foolish hearts of ours are ever leaning on our own efforts, if not shaken from them. If then we view involuntary temptation aright, we may see it as a means of receiving a blessing out of the evil, for if we are thereby driven to hide in Jesus till it be passed, we thus know more of the blessedness of having such a refuge and such a friend."

"Haddo House, Aberdeen, November 14th, 1866.

"And now as to your letter. Satan does seem to have planned his attack very cunningly in letting you receive no warning; but He that is for you is greater than he that is against you; and the Lord's

glory is not to bind Satan yet, but to make the worm of earth overcome the wicked one. Perhaps he said of you as he did of Peter, 'Let me sift her, and I will show her to be but chaff.' And Jesus says, 'I have prayed for thee' so that you may boldly say, 'The Lord is my helper, I will not fear what man can do unto me.' And you recollect what I told you of that word 'helper' in Greek being 'one who runs to our cry.' May the Holy Spirit enable you to cast all your weight of fearfulness and trembling on that glorious Saviour, who is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him, and is able to save you."

I remember being struck one day by the way in which Mr. Grant told me that a lady had proposed to have dancing one evening at Arndilly—"in MY house!" he said, and repeated it with a look of grieved solemnity which I shall never forget, "in MY house!" It reminded me of the prophet's solemn question, "What have they seen in thy house?" Would that all Christians realized as thoroughly the harmony which ought to exist between their houses and themselves, as "habitations of God through the Spirit"! Then a certain petition in the Lord's Prayer would be less frequently neutralized by Christian householders, who use it, yet are themselves *leaders* into worldly temptation.

CHAPTER XV.

CONSECRATION LIFE.

"Know, the first step in Christian lore
Is to depart from sin;
True faith will leave the world no more
A place thy heart within."

Marperges, 1713.

"Jesu, Name all names above,
Jesu, best and dearest;
Jesu, Fount of perfect love,
Radiant, tenderest, nearest.
Jesu, Source of grace completest,
Jesu purest, Jesu meetest;
Jesu, Well of POWER divine,
Make me, keep me, seal me Thine!"

A.D. 890.

As the years rolled on, Mr. Grant's teaching, correspondence, and conversation became ever more and more turned to the subject of Christian life. Unconverted souls were still seen by him in the light of an endless eternity far more clearly than by most of us; and to the last moment of his working-day life the motto of "Woe is me if I preach not the gospel," was still applicable to him. He had the increasing conviction, however, that to bear the rousing messages of their Lord to inactive, low-living Chris-

tians, was an excellent way of reaching perishing souls, —fresh workers being thus sent into His vineyard.

An incident which occurred at Weston-super-Mare also greatly impressed him as to the need of entire consecration, even among those whose outward lives were entirely devoted to God. The Countess of Cavan writes: "I have thought that the memoir of dear Mr. Grant should not be completed without some notice of the three visits which he paid to Weston-super-Mare on his way to Torquay. He visited us at the Lodge in 1866, speaking with power in our hall, on Paul before Agrippa. In 1867, although not with us, he was unwearied in the work, for weeks after the great blessing in connection with Lord Radstock's visit. In 1869 he was again our visitor, and worked with Mrs. Daniell, her daughter, Miss Waldegrave, and others. His last address was in our hall to about one hundred ladies and gentlemen, and is often recalled with adoring gratitude. It was during the former visit that a lady requested a few words with him concerning her soul, and left that afternoon rejoicing in the Lord her Saviour. Mr. Grant's surprise was great to find that her's was one of the most externally consecrated lives in the place, and that she had been used in the conversion of many. Yet she had never before felt the power of the Spirit for vital union and communion with Christ."

"Winterfold, April 13th, 1869.

"I have seen a great many interesting cases of conversion during the last six months; and a good many instances of souls hardening their hearts

against the message of love. How easy the Lord makes the work when the Spirit is welcomed; how impracticable is it when He is resisted! But there is another part of the work just as much needed as conversion, viz., to get the Lord's people more entirely consecrated to His service, and more given to hold communion with Him, as with one who loves them; and this result obtained gives quite as much joy in heaven as the other. . . .

"My efforts have been much more directed this winter towards urging on believers to live worthy of their high calling, than to evangelizing work. There are many willing to undertake the latter work; but the former is equally needed, and too much neglected. Oh, it is so sad to see those who profess to have enlisted under the banner of Jesus—and who have, to all appearance, experienced a saving change of heart—gradually dragged back again, and entangled in those snares from which they had been set free and in danger of being overcome by them; and far more, to find them so blind to their danger and ingratitude, that they will even defend their conduct, on the plea that there is a danger of becoming over-religious, and that they cannot be expected to give up the world entirely. Have you ever read Boardman's 'Higher Life,' in which he talks of 'second conversions'? I don't approve of the name; but the work itself is a true one, being, as it were, a fresh energy infused into the soul by the Holy Spirit, leading converted people to aim at something higher than merely to be saved; and making them earnestly desire to live altogether to the glory of God. There

is a frightful laxity of purpose prevailing in the religious world in the present day, so far as I observe.... Perhaps you may, when stronger, find it useful in conversing with your young Christian friends, to test the extent of their self-surrender to their true Master, and lead them, through the blessing of the Holy Spirit, to discover if they are making any reserve. The way in which Satan tries to draw back converted persons is a very insidious one. The god of the unconverted man is in reality *self*, and when the saving change takes place, it is dethroned, and Christ exalted to reign in its room; but we cannot get rid of self, and therefore the constant struggle of our Tempter is to allow a little more liberty to self, and still a little more; until at length it endeavours to exert a *joint* authority with Christ. But the enemy does not mean to cease his temptations until self again reigns and Jesus is dethroned. The Word of God conveys many warnings of this danger, when it bids us 'mortify (or put to death) the deeds of the body;' 'mortify the members that are upon earth;' 'crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts,' etc., etc. I have seen some instances this winter of Christians aroused from a sleepy state to fresh energy of life. To speak to others on the need of this, becomes useful to oneself, in admonishing us to aim as high as we can, that we may *win Christ* in the fullest sense used by St. Paul in Phil. iii."

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, August 18th, 1865.

"MY DEAR MISS MARSH,—Your kind and very welcome letter received yesterday is just like

one of your dear efforts in striving to strengthen and comfort others; and may our gracious God bless abundantly to His own glory all your labours of love in His cause. It is indeed cheering to learn that bread cast upon the waters (as that in Malta may be said to have been), is now found to have fed the Lord's people, and thus to have glorified our blessed Saviour. Oh! what a needful work this is, especially in the present day, when so much is known of the first principles, but, alas! so little effort made to rise higher and enter more completely into oneness with Jesus. I know of nothing more painful than to see the way in which many of the Lord's loved ones, whom He hath in great mercy brought out of the death of sin into the life of reconciliation,—are now trying how little they can give up for Him who once gave up all for them. And not only to see them thus trying to serve two masters, but to hear them justifying their conduct, as absolutely necessary in order to get on *in* the world, or, at any rate, *with* the world. This is none other than the Laodicean spirit creeping in, which was so strongly rebuked by our Saviour as hateful in His sight; and the Lord's people to whom He has taught higher truths should, in every way possible, stir up believers to watch against it. I have met some very painful instances of its power, but, at the same time, seen of late some happy instances of young Christians bursting through its bonds, through the power of enlightening and strengthening grace, and rising brightly into a higher position of coming out boldly on the Lord's side. Boardman calls it second con-

version; but I do not like this term, for there are many such advances in the life of holiness, just like the many landing-places in a high flight of stairs, from each of which we take a fresh start You tell me that you have been passing through much sorrow of late, since your dear father was sent for by his Master. Shall I pity you? I dare not, but I may congratulate you; for our Lord says, 'As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten.' And oh, it is very sweet when the chastening bears the fruit you mention in your letter, 'of being drawn closer to Jesus, and enjoying foretastes of joy unspeakable and full of glory.' We all of us need the roots cut across, which are so apt to fasten us down to earth; so that we may live more above, and have our affections more centred there, where alone true happiness is to be found; and godly sorrow is one of the blessed ways of being so led, even when it springs from earthly sorrow."

On the doctrine of sanctification, he thus wrote to a friend:—

"As to sanctification, I must send you my thoughts after I can get them transcribed, as I have picked out the different texts on the subject in order to arrive at a just conclusion.

"In a work published by that excellent man, Mackintosh (who wrote Notes on Genesis and Exodus), I think he takes a dangerous view of sanctification as being complete at the time of justification; and afterwards only manifested by the work of the Spirit. I find some of the Church of England clergy-

men hold a similar view. My own view, from an examination of texts, is, that sanctification begins at the time of the new birth, inasmuch as the new nature is of the nature of Christ, and sinneth not; but that it is progressive through the life of the believer, just as a little child grows up to be a man."

The subject of "Perfection" he studied deeply, and was never afraid of that alarming word. I remember well the first time he used it to me; my consternation and my stock-arguments against it, all the time with an uneasy feeling that it was very uncomfortable and unreasonable that such should be expected of us. "But I do not speak of perfection of the flesh," he said, "but of Christian perfection, *i.e.*, the power of Christ fully manifested *in* us as well as *for* us." That evening he took it as the subject of a Bible-reading, giving us in the original the meaning of many passages where this doctrine is taught.* The lady to whom he wrote the following letter supplements it thus: "Mr. Grant and I were one day conversing on 'perfection.' He regretted the views taken by some Christians with whom he had met; who seemed to think that they had reached that state, and had no further need of the Blood, as they did not or could not sin. I remember well his remark, which harmonized well with the spirit of humility so well exemplified in himself; —'I think it is the plainest sign that such are far from having reached that state, when they think themselves that they have done so;

* See Appendix C.

the higher the Christian rises in the divine life, the more humble he will be, and the more he will feel how far short he comes of what he might and ought to be. Look at Paul; he said of himself, "I have not attained," though we should think that if any had, he had done so. We must constantly apply to the blood of Jesus for daily cleansing, till we are ushered into the presence of Jesus in glory; when self then ceases to be.'"

"Pendeen, February 13th, 1864.

"I have had my thoughts turned a great deal of late to the doctrine of perfection, from having to answer the letter of an inquirer on the subject. If that weak frame of yours will permit, please give me your thoughts on the subject. 1st, Is a state called perfection set before us in Scripture? 2nd. What description is given of it? 3rd. How may it be attained?

"As to the first: In Hebrews we read of the pardoned, the sanctified, and the perfected (Heb. ix. 14; x. 10, 14). Paul speaks of those who are sanctified wholly (1 Thess. v. 13; Eph. iv. 12, 13).

"St. John in his 1st Epistle ii. 12, 14, describes three stages of Divine life under the figure of 'little children,' 'young men,' and 'fathers;' and the last one is a very high one. St. Paul mentions (Eph. iii. 19) the being 'filled with all the fulness of God;' and our Lord (John xiv. 23) speaks of the Father and the Son dwelling in the believer, as well as the Holy Spirit. Thus I believe there is a high

state of sanctification which is scripturally called perfection, or a being made perfect; and to this I think St. Paul refers when he says in Phil. iii., 'Not as though I had already attained—either were already perfected' (it is the participle of the verb that is used here); and in case people might think this mere *humility*, he repeats it: 'Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended;' and he also says, 'I follow after, if that I may lay hold of that for which Christ Jesus has laid hold of me.'

"We see from this teaching that there is a state to which Jesus is desirous to bring us; and now let us see what this state is not.

"It is not a state in which Satan cannot attack us, for then it would be something higher than Jesus Christ himself attained to, who was attacked at different periods of His life; in the wilderness—by Satan through Peter ('Get thee behind Me, Satan')—and in His last great struggle ('The Prince of this world cometh,' etc.). Besides, Satan is not yet bound, but is permitted to attack the Lord's people; because it is the glory of Jesus to deliver them from his utmost malice. Again, it is not a state in which the old nature is rooted out, but only crucified; ready to revive again were the believer to lose hold of Christ as his strength —a ground of watchfulness, but not of fear (1 Cor. ix. 2, 7). Again, it is not a state in which a stock of grace can be laid up to-day that will serve for to-morrow; for the life of the child of God is one of continued dependence; and there must be a constant receiving of grace, and a giving out of the same, in order to keep the soul in a healthy state—'grace for

grace.' Neither is it a state of inaction, in which the soul has arrived at a point when it may take its rest, saying, 'I am safe, and have nothing more to do;' for it is one of constant spiritual activity, either pouring forth praises to God for what He has already bestowed, or seeking fresh blessings at His hands, both for ourselves and others, that Jesus may be more and more glorified in and by us.

"Now let us see what it is.

"1. It is a state for the sake of which the Lord Jesus has laid hold of us, namely, 'That He may present us holy, unblameable, and unreprovable in His sight (Col. i. 22). It was the object of His being sent from heaven (Acts iii. 26).

"2. It is a state in which we get above first principles; not casting them away, but building upon them the superstructure of 'Holiness to the Lord,' as it is written, 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord' (Heb. vi. 1, xii. 14).

"3. It is a state in which the believer may conquer every attack of Satan; for in the stages of Divine life given by St. John, the young men have overcome the wicked one, and realize the promise, 'He that is begotten of God keepeth himself' ('watcheth,' same Greek word used in Matt. xxvii. 36, 54); 'and the wicked one toucheth him not' (1 John v. 18).

"4. It is a state in which the believer is victorious over self, as well as over Satan, and has his own will subdued unto the will of Jesus, as His will was subject unto the will of His Father; so that he is not only resigned to whatever comes to him, but

is satisfied with it as the very best, because it flows from Divine love.

"5. It is a state of union to Christ here, which prepares us for being closely united to Him hereafter, a conformity to Him in thought, and word, and action, which is the result of His being the life of the soul; in short, it is an 'abiding in Him' (1 John iii. 6, 24).

"6. It is a looking for and loving the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ (2 Tim. iv. 8), which assists in keeping the soul in a state of preparation for being called on high to meet Him at His coming; for Paul tells us that his aim was by every means to 'attain unto the resurrection from among the dead'—*i.e.*, the 'first resurrection' (Phil. iii. 11.; Rev. xx. 5).

"It remains now to examine the most difficult point of all—how to attain to this state; and I would fain leave that part for you to write to me about; but I may put down a thought or two, so far as my paper permits.

"1st. We cannot attain to it by a sudden change, as in the passing from death unto life in conversion, for it is a work of progress, passing through stages. These are represented (1 John ii. 12—14) in figurative language denoting justification, sanctification, perfection; but unless we possess the first, we cannot reach the second; and unless we get to the second we shall not reach the third.

"2. It is not the old nature that passes through these stages of progress, but the new creature which has been begotten in us by the Holy Ghost at con-

version, as a little child is born into the world. But the old nature will pass through stages of being slain or crucified, just in proportion as the new creature grows and takes possession of the man; and it is the Holy Spirit dwelling in us which strengthens and builds up this new creature, until the old nature is entirely crushed, though never eradicated.

"3. The means whereby this entire victory is arrived at are well described in Paul's own experience in Phil. iii. 9, 10.

"I cannot enter into particulars further than to say that verse 9 describes what Christ does *for* the believer, and verse 10 what Christ works *in* the believer—both operations being by the Holy Spirit; each stage of verse 10 is also in itself progressive."

To all who knew the man the following sentences of self-deprecation are so exquisitely characteristic, and so absolutely genuine, that I cannot but quote them:—

"And now I have a favour to ask you. I feel so pained when you write to me as if I were more advanced than yourself and other dear Christians in the divine life; for all the time my conscience bears me witness that I am such a poor, wretched specimen of the new creature; and I want to be nothing but a poor worm lying at the feet of Jesus, that I may catch a little glance of His wondrous love and glory. I have so continually to go to Him and say, 'Lord, how canst Thou bear with one like me, who have profited so little by all the grace Thou hast lavished

on me.' Oh, I just want to be allowed to follow, as a humble helper in the Lord's cause, any one whom He is pleased to honour; therefore do not write to me as if I were anything more than an unfaithful, unprofitable servant. What I shall do when my dear nephew leaves for England on the 27th inst. I do not know; but I can still lie at the foot of the cross and say, 'Do what Thou pleasest, and that will be best of all.' . . . I never so felt as now that it is Jesus Himself who is the joy and happiness of His children. Nothing short of this will do. Why, this is the highest point to which a believer can attain, for it is the mark given by St. John in his 1st Epistle (ii. 13, 14): 'I write unto you, fathers, because you have known Him that is from the beginning;' that is the Lord Jesus, as seen by chap. i. verse 1. But did not the young men, and little children also, know the Lord Jesus? was it not through Him—and Him alone—they had become children, and grown up to young men? Yes; but they often looked elsewhere for help, as well as to Jesus; thus often fearing, doubting, falling, rising. Now they have learned, whilst growing from young men up to fathers, to look solely to Jesus for everything, and thus to make Him their all in all."

So also in a time of occasional illness of a more severe character than usual, he wrote:—

"When I felt, ten days ago, that I was about to enter into the more immediate presence of holiness and purity, oh, how utterly vile did everything of self appear—how impossible it was to look with com-

placency on any one thing of my own; but then it was so sweet and peaceful just to rest on Jesus, to embrace His finished work as mine, and to appear before an all-holy God clothed in His complete righteousness to hide all my filthy rags. This, and this alone, can support in the day of trial; and how mad are those who think that they can stand on any other ground in that solemn hour; or who put off to a bed of sickness the season of being reconciled to God. These things seem to me more important than ever; and that it is worth living only to try and glorify Jesus by opening people's eyes to His wondrous love." . . .

"Gateshead, April 19th, 1869.

"I had the pleasure of receiving your letter on Saturday evening after my arrival from Worcestershire, and must devote a short time this morning to reply—that is, if I am not interrupted; and yet I hardly know what to say. On the one hand, I am afraid of chilling that earnest desire after Jesus Himself, and that longing to dwell constantly in His presence, which stands out so prominently in your letter; and on the other, I desire to check your idea of thinking that I have attained to something far higher than I have; which is likewise so strongly expressed by you, that I seem as if I had been unintentionally misleading you. The life of faith which I seek to lead, is a calm, unchanging certainty that I am loved and cared for by our blessed Master, not on account of anything in myself, but solely through His own unmerited grace. I can therefore love Him in return, even when I see how far short I come

of what I desire to be, and can go and confide to Him all my failings; quite assured that they will not change His love, because He knew them all before I did, and knows them to a far greater extent than I can. It is just my deep sense of my own worthlessness and weakness that makes me seek to rest entirely upon Jesus, and to know that He will not throw me away on account of the trouble I give; any more than the mother throws away her child on account of its troublesomeness."

"Free Church Manse, Kirkpatrick,
"May 25th, 1867.

"MY DEAR MISS T.,— . . . And now as to the difficulties which you mentioned, you are not the first child which has complained of not liking school; but parents keep children there notwithstanding, for their future benefit. You are God's child, and He is educating you. . . . Thus you must learn the needs be of looking to Jesus continually to keep you safe, even in things which you may suppose conquered, and thus you are continually glorifying Him for His love. When you found that slothfulness in the morning had again resumed its power, your only safety was to go and tell Jesus, and ask Him again to conquer it for you. So also in like manner with novel-reading. The higher a Christian rises in the Divine life, the more he learns his own helplessness, and the blessedness of having Jesus as a friend always beside him, to take his part, and conquer Satan and all his temptations for him. This, you will say, is very humiliating, for ought I not to

acquire more strength as I advance? No; only acquire greater knowledge of your true source of strength, and greater willingness to use it; and thus learn the necessity, as well as the happiness, of constant communion with our Saviour. This is the education which you are receiving at present, and may the Holy Spirit teach you to glory in it, and so to learn of your Master to be meek and lowly."

Mr. Grant's practical mind saw that higher truths wherever intelligently received, MUST prove the death-blow to Antinomianism, the language of which is, "We may continue in sin that grace may abound;" whereas, with the apostle, he ever exclaimed, indignantly, "God forbid! How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein!" The constant cleansing of abounding grace, in his teaching, went ever hand in hand with the duty of allowing the same abounding grace to work progressive sanctification within. He was ever prompt and decided in teaching the entire surrender of ourselves to God, in order thus to be made what He would have us to be. Thus, he writes:—

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, June 24th, 1867.

"Yes, my dear Miss W., the love of Jesus may grow so strong and powerful in the heart as to swallow up every earthly love and become the all-engrossing desire of the soul. But oh, how hard to be attained, and why? Because we do not like to part entirely with that which pleases the old nature. If the Lord Jesus would only let us share our hearts

with that which gratifies the flesh, then all would go smoothly; but He will not, for He is a jealous God, and will not allow Satan to rob Him of a portion of His property on any pretence. When His professing people do this, they help Satan, and forget that they are 'no longer their own, but bought with a price.'

"It is well that the Holy Spirit has put it into your heart to desire this entire surrender of yourself; but when you try to act upon it, you will find the enmity of Satan aroused to a greater degree than you have yet known; and mountains of difficulty rising around you, over which he will tell you that you cannot pass. Faith, though but as a grain of mustard-seed, can cast them into the sea; but it is wonderful how little real faith any of us have, though we speak as if we had much.

"Our blessed Master, in His human relationship to God the Father, is an example of that which you are desiring. He was one with the Father, and in John xvii. He prayed that all who believe on Him might be one in Him, EVEN as He was one with the Father. If we wish to understand more particularly the nature of this oneness, let us examine what His life on earth was. First, He put off all His heavenly glory that He might depend in His new position completely upon His Father. This was humility without any alloy of pride; and the source of it was a deep sense of the Father's unchangeable love for Him. Now if we had a like sense of Christ's unchangeable love for us, whom He has bought at such a price, we should have no fear of putting all that we have, and are, entirely into His

hands, to let Him do what He pleases with us, confident in our certain safety. Thus we should understand what He means when He says: 'Take no thought for the morrow' (literally, do not 'divide your mind about to-morrow'), and also what St. Peter says: 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you' (literally, 'for He is interested in you').

"Again, when Jesus had put off His heavenly glory, He submitted His will entirely to His Father's will; as we read, 'Lo, I come to do Thy will;' and again, 'My meat is to do the will of Him that sent Me, and to finish His work;' and again, 'The cup which My Father has given Me, shall I not drink it?' Now when we learn to put off our own earthly glory (another name for self), and place ourselves entirely in the hands of Jesus, then we learn to prefer His will to our own; confident that all things are working together for our good, whether we like them or not, for they are in accordance with His will. Thus we should comprehend the meaning of His expression: 'He that hath My commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me;' or, in other words, 'He that submits his will to Mine in everything, he it is who loveth Me.' This complete submission of our wills is expressed by the term 'meekness.' You may now say that it is well to know all this, but 'how am I to attain it?' Jesus replies, 'Be altogether My servant, and I will teach you to be like Myself;' and this will give you a quiet enjoyment greater than you have ever known. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest unto your

souls,' etc. (Matt. xi. 29). Yes, when you learn this glorious lesson from Jesus, He calls you no longer servant but friend; for He holds sweet intercourse with you even as He does with the Father. Again I remind you, that if you attempt to follow this higher life, Satan will present to your minds thousands of difficulties and obstacles, and will say that service of this kind is so grievous, and what it entails so burdensome, as to be utterly impossible to be followed. If you are taught by Jesus, however, you will find the service become an 'easy' one, and the burden to be a 'light' one; because His might and strength will be made perfect in your weakness, and His love will more than satisfy every demand of your heart. Then the very trials and hardships will appear sweet because borne for the sake of Him who is your life, and because they lead to a closer communion with Him through the severance of worldly ties. I often find persons who are longing to live this blessed life of entire devotedness, and yet shrink back when they see the roughness of the road over which they must thereby travel; and inclined, like Christian, to look for a side-path which they vainly hope will lead them the same way as the rough road, only more easily; but, alas! it often lodges them in the power of the Giant Despair; and so our Saviour warns us to count the cost, lest, having begun, we 'are unable to finish.'"

Very few people more thoroughly understood the principle of anomaly so apparent in Bible life: "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing;" fighting the good

fight of faith, yet Jesus fighting for us; walking on high places with Christ, yet low at His feet in self-abasement, learning of Him the while; utterly imperfect in the corrupt self, yet ever aiming after the perfection which is in Christ. Especially was the double side of the fight of faith always distinctly realized in Mr. Grant's own experience;—the closeness to the conqueror required for the faithful soldier; the putting on His armour, the using His strength; and, above all, the "watching unto prayer." "Your way of it is too easy," said a lady to him one day. "Just you try!" was his pithy answer. The following incident is characteristic of his teaching. In the summer of 1868, a friend sent Mr. Grant an illumination of the words: "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" to adorn his study. A few months later, on seeing the lady, he said how much he should like to have another of the same for the entrance-hall at Arndilly, and one for the other side as an answer, "Watch and pray." It was suggested that "Fight the good fight of faith," or some active text of that kind, would be a more suitable answer; but he would have none other, saying, "'Watch and pray' covers all. If the Christian watches, he will see when temptation comes; and if he at once cries for help to One who is able to keep him from falling, he will not enter into it." The texts were painted and put into Oxford frames, and he placed them in the hall at Arndilly just nine months before his death.

The following thoughts on watching will follow this anecdote appropriately:—

"Craigends, Renfrewshire, June 7th, 1866.

"MY DEAR MISS T.,—I am glad that you have overcome any annoyance that may have been caused by anything that I have written to you, and have been led by the Holy Spirit to search and see how far the things alleged are or are not true; for of course human instruments are always liable to err, and the safest way is to carry all to the Lord and ask Him to teach us. Thus, you see, you can point out a mistake made by me, in supposing that you were not converted years ago; of which, of course, I had no other means of judging, except your own description; but your present statement seems to make it plain that the Lord had drawn you then, and that you did pass from darkness to light at that time. It is pleasing to find that you did not rest upon the words of man, but looked up to God for a promise respecting the pardon of your sin of unbelief, and any other unforgiven sins; and the text in which the Spirit has led you to rest is a very blessed one, especially these two words, 'faithful' and 'just;' both so expressive of the character of God as revealed in Christ Jesus: the first expressing the impossibility of God's breaking His word; and the second enlisting God's justice on your side when you plead that Christ has done ALL for you, and has borne the punishment in your stead; for it would be unjust in God to punish Christ and also the believer. But now we come to the question in your letter: 'Must I never ask for the pardon of past sins?' and you add, 'there must be many which I have not confessed to

God because I have forgotten them.' To the first, I reply, that you are not to ask pardon of *past sins* which have already been forgiven; for God has *blotted* them out, no more to be remembered against you; and when He has done this, you are doubting His faithfulness and justice if you doubt their entire pardon. Praise and thanksgiving for His wondrous love through Jesus ought to be the language of your soul in that respect, as in Psalm ciii.: 'Bless the Lord,' etc., etc. As to the second point, 'that you may not have confessed particular sins,' I reply, that *confession* does not really imply the remembrance of each sin as the ground for forgiveness,—else who could be forgiven? When the Holy Spirit, working on our conscience, brings home the memory of certain sins, then we are bound to tell the Lord of them, if they have not already been pardoned; but it is as altogether vile in our old nature that the sinner goes to God through Christ. It is His blood, and not our confession, that takes the sins away; and rely upon it, that the earnest, watchful child of God will find plenty of sin in present daily life to keep him humble and lying at the foot of the cross, without needing to go back and rake up the ashes of former sins. You seem to acknowledge this, when you complain in the next part of your letter of the difficulty of watching and living like a child of God; and so we will look at the new life. You ask, 'How is it possible to live in the watchful state described as the life of the true Christian?' I am much inclined to think that if you were walking on a dangerous path, when going too near might

precipitate you over a precipice, you would not need many admonitions to keep away from the edge. Why? Because you know the value of the body. Soldiers, in a besieged town, generally contrive to keep behind the ramparts, because the balls continually passing might otherwise destroy them, and they know the value of this life. The answer, then, to your question is, that one who knows the inestimable worth of an immortal soul will seek to watch continually for its safety; for what can a man give in exchange for his soul? But you draw a distinction as to times of watchfulness, and say, 'I might do so when my life is quiet, but I cannot when in contact with worldly people;' that is, in other words, 'I might watch at times when there is not much need of watching, but I cannot at those times when danger is imminent;' just as if a soldier said, 'I will take care to keep behind the ramparts when there are few balls flying, but I cannot when there are many.' Now, if there is any time that you need watchfulness more particularly than at another, it must be when you are with worldly relatives and friends, and are likely to be led into evil by their example and conversation. There are two things, however, that you need to get a clearer sight of. First, Why has God dealt so graciously with you and drawn you to Jesus? Probably you will answer, 'To save me from hell and take me to heaven.' By no means. These are no doubt true consequences of God's loving dealing with you, but not His object; which is, to present you holy, unblameable, and unreprovable in His sight (Col. i. 22); or, in other words, 'to make you

like Jesus, by purifying you unto Himself as one of His peculiar people.' If, therefore, you are not seeking to attain to this end, you defeat God's object. The second point is, that you forget that you are no longer your own property, but have been bought out of slavery by the price of Christ's precious blood; and so, being His, are bound to glorify Him with your body and your spirit, which are His. If you are not seeking to do this, you are a robber of God; and well may the prophet ask, 'Will a man rob God?' Alas! will His own dearly-bought ones venture to rob Him? But perhaps you will reply to this: 'Oh, I do wish to be made like Jesus, and I do not wish to rob Him of myself, for I am His, and I glory in being His; but I complain of the difficulty, yes, even of the impossibility.' Well, thank God, the power is from Him, and He does not ask you to conquer, but to let Him conquer for you. 'Look unto Me, and be ye saved,' is the command; and the true life of the Christian is to look continually unto Jesus; for He has begun the work in your soul, and He is to carry it on, and to finish it, being 'the Author and Finisher of your faith' (Heb. xii. 2). Is it hard to do this? You may as well complain that it is hard for the patient to take the doctor's remedies when he is sick. And yet if the patient goes out when he is told to keep in the house, and eats luxuries and drinks wine when told to live sparingly, is it wonderful if he suffers for his folly? Let me ask you, Have you made up your mind to follow Christ as the Captain of your salvation? Perhaps you reply, 'Of course I have.' Then what kind of

soldier would he be who, every now and then, leaves his master and serves the enemy? See what you say: 'When with my relatives, I get carried away with the stream of opinion or of conversation, and forget God,' which, in other words, is to say: that when Satan sends them as tempters, you yield to them and join Satan's service. Now it is exactly at such a time that you should keep specially close to your Captain, telling Him your weakness and danger, and asking Him to fight the battle for you. And what a glorious position would you hold in such a case? A poor weak worm like you, surrounded by the friends of the prince of this world, and yet standing out boldly for your Master's honour! Do you recollect Milton's description of Abdiel; standing amidst all the surrounding enemies of God, 'Amongst the faithless, faithful only he'? Oh, seek to be like him; to be a confessor of Jesus in the midst of an ungodly world, in which you are to shine as a light. Another question you ask is: 'How can I know what the will of Jesus is?' In Rom. xii. 2, the Holy Spirit tells you that just as you give yourself up without reserve to the service of God, 'you will prove' ('learn by experience' is the true meaning) 'what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God,' the Holy Spirit dwelling in you as your teacher and guide into all truth."

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, October 17th, 1867.

"My dear Miss T.,—Your letter has reached me to-day, and there is something in it that induces me at once to write again to you. You say, 'I

could only go and tell the Lord Jesus that I would give up my own will altogether, and His should be followed.' And who led you to act thus? Was it not the Holy Spirit? Satan, however, feared that he would lose his power over you for ever, when he heard you thus surrender yourself to Him who has loved you and made you His own. So he told you a lie, with as much mixture of truth in it as would make it possible to be received by you. 'Ah!' he whispered, 'by-and-by you will fail altogether.' This is the lie; and the truth mixed up with it is, 'I can't trust myself.' Now if you were told to stand fast by trusting yourself, you might well tremble, and be quite certain that you must fall; but as the command is, 'Be strong in the Lord,' and also, 'Be strong in the grace that is in the Lord Jesus,' then, *whilst* you do this, you cannot fail, unless the Lord Jesus fails, and that is impossible. I believe you speak truly when you say that you have never learned rightly what it is 'to watch and pray.' Why this is just the hardest lesson of all for the child of God to learn; simple and easy as it may appear at first sight; and whenever he has learned that lesson thoroughly, he has reached that blessed state, called by St. John (in 1st Epistle, ii. 13), 'A young man, and described as, 'having overcome the wicked one.' I don't know a practice that I find more difficult, or in which I am falling short so continually, and yet there is no other way of gaining the victory over Satan and self; for Jesus alone can conquer. We have one great advantage, however, that when we set about watching for every attack of sin,

and crying for help against it, we get more and more strength to watch and pray given to us, and each victory helps us to trust Jesus the more next time. Also let us remember where the watching must begin, even at the very first commencement of sin, and that is in the thought. The conquering of sin is like the weeding of a flower-border, by pulling up the weeds whilst young and tender; which is more easily done than by waiting till they have strong roots; and if we conquer an evil thought through the power of Jesus, we shall thereby stop the evil word and the evil action which might have resulted from it. There is another point which I would advise you always to keep in view in the fighting of this hard battle, namely; 'that your safety does not depend on your love to Jesus, but on His love to you.' I was talking to a woman one day, who had a baby in her arms, about our safety in resting entirely on the love of Jesus for us, instead of on our love to Him; and I stopped short, and told her to throw her baby into the street as it was a trouble to her. She looked at me as if I was mad, and drew her child nearer to herself and kissed it. 'Oh,' I remarked, 'what keeps that baby safe? Not its love for you, but your love for it. And thus it is with Jesus. When you are His child, it is His love for you that preserves you safe; therefore, trust Him to the uttermost.'"

The Rev. W. Haslam sends me this short reminiscence, which precedes well the next letter:—

"I used to notice in Mr. Grant's teaching and

conversation how visibly he had to do with a living PERSON, and not merely with doctrinal truth. He was pre-eminently one who walked and talked in the light of God's immediate PRESENCE. His prayers were ever like direct speech to One who loved him and stood by his side."

"Liverpool, January 8th, 1867.

"MY DEAR MISS T., — It is quite evident from what you say, that you are not in a healthy spiritual state; but the difficulty is, to discern what is the matter. . . . The real evil, I believe, is that you do not fully perceive that the LORD JESUS CHRIST IS YOUR FRIEND. You can understand that He is your Saviour, who has died for you, and thereby purchased your pardon, and reconciled you to God; but you do not sufficiently know Him as an everlasting personal Friend, who has made you His own by purchase, who loves you as His own property, and whose desire is that you should be eternally happy. . . . You have prayed to Him to help you, but He does not seem to answer your prayer; and you are thus almost hopeless, and cannot tell what to do. This I believe to be your present state, and I will tell you the cause of it. You are trying to rob Christ of His glory, and He is letting you alone, to teach you that this must not be; and then the enemy is taking advantage of you to sow distrust of Him in your breast. Christ will not give His glory to man; and His glory is not only to save you from the condemnation of sin, but also from its power. You have accepted the first part of His offer, and believed in His complete deliverance

of you from the punishment of sin, without anything on your part except coming to Him and trusting His finished work for you, a poor, wretched, perishing sinner; but you are not prepared to give Him *all* the glory of delivering you from the power of sin, but are trying to do some of that work for yourself, and expecting Him to complete the remainder. You do not clearly see that just as it was your utter helplessness that led you to trust Christ entirely for the first, so it is your utter helplessness that must oblige you to trust Him entirely for the second, and allow Him to do for you what you cannot do for yourself; and thus bring you to ascribe all the glory of your salvation to Christ. You will ask then, Has a believer nothing to do in order to become holy? Yes; he has far more to do than he is willing to admit, for the work is one entirely opposed to the pride of his old nature. He has to watch and pray;—that is, to watch against the attacks of sin, and cry immediately for help from Jesus to overcome them; and then the promise is, that you shall not *enter into* the temptation; or in other words, its power shall be broken. In this way you discover your real helplessness, and learn what is meant by the strength of Christ being 'made perfect in your weakness'; and you live as a little child, entirely dependent, and casting all your care and all the difficulties of the fight upon Him who loves you. In carrying out this lesson of helplessness, however, you will soon find the difficulty of watching, and at once crying for help; and so you will fall into sin, for your enemy is always watchful to overcome you; and when this

happens, he will tell you that you need not fight any more, for he is too strong for you. Yes; but he is not too strong for Jesus, and therefore go at once to that loving Saviour, and ask Him to take the sin away, and believe it is forgiven through His blood, and so commence afresh looking to Him. You may ask, How often am I to do this? As often as you sin—seventy times seven, if needs be, in a day. 'Oh,' said people of old, to St. Paul, 'what a strange doctrine is this. Why, you will encourage people to sin if they get their forgiveness so easily;' but he replied, 'Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid' that any should be found amongst the Lord's children so thoroughly ungrateful as to turn the wondrous love of God into a reason for serving Satan. No; all this leads to a new principle at work in the soul, viz., the constraining love of Jesus leading us to love Him, because He has so loved us, and so to show our love by constant communion with Him; telling Him all our difficulties, falls, fears, and unbelief. Now, I think you may answer your question yourself, and here it is: 'Do you think that I may now go to Him and tell Him all, and believe that He will forgive the past?' Yes, but go instantly whenever you see or feel or know sin within yourself. Keep it out if you can;—but when it comes in, cast it out again through the blood at once. And so the Holy Ghost will delight to dwell in you, and make you more than conqueror through Him who loved you. One thing more: you say, 'I feel as if I ought not to be made happy.' Must not this be a suggestion of Satan, for does not St.

Paul say, 'Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice.' Who ought to be happy if not those whom Christ has saved through His blood, and who can say, 'Unto Him who loved us;'—etc. (Rev. i. 5, 6), not unto 'Him whom we loved,'—for our love is too mean to boast of.—Yours ever sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

CHAPTER XVI.

LATER CORRESPONDENCE.

"Who seeks in weakness an excuse,
His sins will vanquish never:
Unless he heart and mind renews,
He is deceived for ever.
Awake, my soul, awake,
Thy refuge quickly take
With Him, th' Almighty, who can save.
One look from Christ thy Lord
Can sever every cord
That binds thee now a wretched slave."

Marperges, 1713.

I PROPOSE in this chapter to give a selection from letters of Mr. Grant's later years, in which the topics recur again and again which were so prominent in his teaching, and which I have endeavoured hitherto, in some measure, to group into subjects. I am aware that I run the risk of some repetition, but each one contains reference to individual cases, which may present these truths to other souls in the same need:—

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, July 27th, 1866.

"MY DEAR MISS ——, Your letter of the 16th ought to have been sooner answered, but it arrived at

a time when I was absent, visiting a distant town, and holding daily meetings to proclaim the glad tidings of salvation, and visiting people during the day, so that I have had no spare time. It is not easy to reply to it; for, on the one hand, I may fall into the error of not declaring the full counsel of God; and, on the other, I may lay on a weak believer a burden which the Lord does not lay.

"First. You ask, 'Ought I to be so happy in the belief of all my sins being forgiven through the blood of Jesus, when I do not live as a Christian ought?' If your not living aright is owing to the weakness of the flesh, then you have the greater cause to rejoice in the pardon of every sin, because you have the greater need of pardon; but if you are wilfully continuing in sin that grace may abound, then you are mocking God, and sowing to corruption; and that, too, must be carried to Jesus as a sin needing forgiveness.

"Second. You say, 'But I yield to sin *before* looking to Jesus, and often forget to look to Him until I have been conquered by sin.' In this case, you must not only ask for pardon of the sin of not looking to Jesus, but also seek to be made more watchful and prayerful against sin, and to hate it more, so that you may shrink from yielding to it.

"Third. You say, That you fear you do not spend enough of time in private prayer and in reading the Word of God. You might as well expect your body to keep strong without food, as your soul to be strong without the use of that which feeds it. One excellent way of reading the Word is, to turn it

into prayer upon your knees, or whilst meditating on it.

"Fourth. You say that you have no talent for speaking on spiritual matters. How is it that you have talent for speaking on such worldly matters as interest you? Our Lord says, 'That out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh.' Get your heart more full of the wonderful love of Jesus in saving you, and of His willingness to save sinners, and this will make you speak. And remember, you are not to speak your own words, but those which the Holy Spirit gives you. Therefore, pray (in your heart) before you speak, and ask to be taught what to say. And don't be finding fault with what the Spirit gives you, but be satisfied, and ask more next time, and so on, for grace grows by use.

"Fifth. This brings me to your statement about Colonel T. inducing you to have a little meeting on Saturday; and you ask if I think you right in holding that meeting. I thank God that in His great love to you He has sent one of His children to help to stir you up to try and serve Him in this way. But I have something more to say about your fitness. You remark, 'That the meeting feels more like a burden than a pleasure to you, and you don't like doing it.' Now, it is our Lord's will, not your own, that you are to learn to do; and it is His glad tidings, not your own, that you are to tell. And if you feel this burdensome, it is because you are not living near enough to Him that He may bear the burden for you, and fill your heart with His own love and sweetness. So instead of giving it up, go to Him,

and confess how cold and dead you are and ask Him to warm you into life. Recollect that when your soul feels cold and dead, you ought to go closer to Jesus than ever; just as you go with your cold hands to the fire to warm them; for Jesus is the fire of love, and it is *His* love to you, not *your* poor, wretched love to Him, which you are to trust. Be a little child, all helpless in yourself and worthless; but, at the same time, His property chosen by Himself.

"Sixth. Here is another reason why you think that you ought not to work. When you have spoken directly to people, you find yourself thinking how well you have done it. Now, here is Satan's wile, and he is permitted to attack you, even as he was allowed to attack our Lord. If you go to Jesus and tell Him of that thought, and of all such, He fights your battle for you, and gives you the victory over Satan; for there is no victory without a fight, and you cannot conquer in your own strength; but thus you learn to value His help and care for you, and thus Satan's temptation turns to your good."

"Arndilly, Craigellachie.

"It is a deeper sight of His love to you that is needed in order to produce more love in your heart because you are so loved; but so long as you are doubting even His past love, as well as the present, it will be an impossibility to love Him aright, and service of all kind will be a great bondage. Why don't you make a clean breast to Him of *all* your difficulties and shortcomings? Is He not your Friend, who can sympathize with your weakness, and

cure it by His strength? But the house of your life will not proceed satisfactorily in its building, if you allow an enemy to dig up the foundation that Jesus Himself by His Spirit laid; and you seem doing this when you doubt at times whether you are a child of God. Remember that He did not choose you because you were good; but that He might make you so, even to present you holy, unblameable in His sight. I have not time for more, but will pray for you as you desire; and may the Lord show you that everlasting arms are holding you up, and none shall pluck you out of the hands of Jesus who has made you His own.—Yours, very sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"The Priory, Doncaster, January 22nd, 1868.

"Constant occupation has kept me from sooner replying to your welcome letter of the 11th inst. I am sorry for your position, in being so placed as to be out of reach of hearing the gospel on Sundays. Of course you ought not to be satisfied to continue in that condition; but of whom are you to seek help? Of the Lord. Are you really asking Him in earnest faith to give living light to that dead preacher? Do you ever speak a word of life to lead him to see that he is dead? He will not hear you. Be it so. Still, it is well that it should be in your heart to tell him of Christ's love, if opportunity occurs. Since you are so placed, do you pity some of those who are kept in darkness by such preaching? do you pray for them? do you try to set them free by the message of love? The constant listening to sermons

which are cold will naturally hurt you, unless they stir you up to help the poor hearers who have not yet received the same love into their hearts which you have. It seems to me that what the Lord has called you to do, is to water others in that dry place; and then His Holy Spirit will water your soul, as promised in Prov. xi. 25. You complain that hardly any one around understands you. Ought you to wonder at this when the Word of God says, 'The natural heart receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him.' Ought you not to thank God for having taken you out of the darkness and given you His spirit of light and of life? Instead of saying that you do not like the preaching, I would have you mention to the preacher some error in it, and then that particular word might be made an arrow to his soul. Now do not think that I am fault-finding; for if I were placed as you are, in so painful a position, I should be just as complaining as you are, unless the grace of God made me look away from the surroundings unto Jesus Himself, and so get nearer to the Life. In contrast to this, Satan can turn great advantages to an evil effect, if we are not watchful against his wiles. Now just see how the Lord has helped you with your class. Why are you not prevented from having that blessed opportunity? I know families where it would not be permitted; but this is a mark of the Lord's love towards you. I do not pity you, for I think the Lord has given you great advantages during the past year, and will give you far greater if you only keep looking up to Him. Let love rule in your heart in all things,

and be thankful and grow in grace. Perhaps you will not like this letter, but it is written with the earnest desire that you should become more and more nothing in yourself, and make Jesus everything. And may the Spirit use it, and bless it to your soul's prosperity."

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, July 25th, 1868.

"Thank you much for saying that you pray for me, and may our loving Saviour return the blessing you ask for, back into your own soul with interest. But I may remark, in passing, that Christians have no business with Job xxiii., for it was written before God revealed Himself to Job, and I recommend you Job xl. and xlii., as our blessed position to draw down the rich blessing through Christ Jesus. What you say of His assurance of love dwelling in your heart, is the true antidote to yielding to the feeling of desolation. I am glad that you are trying to honour your Master by speaking to others of His love, and trying to draw them to His feet. It is blessed to be thus laying up treasure in heaven where thieves cannot rob you of it; and if the result of your labour seems at times hidden from your sight, be satisfied that the Lord knows it all, and that all we do for the glory of Jesus, even to the giving of a cup of cold water in His name, shall not be forgotten. Remember, in saying all this, I do not mean that I approve of what is generally called district-visiting, and which is apt to degenerate into cold, lifeless formality of work; but speak to the people from your heart, and by the Holy Spirit, and then sooner or later the Lord will give His blessing."

"Garthland, Renfrewshire,
"January 3rd, 1870.

"That cousin of yours who has left you, and remains apparently unchanged, just needs that you should go and tell Jesus of your failure to influence her, and ask Him in faith to do it Himself;—just as a poor woman near us said to a minister one day when he was visiting her, and knocked at the door of her little hut, 'You'll just need to push open the door yourself, for I am too weak to rise and open it.' Tell Jesus to push open the door of her heart, and take possession of it Himself. When family trials drive us to Jesus, they become blessings in disguise, however hard they may be to bear. Take shelter in the cleft of the Rock, and let Him keep you there close to Himself."

"Arndilly, September 11th, 1868.

"DEAR MISS M.,—I am glad to receive your letter, and shall also be very much pleased to see you if I am permitted to visit Edinburgh this year, and to converse with you on that most important of all subjects, 'the being made like Jesus.' In the meantime, I send a few remarks on something in the letter you have written to me for your consideration.

"You say, 'that it seems impossible to do anything for Jesus with a cold heart; for that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' This is quite true, but many persons make a mistake as to what the abundance means. They think it means

abundance of feeling, and therefore are always searching their hearts for feelings; and when they cannot find any warm ones, they get discouraged, and think they are almost without religion. Now, happy feelings are blessed things when we have them, but if we are to be guided by them, then they become snares. The abundance, however, refers to faith, and not to feeling—to that faith which realizes the friendship and love of Jesus to me in spite of all my coldness and shortcomings.

"I fear you yourself do not see this truth clearly, for you add in your letter, 'the flame of love must be in my heart, or all is hopeless.' I would rather say, 'faith in the love of Jesus for me must be in my heart, or all is hopeless.' I sometimes ask people who are resting strongly on their feelings, if they know the text, 'The just shall live by *feeling*.' 'Oh, no,' they say; 'but we know the one, "The just shall live by FAITH."' When you go to speak for your Master, if you are going to speak forth your own feelings, then hold your tongue unless your heart is warm; but if it is the Lord's message of love, then tell it boldly forth, and in watering others you will be watered yourself.

"You say further, 'I have many times been unable to visit or do anything for Jesus, because of emptiness, feeling that the Lord was not with me;' and yet the Lord was just as near you as when He enabled you to feel warmly, only you did not exercise faith. There is no doubt that it is wrong for you to doubt your being kept, for the Lord says to His child, 'I will never leave you nor forsake you.' My

time will not allow me to write more. I am glad you liked the Conference. Yours, very sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

The singularity of the two complaints mentioned in the following letter as brought before him in one day struck him much, and he used it more than once to impress the lesson much more needed by us all than we like to confess,—that God IS wiser than His finite creatures:—

"Arndilly, June 11th, 1869.

"MY DEAR SIR,—The very day I received your letter complaining of the want of chastisement, I got another complaining of receiving too much of it! Yet in both cases the Lord's way is the very best. I could not help reflecting how long-suffering He must be when He thus bears with the short-sightedness of His children; who would fain suggest to Him that He is not making all things to work together for their good, and that they could direct Him better how to act!

"Now, for your own case. You bring forward very truly, from God's Word, the need of chastisement which all His children require, and even of scourging; and then you ask what you are to think of yourself and your own position in regard to God, as you have never experienced anything that may be called by that name. My first remark is, that your habit of going to God as a loving Father with every trouble is a gteat preservative against chastening becoming too severe; as He gives His own blessed sup-

port to bear us up under it, and prevents us from feeling it heavy.

"My second remark is, That perhaps you are not living in such a way as to draw on you chastening? Our blessed Master, when on earth, met with much contradiction of sinners against Himself, because He testified of the world that its ways were evil (John vii. 7). Have you ever so testified, and have you ever boldly set the truth as it is in Jesus before an unconverted man? If you have shrunk from doing this, then you need not wonder that the world is satisfied with you and lets you alone; for Satan's great aim is to keep his goods in peace; and he well knows that all who are not boldly against him, do help his cause, almost unconsciously, in one way or other, by their timidity, and sooner or later fall into lukewarmness. Now suppose you were to commence to speak to worldly men and women about their soul's safety, and to press upon them to come to Jesus, do you not think that you would at length meet with something rather unpleasant to flesh and blood, which might be called a cross? By your own account of yourself, you are of a cheerful disposition, more ready for fun and laughter than for serious conversation; but is this the character which a child of God should desire to possess? A cheerful, happy disposition is the privilege of a believer, and no one has such a right to it as he; but this is somewhat different from what you describe, which I should fear is rather a snare, like one of the weights in Heb. xii. 1—3. Besides, after indulging in that merriment, are you really fitted to go and tell the

message of eternal life to another? When a Christian was one day blamed by some worldly persons for looking so sad and gloomy, he replied, 'How can I look happy when I believe that if any of you were to die as you now are, it would be impossible that you could enter heaven; for nothing that defileth can be there; and unless a man be born again, he cannot enter therein?' If this is the uppermost thought of your mind, that Jesus may be glorified by the conversion of sinners, you will not be able to avoid trying to lead some to Him to be saved, and then, perhaps, you will find your worldly friends become shy of you, and afraid to be alone with you, lest you speak to them about their souls. Then you will also find that they consider you a fool on account of your religion, and that they will lay traps for you to make you fall. All this will be a cross that will come under the head of chastening. True, your loving Saviour can make all this pleasant to bear, because, being borne for Him, He supports you under it, but still flesh and blood will not like it at first, until they are more crucified. Let me now press upon you the two great desiderata for every believer who is longing to honour His Master fully. He must consecrate himself and all he has entirely to God's service, and must live in constant prayerful communion with Jesus. By entire consecration, I do not mean that the worldly business in which he is engaged must be given up; but that it must be carried on as in His presence and for His glory. By constant communion, I do not mean always praying, so much as always living close to Jesus, so that you may look to

Him to fight the battle for you; and this is what is meant by 'fighting the good fight of faith.' One word more about your 'praying for chastisement.' I advise you no longer to do this, as that is interfering with God's management of you. Leave all in His hands, and ask that your will may become entirely His will, for that is the blessed life. And now, let me conclude by expressing my thankfulness for what you mention 'of living nearer to God through His grace;' and I pray that our gracious God will, by His Holy Spirit, use what is here written for three things: your entire consecration, constant communion, and earnest service. My kindest remembrance to Mrs. N., and I remain, yours very sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

To the same:—

"Arndilly, Craigellachie, June 18th, 1869.

". . . There is a point about which I spoke much to believers at Arbroath, and which is very hard for us to receive thoroughly, even after we are the children of God; and that is, 'I must accept Jesus entirely as my power to become holy, and, I must look to Him, not merely as giving me good gifts, such as salvation, etc., but as giving me HIMSELF to be my all in all.' Now this is easily spoken of in theory, but to carry it into practice, ah, that is the difficulty, though, at the same time, to attain it is the blessed life! 'All helplessness in ourselves, all power in Christ Jesus.' 'HIS strength made perfect in our weakness.' The truth of the matter is, that we

do not like to acknowledge ourselves to be altogether weak and helpless. We have no objection to walk, 'leaning on the arm of our Beloved,' but we do not wish to let Him carry us, as the mother carries her child, and to look to Him in everything and for everything. And yet this is what we must grow up into;—a deeper sense of weakness, a fuller sense of His everlasting love watching over us and holding us up. After our conversion, we are to become 'little children,' not in the sense of remaining 'babes in Christ,' but in the higher sense of 'fathers,' knowing more and more our own needs as helpless ones, and the power of 'Him that is from the beginning.' This lesson is a hard one; to be taught us only by Jesus; and it is for this great end the Holy Spirit dwelleth in the believer, that He may take of the things of Christ and show them unto us.—Yours, very sincerely,

"HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

The following letters on affliction are written to the daughter of one who both as "L. A. S," and in her married life as "L. A. H.," is so curiously familiar to the many who never saw her, but who feel as if they had known and loved her from childhood, owing to her place in the "Memorials of a Quiet Life." When these letters were placed in my hands, it was with the usual preface that they were written to one who owed their writer the commencement of a changed spiritual life. The first was written on the occasion of Mrs. Marcus Hare's quiet and blessed departure to her heavenly rest.

"Warrington, Tuesday, March 16th, 1869.

"My dear Mrs. Chambers,—I delayed writing to you this morning, being uncertain where to send my letter, but now I hear, through Miss M., that you have gone to Court Grange. Oh, what a severe trial has met you on your arrival there! never more to hold sweet communion on earth with one you loved so dearly, and who loved you so well! not even one last parting word to treasure up in your memory! Yes, all such painful thoughts will press upon you at first with an overwhelming power. And yet what is it that has happened? Jesus has said, 'I love your dear one, and wish her to come and live nearer me than ever before.' Is this a thing to be sorry for? Oh no; after the first burst of legitimate grief, and allowable sorrow is past; then you will see how lovingly your dear mother has been dealt with; how she has been allowed to know that her beloved child and herself shall dwell for ever and ever together with Jesus throughout an endless eternity, where there shall be no more sorrow or separation, but all peace and happiness. The Lord is saying to her now, 'See how faithfully I have dealt towards yourself in never leaving nor forsaking you, and how I have answered your many prayers for your child.' 'Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them' (Rev. xiv. 13). I need not intrude more at present upon your grief, but may the loving God reveal Himself as very near you, and may the blessed Saviour whisper

into your heart, 'Weep not.' Yours ever very sincerely, "HAY MACDOWALL GRANT."

"The Lodge, Weston-super-Mare, April, 1869.

" . . . And now let me rejoice with you that you have learned, and are learning more and more of the preciousness of Jesus. How wonderful it does appear that He should care for creatures like us, whose imperfections He so thoroughly knows! Yes, this is the blessed truth that comforts us in every difficulty—that He loves us not for what we are in ourselves, but for what He makes us to be. Sometimes the clay seems very hard to mould into the shape of a vessel unto honour; but it is His glory to do it, and ours to let it be done. We mar the wall of the house so often by trying to build a little bit ourselves, instead of trusting all to the great Architect, whose honour is concerned in making each one of us the very best possible instrument of His glory."

"Winterfold, Kidderminster, April 14th, 1869.

" . . . First, you say that 'you rather shrink from the idea that as you are God's child, He will specially try you and send you affliction.' Is not this a hard thought of God? Will He lay upon you one single stroke that might be spared? Suppose your eldest boy were to say, 'I wish I were not mamma's child, for she will specially punish me, and make me suffer.' Away with these hard thoughts. 'God is love,'—and all He does for His children is in love. In these very trials He gives a wonderful support, and makes some unlooked

for way of escape. Then you ask, 'Shall I ever be able to conquer self entirely?' In some of the heathen traditions, there is an evident reference to great truths: Hercules was commanded to slay the Hydra; but as fast as he cut off one head, another sprang up. This Hydra is self; and as fast as in one way you subdue it, lo, it rises in another shape. The only way to conquer it is through the power of the Lord Jesus; so that you must look to Him by faith; and that not once or twice, but always. 'I am crucified with Christ,' says St. Paul; 'nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.' Yes, this is the true way. Jesus is your friend, ever ready to slay self for you and in you; and this becomes more and more easy, as you learn to look to Him more entirely."

"Newcastle.

"I was much struck yesterday in reading the advice given by Barnabas and Paul to the young converts at Antioch in Pisidia; namely, 'to continue in the grace of God' (Acts xiii. 43). Many of our religious teachers would have persuaded them to act well, and try to be good, now that they were converted. These true teachers knew, however, that if the grace of God filled the heart, then holiness must follow as a matter of course; but that if grace declined, then the inward spiritual life would decline also, whatever the outward appearance in man's eyes might be. So my text for you is, 'Continue in the grace of God,' or as otherwise expressed by St. Paul, 'Be filled with the Spirit.'

CHAPTER XVII.

CHARACTERISTICS OF WORK.

"Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy handful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.
For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scattered, fill with gold the plain.

"Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.
Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own."

BEFORE going on to the close of the working-day life of this active servant of his Beloved Master, it will be good to glance at the characteristics which distinguished his work. Some very salient points strike, not the memory of one alone, but I may venture to say, of all who came within his circle of influence.

1. Courage.—It was no easy thing for a country gentleman, not only accustomed to all the usages

of conventional society, but peculiarly careful of their observance, to come out so prominently on the Lord's side as, *when needful,* to cast all these considerations behind his back. In order to explain Mr. Grant's fearlessness, it was often alleged that he had neither shyness nor sensitiveness to keep him from delivering his sometimes "out of season" messages. This was very far from being the case. No woman could be more exquisitely sensitive than this apparently brave and hardy man. He has described to me more than once his suffering when reproached for having transgressed the rules of society by speaking to gentlemen and ladies about their souls. "I felt it *bitterly,*" I remember were his words on one occasion, "but it is a cross to bear for Jesus." It was the effort to overcome this very shyness and sensitiveness which, at first, occasionally gave a character of ruggedness to his manner of speaking to souls which has been commented upon. As the effort lessened, and the testimony grew more spontaneous, the speech welled out more and more from the ever-increasing fountain of God's love in his own soul; so that gentleness and chastened sweetness became more prominently blended with his unchanged, unflinching bravery. Truly, from first to last, he stood firm, like "Abdiel," whose faithfulness among the faithless he loved to quote as an example to his young converts. At one of Mr. Grant's meetings in the North, by a mere coincidence, I am told that "there was a great white banner behind the platform with the Seafield motto on it, 'Stand fast, Craigellachie!' It was remarked

that he who was pre-eminently *the* Grant of Craigellachie seemed thoroughly to embody the idea of the motto, as he stood up there for Jesus."

The following quotations show the shyness and shrinking of the "natural man" from the "nice cross," as he sometimes phrased it, which he had to carry; and, indeed, it very frequently occurs in his familiar correspondence:—

"What you say about reproach is also true. There is such a difference between taking pleasure in it because Christ calls it blessed, and only submitting to it as a duty. I often find it difficult to do even the latter. I had such a proof of this last week. I had visited a lady a fortnight ago who had been impressed by hearing some awakening sermons in Scotland last summer, but she seemed satisfied with her impressed feelings without caring to go further. I tried to tear away the veil, and show her the sinfulness of her heart. 'Oh,' she said, 'you must not think me so very bad.' On leaving, I asked if I might not call again, to which she assented, but in a way which convinced me that I had given offence. She then went to her son-in-law, and complained to him that I had told her she was going to hell, etc., which made him come to an acquaintance of mine and say, that if I ventured to call again, I should be turned out of the house. This last person called to deliver the message to me, but from some interruption did not do so. In ignorance, therefore, I determined to make a second call last Friday morning, though I felt strongly impressed that I should meet with some reproach; and I was obliged to pray earnestly that I might re-

joice to bear it, but found myself very averse to do so. However, I went, and was admitted, but found no progress, and our conversation consisted of self-justification on her part, and vain endeavours on mine to convince her of sin. However, I am to return in two days, but I don't feel very happy at the thought of it, as I expect to have reproach to bear."

On another occasion, he writes: "I find that I might have had a nice opening among the Independents if I had only had courage to call at first on one of their ministers who called on me to-day. Thus it is that opportunities are lost."

On one occasion, he went to call on an invalid lady by request, and gave the following account of his visit:—

"She has not found her Saviour, and would not let me speak to her alone, for she kept her brother-in-law in the room. After speaking to her a little, and very gently, she said that she felt faint, and must return to her room, which she did. The brother-in-law remained, and so I thought, 'Shall I speak, pointedly to you?' 'Oh, no,' said the enemy, 'don't do that, for you did not come here to see him, and don't you hear how nicely he talks.' 'Still he may not be right,' I said to myself, 'and I must speak, whether he is offended or not.' And then out it came that he had stayed at home, hoping for a word for himself. And he needed it. Two days after, he found peace, through Miss M., whom I informed of his state."

It is difficult to estimate the amount of moral courage involved in his constant habit of individual

speech. He told a friend that he had thus spoken to 1500 persons in three months.

2. Realization of the value of souls, and the reality of what they were to be saved from.—*This* brought him out of the old rut of conventional ease and politeness; *this* made him toil day and night, out of season and in season, regardless of health and strength and comfort. And let those who have never felt the same, pause before they cast a stone at him, or at those who are raised by the same lever out of a heartless and selfish life. Thus he wrote:—

"When I have time, I will try and comply with your wish, but not at present, for souls are perishing all around; and whilst I have strength, I must go on plucking some out of the fire."

Oh, when will the Church learn that thus, and thus alone, can she make her orthodoxy that of Scripture! Thus only can she redeem herself from the reproaches brought against her, with terrible justice, by those who make unto themselves another god than Him of the Scriptures. Surely, we who believe in eternal fire, should never cease to teach and to preach that twin mystery of eternal love. Well might Mr. Grant say, "We blame the world and the unconverted for the deadness of a locality; whereas it is the children of God who keep back the blessing, through the want of prayer and earnest love of souls."

3. Humility and a sensitive conscience.—I remember that in 1859 it was a great trial to Mr. Grant when Mr. Radcliffe, or Mr. North, or others, whom he always ranked much before himself, were

unable to fulfil any engagement which he had made for them, and thus he was obliged to take the service. "Oh!" he used to say, "the people will be *so* disappointed." One day, a lady ventured on a half-laughing remonstrance; years after she was ashamed and surprised when he said to her one day, in somewhat similar circumstances, "You were quite right; it was just, Pride. But I have been in the depths since then, and now I don't care what people think, as long as the Lord allows me to deliver His own message." And truly, day by day, did it seem as if he were learning and teaching the lesson, "None of self and all of Thee." One writes: "Dear Mr. Grant told me that the great secret of helping others was to come down as Christ came down, *i.e.*, to make ourselves of 'no reputation.' He said, 'You must never stand on a platform and stretch down your hand to drag others up to you. Go down, get underneath them, and lift them up.'" Another records that, when exceedingly worn out with overwork, he received a request from the minister of a very small church and congregation to take a service for him. His host and hostess tried to dissuade him on the ground of his exhaustion, and also that there would probably be but a handful of people. "Why," said he, with animation, "that is just where I wish to go." An earnest minister, labouring among a very few poor people, was to him an irresistible call to help.

His utter helplessness to do more than sow the seed, and his dread of self-glory, or man's praise, is well brought out in these two extracts:—

"Torquay, March 3rd, 1862.

"Your remarks on the description of the death of our Saviour on the cross are very sweet, especially where you rest on the blessed application which alone can give peace to the sin-troubled soul: 'He loved *me*, and gave Himself for *me*,' that marrow of the Gospel, as Luther called these personal pronouns. But, oh, how difficult it is to lead the unconverted to realize their value! Do you know I sometimes rejoice in heart when this difficulty appears to me almost insurmountable, in talking to some individual, even though that person's salvation seems thereby in danger; for it brings so vividly before me my utter helplessness to advance one step further than the Holy Spirit is pleased to lead; and then, when the mountain that hindered faith is at last lifted up and cast into the sea, and light bursts forth on the once-darkened mind, such joy comes into my own mind; because it is so evidently the Lord who has done the work and not man."

"January 4th, 1870.

"Ah, I have been learning a lesson these last few months;—the difficulty, sometimes, of knowing *real* conversion; for it is a humbling lesson to find, as I have done, that it is the man who is listened to, and not the Master. To think of worms like us being put before the message we deliver! But the Lord knows the heart, and how the devil tries to spoil Christ's work if he can. Oh, let us thank God for everything that makes us see self more and

more loathsome, but Christ more and more all-sufficient to conquer it for us."

In speaking of the death of a well-known and successful evangelist, he wrote :—

"'Oh,' say many, 'what a loss! What will be done without Duncan Matheson? The work will go down; there is none to fill his place.' But his work was *done*. The Lord took him to Himself because He no longer needed him, and to show that He can do His work without any of us, if that be His will. What wonderful condescension and love, that He should use at all such worms as we are, and that He bears with our wretched unfaithfulness!"

A friend writes :—

"Throughout dear Mr. Grant's ministry, it was to God he gave all the glory. It was not till his last visit to us, that our dear brother, now recently gone to his purchased rest, was able to say, 'I have got the pardon of all my sins; the blood of the Lamb washes them away, and He is my trust and confidence.' The consistency of his guest's walk and conversation struck him most forcibly, mingled as it was with such cheerfulness and playfulness. An English lady spent a day here, and had a long conversation with him. She had watched him also with others, and she said to us after, 'If Mr. G. is generally as he was to-day, he is the most consistent man I ever met. I have been thrown with eminent Christians in India, England, and Scotland, but I would rank him as the most remarkable; because he seems so entirely to sink himself that God may be exalted.'"

One touching little incident I cannot withhold. He was preaching one day in Fountainbridge Free Church on the words, "Will a man rob God?" He had expressed to the Rev. Mr. Morgan, minister of the Church, his own compunction to find how much he himself had robbed God by self-elation at having done so well, as he thought, on that occasion. A very short time after, Mr. Morgan met him in Glasgow, and told him the service had been blessed to more than one young man. Mr. Morgan says that his reception of these tidings was most touching. He wondered so much at the grace that would use him for the good of others, even at the time when he had cause to upbraid himself with the sin against which he was preaching.

4. Value of intercessory prayer.—This was a very marked feature of Mr. Grant's work. He simply records at one time: "I have prayed twice a day for this person for months." Again he says: "I think there are great marks of the beginning of a work; but we must pray, pray, pray, for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, without whose power it cannot be." The following letter to a friend laid aside by temporary illness, contained a lesson on prayer which he was ever anxious to teach as a mutual benefit:—

"Thanks for your kind letter, so full of anxiety for others, and saying so little about yourself. That sitting still is a hard lesson to be learned, when so much is needed to be done, but a blessed part of our education. A rich merchant said to a poor woman dependent on his charity, whom he often visited,

and who had been for years confined to bed by severe rheumatism, 'Nancy, why does that loving Saviour of whom you speak so often, leave you here to suffer so much, instead of taking you to be with Him in glory?' 'Because my work for Him is not yet finished.' '*Your* work, Nancy! What work can you do for the honour of Jesus?' 'Pray for a blessing on your money, sir,' replied the bed-ridden saint. So now you can hold up the hands of others by your prayers, and I thank you for remembering me in any work the Lord may have for me. Oh, how much I need it! I had eight blessed days at Forres, preaching every day, and so many seeking to be spoken to about their souls, and, thank God, many finding Jesus to be a precious Saviour to them."

5. Praise.—Still more noticeable was this rarer element in work. I select the following descriptive letter (accompanying a packet of Mr. Grant's letters) as an interesting specimen of cause and effect:—

"It is remarkable that through every letter runs the same message—'Speak a word for Jesus,' in all ways, at all times, and by all means. And then the one remark follows, as it ever did in conversation also —'to God be all the glory.' I used so to notice this in dear Mr. Grant's prayers. When asking for the conversion and blessing of any soul, he always ended, 'And to Thee be all the glory.' My first interview with him was at Torquay. After a long, long talk, for I was very dark,—he prayed with me, then begged me to go home and pray, and read cer-

tain passages of Scripture by myself. A few days after, according to promise, I went to see him again, when he asked the usual question, so gently, 'Well, dear child, how is it with your soul? What have you got to tell me?' I answered, 'Everything seems different.' Without waiting one moment, he looked up and said, 'Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!' I had never been with earnest Christians before, and was struck perfectly dumb, and almost felt I must stop such praise for me. But it must have been the right word. That praise gave me the first feeling of praise that I ever knew; and ever since, though you will see from the letters what a grievous, wayward creature I have been, yet I never cease to feel thankful for that early praise. Had Mr. Grant questioned or doubted me, I feel sure that, humanly speaking, I never could have ceased doubting. I had dreaded much becoming a Christian, and had boasted that I never would own to any seriousness, even if I felt it. But all is praise now, and there can be no happiness without it."

6. Assurance.—He was himself possessed through grace of a firmly-grounded assurance of faith, hope, and understanding; the foundation-rock of which was the record and witness of God as to eternal life in his Son (Heb. x. 22, 23; vi. 11; Col. ii. 2; 1 John v. 9—13). Naturally, therefore, assurance became a very prominent doctrine in his teaching. Some said that he taught that it was necessary to salvation, but this accusation of error was completely groundless. He did, however, hold that where there was a "*mens sana in corpore sano*," it was sinful to

doubt God's own word, which pledges salvation to the sinner willing to be saved through the blood of the Lamb; and that therefore knowledge of forgiveness lies at the threshold of Christian life; instead of being an object of long and toilsome attainment. The following account, from his own pen, of some of his teaching on this subject is graphic:—

"I drove with Mrs. H. to call on a clergyman, of whom H. told me that he is at times anxious, but cools down again, and has not realized peace. I first got a talk with his wife. In the midst of it her husband entered, and so I began with him, but could make nothing of him, as he assented to everything; and I did not like, before his wife and some young people, to put pointed questions. Tea was announced, and I went to it with a heavy heart, feeling that there would be no further hope of an opportunity. As tea appeared, I turned the conversation with the young lady who sat next me upon what people call 'assurance;' and she opened a battery upon it at once; denouncing it as a mere pretence with some, and though a reality with others, yet a thing not needed by Christians. I saw such a leading of the Spirit in thus opening the shut door, that I tried to get her to see what assurance was. The clergyman's sister-in-law now joined in the attack; but all was not complete till he himself, finding that they were getting the worst of it, took their part, and plainly showed his colours. For this I felt very thankful, and so spoke more strongly than I had done of the great sin of daring to doubt God. He tried the old argument of assert-

ing that he doubted himself, and not God; but that would not stand. He also got a little annoyed once or twice, and said some very sharp things, which his young friends backed up by declaring that those who profess to have assurance are generally the worst Christians. The clergyman's wife, however, said to me that she never saw the doubting of forgiveness, after seeking it through faith in Jesus, to be a great sin; but that it seemed so to her now; or words to that effect. At all events, I got what I wanted—the opportunity of testifying plainly and in love to the work of the Holy Spirit, and to forgiveness being the entrance-door, and not the goal. The result must be left in the hands of that blessed Teacher. There is a Bible-reading there to-night, and I go with Mrs. H.,—so perhaps a fresh opportunity may be given for impressing truth."

"W—— L——, January 6th, 1868.

"My dear A.,—My work has been rather heavy for the body for the last six weeks, since I left G——, having spoken nineteen times every week, besides visiting privately through the day; but it has been very blessed, for the Lord has given me many openings, especially among the educated classes, and many seem to have found peace in believing. I was two days with the T.'s before coming here, and had some nice opportunities there. Two conversations with Lord ——, one for an hour, and he seemed very much in earnest to obtain peace through believing. He asked, 'But may I not be saved without knowing my sins forgiven?' 'If I were to say yes,

you would be content, and seek nothing higher.' Lady —— has found forgiveness, but needs stirring up to live closely to Christ. This is a hard thing for these rich people. They want to serve two masters, enjoy both worlds, and feed both natures; this I have been pointing out to Lady —— and her daughters this morning."

A stranger, who had never seen Mr. Grant, made this remark: "I have met no end of that good Mr. Grant's converts, and with all it is the same—such clear, full ASSURANCE; he must have been wonderfully used and blessed in his work." That this assured faith was not that of Antinomianism, but that which purifieth the heart, worketh by love, and overcomes the world (Acts xv. 9; Gal. v. 6; 1 John v. 4), it is easy to see by comparing his teaching on sanctification in other chapters.

7. Personal dealing.—Very specially for this had he to bear the reproach of Christ; and, as we have seen, he took not up this cross in any natural strength or eccentricity of his own, but calmly, and from conviction of its overwhelming importance, in the midst of a natural temperament thoroughly averse to such unusual proceedings. It seemed to on-lookers, though not to himself, as if he lost no manner of opportunity. Thus it is related that, his own health being at a low ebb, he was persuaded to see the late Dr. Handyside, a Christian physician, but a stranger to him personally. Before the interview ended, Mr. Grant said to Dr. H., "My dear sir, you are very kind in thus giving advice for my frail body,

but let me ask, What about your own soul? Have you found Christ Jesus the Lord precious to you?" This commenced, as was natural, a true and lasting friendship.

Often he felt the difficulty of this, and more than once he has been known to say to a friend, "Such a one is under my roof; he is my fellow-traveller to eternity. I have never spoken to him about his soul, or about the Saviour; I cannot rest till I have done it." "'I should like to have a few words with you,' he said on one occasion to a young Cambridge undergraduate. 'I shall be engaged for some time,' was the evasive reply. Many would have stopped there, but not so Mr. Grant. He patiently waited for more than an hour, till the engagement was over —some out-of-doors game—and then taking his young friend's arm, he led him away with the words, 'Now for our talk.' There was the question, 'What attention was given to the one thing needful?' some close conversation, fervent prayer, and this interview, though shrunk from at the time, is known to have been gratefully remembered."

The following hints on the subject are useful:—

"March 3rd, 1862.

"There is one danger I would warn you against, in speaking to individuals personally—avoid thinking after it is over that you have spoken so weakly; that there will not be much good done; or wishing that you had made this remark or that remark, because it would have placed truth in a clearer light. Such pleas for regret are very specious, but very danger-

more loathsome, but Christ more and more all-sufficient to conquer it for us."

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ous, because they are apt to cause us to rest the good that is to be done, upon a plain and powerful way of stating the truth, rather than entirely on the work of the Holy Spirit. Just look up for help at the time, speak the words, and be satisfied."

To his nephew:—

"Lisbon, March 6th, 1861.

"My dear Willie,—You are right to feel your way cautiously, before you venture *too* boldly to speak to individuals; but pray that your caution may not degenerate into cowardice when an opportunity is really set before you. The more caution used the more prayer is needed.

"I observe what you say about the apparent little impression your speaking makes on your fellow-students; but recollect that the enemy possesses a great advantage in hardening their hearts; for natural pride in a young man at college is totally opposed to coming out in a way that others will scoff at and blame. Therefore a great work of conviction and striving may be going on without your seeing outward evidence of its existence, until the day when the Holy Spirit breaks down all resistance, and brings the humble penitent to the foot of the cross. I think it is quite wonderful how the Lord has opened the way for your sowing seed, although much immediate fruit may not follow. Expect it, however, sooner or later, and work on in faith. . . . It is a delightful kind of work to speak to the intellectual when fairly broken down; but it is hard when they are not."

The following reminiscences give a very vivid idea of his conversational teaching:—

"Those who were privileged to possess dear Mr. Grant's friendship and unwearying interest in their spiritual concerns, can never forget the brightness and buoyancy of his manner when communicating spiritual instruction in his favourite conversational manner. Truth about Jesus seemed to come to him direct from the Sun of Righteousness, and it was therefore in a warm sunshiny atmosphere of spirit that he communicated it to others.

"He was very fond of putting questions either to bring out truth with force and reality, or else to disclose the lie of the enemy of souls. This he often did by making one condemn self out of one's own mouth; but always in such a loving spirit as to carry the respect and affection of the learner with him. His humility in loving to help the very youngest babe in Christ can never be forgotten. Many a lamb, sheepling, and old-established Christian, were fed with food convenient for them by this honoured servant of our Master."

One point Mr. Grant used to press repeatedly, both as founded on Scripture and observation of facts, and also as calculated to humble the apparently successful, and encourage the apparently unsuccessful Christian worker. I allude to the number of agents generally employed in the conversion of each soul; though often it is but the one whose part was easiest, to whom the praise is given. Thus he writes on one occasion:—

"I thank you, dear L., for your letter about Miss M.'s maid, and you see how this case, like all others, bears out what I told you, that generally in the conversion of each soul the Lord uses many instruments. Others had been used to knock at that young heart before me, and then the Lord sent your dear sister and yourself to give the last finishing stroke to the work of conversion. May He in His great love give you many other opportunities of extending His glorious kingdom."

8. Love of God's Word.—This came out prominently in correspondence, conversation, and in the social Bible-readings at which he delighted to preside, not so much to teach, as to draw out the thoughts and views of others. I often admired his patience and courtesy with those differing from him at his home Bible-readings, which were sometimes attended by visitors in the house, who were not in sympathy with his views. He never shrank, however, from declaring what he believed to be the truth. A friend sent me the following short but solemn statement, which she had heard him make at one of these meetings, at which a very important subject had been mooted:—

"Those friends who hold the non-eternity of punishment, little think that, by so doing, they are unconsciously undermining the whole of revelation, and thus bringing God Himself down from His throne. Just tell G. W. that these three truths all stand on exactly the same scriptural ground, as the same word is used; the *everlasting* God, *eternal*

life, and *everlasting* punishment. If punishment is not everlasting, neither is heaven, neither is God Himself."

His whole bearing on these occasions was that of one who, like David, *delighted* in God's Word. He studied it much topically, and liked to send to his friends lists of texts which he had himself searched out, generally with the help of his Greek Testament. Some of the subjects he took were faith, unbelief, God's promises, the duty of speaking for Jesus, and our prophetical prospects. Prophecy he studied deeply; his views on some points connected with it, often excited a good deal of friendly discussion; such as his belief in two "Brides," the Jewish and the Gentile, and his strong opinion that it was only part of the Church who were to partake of the first resurrection, and the marriage-supper of the Lamb; viz., those who in their Christian course, like the true wife, have followed the Lamb whithersoever he goes. Whatever difference of opinion, however, existed, all felt much stirred up by Mr. Grant's practical views of the effects to be produced by this great hope of the Church. Like McCheyne, he considered those "incomplete Christians who did not look for the coming of the Lord Jesus." Indeed, he always connected higher advances and further progress in divine life with the loving, looking for, and "hasting to" His appearing in Messianic glory. I remember once that the question arose whether believers were to escape passing through the great tribulation, and some one uttered a fervent hope that it might be so. He turned round and said

fervently, "But then we should lose the privilege of *suffering* for the sake of Jesus!"

And now let us look for a moment at what appear to be the defects in the method of such a determined life-work as that which I am endeavouring to bring before my readers. It is an ungracious, yet an honest and not unprofitable task, to look these defects fairly in the face. One was a certain over-sanguineness as to conversion which sometimes was the cause of disappointment to himself and others. It is important to look at the causes of this, because it does not appear to have proceeded from natural disposition, but from a carefully thought-out—if erroneous—principle. He considered it right, as a general rule, to accept people on their profession, and did not think a human judge entitled to pronounce sentence upon the reality of the change which was asserted to have taken place, except in such cases as bore the indication of hollowness upon the surface. Coming into contact with large numbers of persons whose spiritual lives were blighted by unscriptural doubts and fears, he considered that, as he expressed it, "to instil doubts was part of the devil's work." Nevertheless, too confident and premature statements as to conversion certainly bring discredit on the cause, when failure and backsliding occur. But, on the other hand, Mr. Grant was undoubtedly right in considering that much harm is sometimes done by casting suspicion on the early position of converts, and hesitating to welcome them as brethren, unless they have given proof of the reality of their con-

version by tests necessarily varying and arbitrary. Thus there is danger in both extremes, and the *via media* can only be learned and kept by Christian workers, through a constant seeking of individual light and wisdom for each case from the holy Guide into truth, and Director of work. The obvious lesson, however, is the importance of being as definite as possible in our work; not content with producing a general impression, but striving to bring each soul to distinct and personal dealing with the personal and present Saviour.

Another defect, as man judges, was the habit of reckoning up his converts in a curiously characteristic manner, to which I have previously alluded. In the most methodical way we find recorded in his Diary at the end of most months, and of each year, a summary of the results of his holy trading with souls, of which I subjoin one in the Appendix as a specimen.* It will be noticed that Mr. Grant is careful to insert the words "professed converts." The curious little books from whence these summaries came, were often turned to for the previous state of those with whom he conversed, and who were surprised to find their spiritual symptoms vividly remembered. One was thus often reminded of the notebooks and memories of eminent physicians. Some of my readers may be quick to criticise this method of working; but, before doing so, I entreat them first "to judge themselves," whether they have the same entire consecration to the holy cause, and

* Appendix D.



know them.' Those of whom He speaks as having cast out devils, and done many wonderful works in His name, were notwithstanding 'workers of iniquity,' to whom He said, 'Depart from me, I never knew you;' and so we further read in John viii. 31, that Jesus said to the Jews who believed on Him, 'If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed.' The character of true faith is therefore not only to believe, but to persevere in believing; and this truth is taught in many places, such as Col. i. 23; Heb. iii. 6, 14.

"In speaking to such persons, I generally accept the position in which they place themselves, as those who have received a certain amount of light, against which they are sinning openly and deliberately, and whose judgment is therefore of a more fearful character than that of blind sinners. A strong description of such is given by St. Peter in his 2nd Epistle i. 8, 9: when, after setting forth the fruits of the Spirit, and the necessity of their being in, and abounding in believers, he adds, 'But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off' (or rather, is shutting his eyes to his real state), 'and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins. The deception practised by Satan upon such persons seems to be to persuade them that they will not be finally lost, because they have at one time experienced the above-mentioned power of the Holy Ghost operating on them. The best remedy is, I think, to take from them this false prop on which they are leaning, and try to let them see themselves in their true light, as God sees them; and rather cast them almost into

despair, than allow them to be blinded by a lie; 'for it had been better not to have known the way of righteousness than after having known it to turn from it.' All such cases are, however, very difficult to deal with, and very painful; and the true way is to keep looking up for the help of the Holy Spirit to teach us what to say and do. Surgeons seldom do harm to the human body by lancing a boil too deeply, but are sure to make it still more troublesome if they deal with it only superficially; and the complaint made by the Prophet against the Jewish teachers is, that they had healed the hurt slightly, saying 'Peace, peace, when there is no peace.' I do not believe —— has any peace now, whatever she may once have had; or at any rate, she has no right to it; for God forbid that any one should continue in sin that grace may abound."

I conclude with a letter to Miss Marsh, in which occur several characteristic touches about work.

"Park House, Thursday night, 1865.

"MY DEAR MISS MARSH,—I must tell you how lovingly the Lord has dealt with me during the last nine days; indeed almost miraculously. I have preached eleven times, and spoken privately to more than a hundred people about their souls, and yet I feel to-night fresh and strong, though I have just come from a meeting in the Free Church here, where I spoke for an hour and ten minutes, because the people seemed hanging on the word of God, unwilling to let it go. Now don't you think that this is a

direct answer to prayer for me, for such power of endurance I have not had for five years past; and oh! what two glorious nights we had on Tuesday and yesterday at Portsoy. The first night there were none to speak to inquirers but Willie Aitken and myself, though about fifty remained, and only about twenty-four were spoken to; but last night a band of faithful workers came over from Banff, and though fully seventy unconverted remained, most were dealt with, and many found Jesus. One lady who replied very proudly on Tuesday night when I went to talk to her, and to whom I said that she would never find Jesus till her proud heart was humbled (a good deal of the flesh in this answer of mine, you must know, for which I had to seek pardon), —was last night quite humbled at the feet of the Saviour, and entered into peace as far as one could judge. Oh, how easy it is to work when a power of the Spirit is present, and how pleasant! Neither my nephew nor myself have got to bed before one o'clock for ten nights past, and the fatigue has told upon him more than upon me; yet he has gone to-day to Keith Hall to speak, and to-morrow at the meetings in Inverurie. Will you not thank God for His answer to prayer, and ask Him to continue His goodness if He sees fit, for I have yet eight days' work before me It is an imperative duty to win souls, in spite of the prejudices of man, when the Spirit of God says, 'Go, honour your Master, and proclaim His love to others.' Yes!—imperative,—because an opportunity given is an expression of His wish, and His slightest wish must be law to the soul

that is basking in the sunshine of His love; IMPERATIVE, oh yes! I love dearly that word when it regards the loving Saviour, for it was the very word that brought Him from heaven to save us poor, perishing sinners—it was an imperative duty to come, because there was no other way of saving us; and love, burning love made Him, for the joy set before Him, to endure the cross, despising the shame. . . . Had I known that your health would suffer from your recent exertions, then I should have said that it was your imperative duty not to waste His property; for the harvest is so truly plenteous, and the real labourers so few, that He cannot spare you at present, and therefore you must not run the risk. I entreat you now to see that it is your duty to keep very quiet when He sends you such a warning as the present one."

CHAPTER XVIII.

INCIDENTS OF WORK.

". . . . Like Paul hast thou
'Served God with all humility of mind,'
Dwelling amongst us, and with 'many tears
From house to house,' 'by night and day, not ceasing,'
'Hast pleaded thy blest errand.'"

N. P. Willis.

"God knows nothing of solitary religion."—*Wesley.*

I HAVE heard it said more than once, "Mr. Grant, and others like him, did a great deal of harm by speaking to people about their souls." And, in a solemn and scriptural sense, this may be partially true. But it is a truth to be weighed by those who hear, more than by those who speak. Paul knew well that to those who received not his message, he became the "savour of death unto death" (2 Cor. ii. 15, 16), yet he did not on that account "keep back anything that was profitable," but testified of his Lord's salvation "from house to house," "from the first day" "not ceasing to warn every one, with tears, both day and night." What an immense amount of unpopularity, accusation of doing mischief, "unseasonable" conversation, and deathly

savour this work must have represented! But where Paul failed of one object, he, and all who follow his footsteps, succeeded, and may succeed, in another. Thus he could say, "Wherefore I take you to record, that I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God" (Acts xx. 18—31). But if Mr. Grant's faithful dealing with souls gave some an excuse for more decidedly rejecting the message than they had done before, it is very remarkable what a large number of persons—within one's own circle of knowledge—bless the day that they ever met Hay Macdowall Grant. In a very large proportion of these cases, those who thus received blessing were at first exceedingly indignant at being "spoken to," but now, after the lapse of many years, when all excitement and personal influence have passed away, they deliberately date from that time their reception of spiritual life. In this chapter, I propose to place before my readers a selection of incidents connected with this extensive work, so that they may judge for themselves of its nature. I have already noticed that in two families, three sisters in each had received saving and quickening blessing through this instrumentality. Here is another case of a family group, and the mutual description of a visit. Mr. Grant writes:—

"I went to visit the ——'s, and was much delighted with the family, children, and servants, all so earnest about religion. We had a nice meeting in a school-room on Sunday, which was crowded. I had also opportunities of speaking personally to all the servants, some of the elder children, and three visitors.

I found five of the maid-servants so nice and clear in their conversion, and anxious to become more holy. Two others found peace, and three were 'almost persuaded.'"

His hostess on that occasion writes:—

"From what I had heard of Mr. Grant's somewhat stern deportment, and his close personal dealing, I must confess that I was a little shy about seeing him, though most anxious that he should pay us a visit. He came to us first in September, 1866, and my fears were at once quelled by his gentle, kindly bearing. The morning after he arrived, he called me into the dining-room to ask if he might speak to our servants individually; and before doing so, asked me if I prayed with them, and what I knew of their Christian character. He was much interested to find that several were already converted, and the others, without exception, quite willing and thankful to be spoken to. I believe he felt it to be a very open door, and during those few days he used every opportunity of speaking to children, visitors, and servants, about the one thing needful. His next visit to us was in the following year at M——; we had a large drawing-room meeting on Saturday, and an open-air service on Sunday, at which there was much blessing; and on Monday the whole day was taken up in speaking to anxious souls. He spoke again to our four elder children, and, through God's grace, they all trace their conversion to his faithful personal dealing. As you know, he had a most winning way with young people, entering into school-boys' difficulties, and encouraging them to stand fast in the Lord."

A widower, whose beloved wife had just "gone home" in fullest assurance of her purchased salvation, after long and patient suffering, said to me the other day, as so many in one form or other have said, "Perhaps you do not know that Mr. Grant of Arndilly was of the greatest use to my wife a good many years ago." He then told me that this lady could get no spiritual light or peace, because she did not *feel* that she was saved. "Well," said Mr. Grant, "your Bible may say, 'Believe, *feel*, and you shall be saved,' but in mine I read, 'BELIEVE on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'" This simple sentence dispelled the cloud, and she received, and retained, with great clearness, the Gospel message of justification by faith.

Another lady, after recording her conversion by his means, and that of a favourite maid, adds:—"I can never be thankful enough to him for leading me never to trust to feeling, but to God's written Word. He taught me to know Jesus as the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

The following interesting notes by the Rev. Mr. Hay Aitken, add quaint and graphic touches to the portrait before us:—

"You are familiar with my uncle's habit of seizing every opportunity of speaking for his Master. The frank, gentlemanly manner, and his essential kindness, generally disarmed hostility; although he spoke very directly, sometimes almost abruptly. There were cases, however, in which his zeal was met with very violent opposition. I remember once

going to meet him at a railway-station, and I shall never forget the curious expression on his face as he stepped out of the carriage. As we walked out of the station, he remarked, 'Well, my dear boy, I have just had such a castigation! There was a gentleman who sat opposite to me in the carriage, and we were alone. I thought I must not lose the opportunity, so began to speak to him about his soul. It was like applying a match to a powder magazine. 'Sir!' he exclaimed, his face perfectly livid with rage, 'I knew your brother on the hunting-field, and he was a gentleman, sir! but you, you are no better than the most drivelling, whining Methodist. You are a disgrace to your position, sir! The whole county is ashamed of you,' etc., etc. 'The volubility of the man,' said my uncle, 'was indescribable. He never drew breath during the whole remainder of the journey, but continued to pour forth an uninterrupted volley of abuse till the train drew up, and I alighted, meekly wishing him a very good morning!'

"But this straightforward manly way of his, used frequently to tell even with hard-headed men. I remember meeting at Arndilly a worldly officer, who said to me, 'That uncle of yours has such a way of getting round a fellow; he gets me down into his study yonder, and takes me by the button, and begins to talk to me about my soul. Well, you know, I haven't thought much about such things, but I never met such a man as he is. I can only say that I make quite a fool of myself, for do what I will, I can't keep the water out of my eyes.'

"He was wonderfully ready in adapting himself to the character of the persons that he had to deal with. He once came into contact with a particularly self-righteous man, who remarked, 'Well, sir, I have got my own way of getting to heaven.' 'What is it?' 'Well, I expect to get to heaven by keeping God's commandments.' 'Certainly,' said my uncle; 'that is an excellent way, provided you keep them.' 'Well,' replied the man, 'that is just what I am doing.' 'Do you keep all God's commandments?' 'Certainly I do.' There was a pause in the conversation, when my uncle suddenly asked him what time it was. 'Two o'clock,' replied the man. 'When did you get up this morning?' inquired my uncle. 'At six o'clock, sir.' 'Six to two. That means eight hours. You don't remember how long you spent in prayer this morning?' The man coloured up to the roots of his hair, and then stammered out, 'Well, perhaps ten minutes,' and then, knowing that he had grossly exaggerated, 'or perhaps five minutes—somewhere thereabouts.' 'Well,' said my uncle, 'we will set it down at five minutes. Eight hours of to-day have passed away, and you have spent five minutes with your God. Do you remember what comes first in the great commandment, "Thou shalt LOVE the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind"? Is that the way you treat a God whom you love?' The man's head hung down, and he said no more about keeping God's commandments.

"An old woman, whom he visited, had a name all over the country-side for being one of the most

pious old bodies that could be met with, but he found her perfectly built up in her own self-righteousness, and trusting to that for her salvation. He went into the subject fully, pointing out to her that she was just making the same mistake that the Jews did of old; and as the force of the Scriptural statements which he adduced began to make itself felt, he said it was most touching to witness the conflict in the old woman's countenance. At last, with great tears rolling down her cheeks, and a piteous look npon her face, she exclaimed, 'Eh, sir, do you mean to tell me that it maun a' gang for naething?' 'Well,' said my uncle, 'you have to choose between your own righteousness and Christ's. You cannot rest on both.' There was a silence for a time, during which my uncle was engaged in prayer for her, as he saw the terrible struggle that was passing within her. At last, she lifted up her face, with a look of resolution upon it, and cried aloud, 'O God, it *shall* a' gang for naething.' And so they knelt together, and there and then she accepted Christ as her all.

"I remember about the same time an incident which illustrates his mode of dealing with young converts. A young person remained behind in deep distress of soul after one of his meetings in Penzance; and, after a long struggle, she seemed to find clear peace with God. He asked her to come and see him next day. At the appointed hour, she appeared, bright and happy, and it seemed as though the work had every appearance of being genuine. 'Now, my child,' he said, 'I am going to do the devil's work. I know he will do it before very long,

so I may as well forestall him, and then you will be prepared when he comes to you.' The poor girl looked very much astonished at this, but he went on to ask her, with something like severity in his tone, 'What right have you to be so presumptuous as to think that you are a child of God?' 'Oh, sir,' she said, 'I do feel so happy. I never felt so happy before in my life.' 'Well, but, do you think you feel quite as happy to-day as you did last night?' 'Perhaps not quite, sir,' she said, 'but still I am very happy.' 'Supposing next week you did not feel as happy as you do now, what then?' 'Oh,' said she, with tears in her eyes, 'do you think I shall lose this happiness?' 'I do not say that; but then, you know, it is quite possible. What, if it were all to go away next week, and you did not feel at all as happy as you do now,—would you believe then that you were no longer a child of God!' She paused for a moment, and sat with her head hanging down; but suddenly she looked up with a smile of joy upon her face, and replied, 'Well, sir, that may be, but Jesus Christ DID die for me, did He not?' 'Now, my child,' he answered, 'take a firm hold there, and remember all the devils in hell cannot shake that foundation.'"

A minister of the Scotch Established Church writes to me:—

"I was a student in Aberdeen during the revival there in 1859, and thus had the privilege, as Mr. Grant said, of not only attending the divinity classes, but of walking the hospital, *i.e.*, seeing the anxious dealt with, and helping in the work. His manner

and tone in dealing with inquirers struck me very much, and on one occasion were, I thought, particularly able. At a meeting of 'anxious ones,' again crowded, I noticed the entry of three young men, divinity students whom I knew, and who had come in, I was sure, to cavil. As there were many around Mr. Grant, and they thus could not at once get near where he was, I had time to give him a hint as to who they were, and what they probably intended. Expressing a fear, lest any discussion should disturb the awakened, he went on speaking to those near him. At length, the three approached,—Mr. Grant left off speaking to some one, and sat waiting to hear what they had to say. Said the spokesman for the three: 'We have a difficulty, sir, as to this doctrine which you preach of instant salvation, and would like to know the scriptural authority for it.' Mr. Grant immediately replied, 'My dear friend, if you were lying on a sick-bed, and the doctor had declared that you could not live till morning, you would not call it gospel, if I were to tell you that you may be cured three days hence.' Then he resumed his conversation with the inquirer, and the three went away as if stunned."

The following notes were sent to me from a foreign land, dated May 13, 1874:—

"It was during the winter of 1865 and 1866 that my recollections of Mr. Grant are most vivid. Particularly when living at T—— did I witness his intense anxiety about the conversion of souls. Calling upon me one day, almost his first question

was, if any good was being done in the house. I replied that I feared few cared about spiritual things; upon which he turned round quickly, and said, 'But what are *you* doing here for Jesus? Have you spoken to Miss P. and Miss A.?' mentioning the names of friends in the house. 'And what of the servants? Have you taken them aside, and spoken to them?' My timid reply was, 'Oh! but it is so difficult to speak to the people you meet with every day.' 'True, it is difficult, very difficult,' was his reply; 'I find it so myself continually. It is easy to go in a patronizing way to poor people, and give them tracts, but to deal personally with one's own household friends entails cross-bearing.' Then in a most gentle and kind way he urged me *at once* to speak for Jesus, and to do so with prayer. He proposed holding a meeting the following week in the dining-room, to which a number of friends were invited. I remember well that the room was crowded, and several were present who confessed afterwards that anything but anxiety about their souls drew them to become listeners. Much prayer had gone up for a blessing; so we met *expecting* that it would be given, and God did not disappoint us. To my knowledge more than a dozen out of that small company were convinced of sin, and awakened to anxiety about their spiritual welfare. But Mr. Grant would have been most unhappy to have left them in that condition. The secret of his success lay in dealing with each soul individually; and so he proposed returning the following week to speak with any who were desirous of giving their hearts to Christ. That week

was one never to be forgotten. Night after night souls, hitherto careless, met in little groups for prayer, and a heavenly, subdued feeling pervaded the whole house. One young lady I was much interested in. Her seemingly intense dislike to Mr. Grant made me feel that deep down in her heart there was a struggle going on. She was urged very earnestly to see him when he came; but at first nothing would induce her to do so. However, on his second arrival, before we were even aware of his being in the house, she watched for the first opportunity of speaking with him; and that evening she confessed, with joy beaming in her countenance, that God's blessing upon Mr. Grant's knowledge of the human heart, his Scriptural reasoning, and faithful dealing, had brought her as a humble penitent to the foot of the cross.

"No one could be long with Mr. Grant without feeling that they were in the presence of one who truly walked with God, and his influence was felt wherever he went. To timid souls, feeling after Jesus, he was most kind and gentle, guiding them like a shepherd to the green pastures. Another young friend, to whom he spoke that same afternoon, told me that in fear and trembling she had consented to see him. For years she had been in bondage, longing to know Jesus, but fearing to call Him her own. While the truth was opened up to her in all its fulness and beauty, 'Jesus Himself passed by.' Such were her own words to me. Scales seemed to fall from her eyes, and the glorious truth that Jesus had died for *her*, suddenly burst upon her spirit, almost over-

powering her for a time. Her short life was a sunny one, giving evidence that every cloud between her and the Saviour had fled; and her dying testimony, as she passed through the gates into the city, was, that through the instrumentality of that man of God she had been brought out of darkness into the glorious liberty of those who can triumphantly say, 'Jesus is mine, and I am His.'

"No opportunity was ever lost by Mr. Grant of commending the Saviour to sinners, and his great anxiety in meeting with any one was to find out, first, if they were *in* Christ, and if so, what they were doing *for* Christ. Indeed, it was impossible to be long in his society without being stimulated, and oftentimes rebuked, by his persuasiveness of speech, accompanied by his almost stern, commanding manner, making one feel that he was in earnest about his Master's business."

Here is an incident of railway seed-sowing, along with several others:—

"When Mr. Grant took his seat in the carriage, he felt very strongly impelled to speak to an elderly lady present, but he shrunk from doing so, and was tempted to make all manner of excuses to himself. At length they came near York, and as the train moved slowly into the station, first one porter opened the carriage-door, crying out, 'Are you all right for York?' and then a second porter and a third came past, each asking the same question, 'Are you all right for York?' When the train moved on, Mr. Grant could be silent no longer, and, rising, he took

a seat opposite the lady, addressing her as follows:—'How careful they are to see that we are going the right road for York, so that none can make a mistake! I wish every one knew as surely that they were going the right road for heaven.' His companion replied rather sharply that 'she thought every one did know.' Mr. Grant replied, 'Has that been your experience? for, alas! it has not been mine. I meet with numbers who are taking no heed as to whether they are travelling on the right road or the wrong, or where it is to lead them to.' And then he asked if *she* knew for certain that she 'was on the right road to heaven.' She gave an evasive answer, and evidently did not like his speaking to her so closely, and repelled it at first; but he set Christ's way of salvation before her as the *only* way we could reach heaven. At length she was obliged to confess that she knew nothing of His forgiveness or peace in her heart. She became deeply interested, and when they had to part, she thanked him with tears in her eyes for the words he had spoken to her.

"Another time, after preaching, he was asked to go next morning, and see a servant who was ill, and in deep anxiety of soul. He went to the house, and was shown into the drawing-room, where a lady was seated. She seemed a visitor there, and he began to speak to her about herself—as to whether she knew Christ's forgiveness, and had peace in her heart. She tried to avoid answering, but seemed to think herself all right; and it was evident that she did not like such personal speaking. He pressed on her that there could be no real peace unless we

knew the forgiveness of our sins. Then he went to the servant. Two or three years after he was preaching in Edinburgh, and, after a meeting, a lady came up, spoke to him, and seemed surprised he did not recognize her, which he explained by his not easily remembering faces. Then she asked if he remembered coming to see a sick servant in a house, naming the day, year, and place. He said he did, and she replied, 'I am the lady you spoke to that day. I did not like your speaking so personally, and I tried to think I was all right after you left; but it would not do; your question as to whether I knew if my sins were forgiven came always before me; and I am bound to confess that I had no real peace in my heart.' After a little while of great anxiety, she had been led to take Jesus as her all-in-all, and was then an earnest worker for Him.

"In Aberdeen there was a young man who was hardened in sin, and yet came to the meetings held by Mr. Grant and others. He was spoken to, without the least impression apparently being made; but he dogged their steps from place to place, always saying 'they must speak to him.' But he would neither allow he was a sinner, or that Christ would pardon him if he was one. At last he was brought to see he was a sinner, but could not believe that Christ would pardon him. Mr. Grant told him it was not that CHRIST would not pardon, but that *he* would not be pardoned. This startled him. Light dawned into his soul; he confessed the blame all lay with himself, adding, 'But I will believe; I do believe now.' And he went away rejoicing in the Lord,

through the blood of Christ, which had done so much for him. It came to Mr. Grant's knowledge afterwards that he had gone straight to some youths whom he had known in his sinful days, and had confessed to them what the Lord had done for him."

A lady sends the following exceedingly characteristic incident:—

"In August, 1862, I was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Grant at Malvern. One afternoon I started with Mr. Grant on a walk to a village about a mile from the town, where there were some sick people to be visited. It was rather warm, so we sat down to rest a little on our way, when a very old man advanced towards us, carrying a basket containing tapes, laces, etc., by the sale of which he said he hoped to support himself while he made his way back to his parish, being too old longer to work. Dear Mr. Grant, who always had a genial word for every one, spoke kindly to the old man, expressing sympathy for him in the anxiety and fatigue which this long walk at his great age must entail, and then asked him 'If he knew the Lord Jesus Christ as his friend?' The old man looked up at once with an expression of face that showed deep interest in the subject, but replied hesitatingly that 'he hoped so.' This led to a few more pointed questions on the subject of the forgiveness of sins, which the old man declared he had asked for again and again, but could not feel sure he had obtained. In the course of the conversation the old man had drawn from the pocket of his coat a well-used but by no means small Bible, which

deepened our interest, as a proof that he really loved the Word of God, to be willing to add its weight to the burden his trembling steps had to support. Just then a handsome carriage drove rapidly by, and we had to move to avoid the spirited horses. After they had passed, Mr. Grant said in the bright way so peculiarly his own, 'Now come, don't you think those people in that grand carriage are much happier than you are, a poor old man, toiling on foot back to your parish?' 'That depends, sir, whether they have got Christ or not.' 'Come now, my friend, what is this? you told me that just now you did not know for certain whether you had got Christ yourself, and now you say you don't think those people in the carriage are happier than you unless they have Christ! The truth is, that you are just letting unbelief reign in your heart, and you must give it up; if you have Christ, you have the forgiveness of your sins, for His Word says so, and it is because you are not believing that Word that you have not peace in your soul. Now listen! I am going to give you a shilling before we part, do you believe me?' 'Oh! yes, sir; thank you, sir.' 'Stay, you have not got it yet. Why do you believe me?' The old man paused a moment and then said, 'Because you are a gentleman, sir, and because you are a Christian.' Promptly came this reply from God's servant, with an assumed severity of tone that made the old man start. 'You believe my word because I am a gentleman, and because I am a Christian, do you? and you *dare* to doubt my Master's word when He tells you that the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth you from all sin!'

The old man seemed now to grasp the truth, and a few minutes more were spent in bringing before him the fulness of the love that was his portion in Christ. And then Mr. Grant drew out his purse to give the promised shilling, but found none, only sovereigns and half-sovereigns. He showed me his dilemma, and asked if I had a shilling? 'No,' I said, 'strange to say I went back after I left my room, thinking I should not require my purse, and threw it into a drawer.' 'Ah, then!' he said, 'it was intended to be;' and his whole face lighted up as it was wont to do when a new thought about the Master presented itself to his mind; then turning to the old man he said, 'You said you believed that I would do what I promised; but now it is come to the point, it is not in my power, for I have not a shilling; but as I am the servant of a Master who never promises what He is not able to perform, I must keep my word too, as far as I can, so here is a half-sovereign for you.' The old man started at the largeness of the gift, seemed almost to doubt if it was to be really his, and murmured as Mr. Grant put it into his hand, 'Oh, sir, it is too much.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Grant, 'it is more than I intended, you know, but I want you to learn this lesson, and then I shall feel the money well spent;—it is, that this is the way in which God delights to deal with His children: He not only gives what He promises, but He gives exceeding abundantly above all we can ask or think. Now, good-bye, spend the money wisely, and don't forget the lesson it has taught you of God's abounding love.'"

Once, during a visit in Perthshire, Mr. Grant was asked to take a meeting at Crieff, which his hostess was exceedingly unwilling he should do, as he was much worn out, and the weather was very bad. Both he and those who invited him were persistent however. Unknown to this lady, a young woman in whose dark, unhappy, spiritual state she was much interested, was travelling this same bad stormy night on her way from the Edinburgh Infirmary, and the result is thus related:—"She had left Edinburgh better in body, but light had not dawned on her soul. On reaching Crieff a friend met her at the train; but instead of her stepping into the coach for St. Fillan's, whither she was bound, this friend persuaded her to remain the night at Crieff, as the weather was so boisterous. Rather unwillingly she stayed; her friend was a Christian, and as there was to be an address in the Town Hall that evening, they went together. There and then light broke into Jessie's soul; the truth was revealed to her, and she returned to St. Fillan's believing and rejoicing. I heard of her return and went to see her. I knew nothing of the change which had passed over her, but her beaming face first told me she was happy, and then she confessed that she 'had found the Lord.' We knelt together and thanked Him for His great mercy. 'But, Jessie,' I said, 'how did all this come about?' She then told me of her delay on account of the storm; that her friend had taken her to the meeting, where the speaker had so presented Jesus as the Saviour of sinners, that she could no longer hold back, but as a sinner accepted Him as her

own Saviour, and now wondered who could ever doubt His love. Ere leaving, I asked if she knew who the gentleman was that had addressed the meeting. 'It was one Mr. Grant,' she was told, 'and oh, such a good man, there seemed power in every word he uttered!' As I drove back to L—— I could not fail to reflect on the wonderful ways of God when He has a soul to save."

Such an incident as the following greatly cheered his heart:—

"Arndilly, July 21st, 1864.

"I heard through a letter last night an interesting proof of the truth of finding after many days the bread that has been cast apparently upon wide waters. After my illness, in December, 1859, attacked me, I had an engagement to preach in the Music Hall, Aberdeen; and being too late to get a substitute, I resolved to keep the appointment, though my doctor was unwilling. Last week, a young lady died triumphantly, who asked a friend to let me know that she had been led to the Lord that night. Her last words were, 'My Lord has come, and I am ready. Welcome! welcome!'"

I shall now quote letters from two of the working people in his own neighbourhood, although not in his own parish, which give a very graphic and life-like description of Mr. Grant's way of work:—

"When first I heard Mr. Grant I went a little reluctantly, for fear of offending my own minister; but I thought it was such a strange thing to see a laird

preaching, that I would go; and by the time he ascended the pulpit, the church was quite full. Singing and prayer over, he gave out the text, 'Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.' I do not think that he had spoken two minutes on the words, when I began to think that I was only an 'almost Christian.' As he went on, the Spirit of the Lord deepened the work, and convinced me that I was no Christian at all; for all that I had thought of myself, and for all the praise that I had got from my minister for being such an exemplary person. The example I was showing was, that, although a member of the church and a constant attender at the Sabbath-class, I also attended the balls, dancing parties, and even card-parties, in the neighbourhood. I had lived on in this way, believing that there was 'a time for everything;' but the Spirit of the Lord now showed me that they must be all put into one scale, my good things and my bad things, and that I had but a name to live. I believe I passed from death unto life that night; but the devil managed to keep me from enjoying the peace of it for some weeks. Above a month after, I met with Mr. Grant in a very unexpected manner at a friend's house. I had intended to go to this friend's early in the day, but something always came in the way to keep me back; till, at the dusk of the evening, I felt that I must go to these people that night. When I arrived I found Mr. Grant sitting, waiting till a girl came home from school. When he saw me pass the window he thought I was she; but when he was told that I was not, he said, if I chose, he would like very

much to speak with me for a little. So I was very glad, and went into the room at once. He questioned me very narrowly on the state of my soul, and I can thank God still, that I told him honestly, because it gave him to see the word of God that I needed. He promised to see me soon at my own home, and said he saw now the reason why he had gone there so late that night; and I also saw (although I was still in great darkness) why I did not get there sooner. He often called upon me after that, and I am sure I could not say whether his public preaching or his private conversation was most blessed to me. If time permitted, I could tell much more of his labours, and how brightly the grace of God shone out in his life. Many could thank God for sending him; but it was not so easy to give thanks, when he was taken away; it was a heavy stroke to many a heart."

Another says:—

"The first time that I heard Mr. Grant preach was in the autumn of 1868, just when the revival in Dufftown was drawing to a close. He had come to assist in the work of the Lord in that place, in helping to bring lost souls to Jesus. I had just newly come back to the town to work. I was then in an unsaved state, as I knew well. I was much struck by the great change that had taken place in some, and also by hearing reports of what had been going on. I was invited by some of the people to go with them to hear Mr. Grant of Arndilly preach. A good many were gathered, several of whom had passed through a great deal of soul-trouble, but were as yet not delivered, and appeared to be halting there.

It was to these that he principally directed the word. It was with great power, and made me feel very keenly my need of being saved. Another young man, sitting by my side on the same seat, was shaking to a degree that I have never seen the like, neither before nor since. He was quite a stranger to me. I do not know whether he then decided for Jesus or not. I came away from the meeting after it was over; for false shame kept me from remaining to be spoken to personally. At a second meeting, one of my closest companions was brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus through Mr. Grant's instrumentality. I was again amongst the number of those who went away. Mr. Grant was by this time down amongst the anxious ones. As I was moving towards the door I took a look around me to see what was going on. My eye at once rested on Mr. Grant as he was seated beside my young friend. I could easily see the earnestness of both. The young man's face betokened misery, and he was sitting opening up the cause of it to Mr. Grant, who was listening very attentively to him. I passed out to have my anxiety for a time drowned in the pleasures of the world. Before they left that spot the young man was enabled to receive the word of life from his lips, and has since been a consistent follower of the blessed Jesus, testifying, through grace, to an unsaved world of the reality of being bor. again.

"More than a year elapsed before I again saw Mr. Grant, and by this time I was through God's mercy a new creature in Christ Jesus. It was in Aberlour.

He had come to take the oversight of the Free Church congregation, in the absence of the minister, who was from home. At this time he preached for three successive Sabbaths, both forenoon and afternoon. Besides the Lord's-day services he also conducted a Bible-class during the week for the benefit of God's children, many of whom were young. The Lord having been graciously pleased to visit Aberlour with a wave of His loving power a short time before this, it was to the awakened that he was mostly blessed at this time. Of this I can speak from experience. I was then only two months old in the divine life, and was thirsting to know more of the love of Jesus. At times while he was preaching, I remember having to sit with my hand on my mouth in order to conceal the emotions which were springing from a heart full of joy in the Lord. I was very much afraid that any one should see me—more especially Mr. Grant himself. But I had removed my hand from my face quite unguardedly, and just at that moment his eye rested on me. He said (quite in harmony with his discourse), 'Ah, I do love to see a Christian with a cheerful countenance!' This encouraged me to let the blessing of the Lord shine out. Although I was enjoying these blessed manifestations of the presence of the Lord in my soul, yet I had many great attacks from the enemy, who often caused me to give way to unbelief; even at times to believe that I was still an unsaved man. The Lord was pleased to give me wonderful deliverance from this through Mr. G. The subject under consideration that evening was Hebrew xii., more especially the

first thirteen verses. His simple way of explaining and illustrating it exactly suited my need. After the meeting was over I was called back again into the church, as Mr. Grant wanted to speak with me. After we were seated he said to me, 'Well, my friend, I understand that you have had some battles to fight of late.' I said that I had. 'And what sort are they?' he then asked. 'Well,' I said, 'I often think that I have been professing to be saved when I am not.' 'Ah!' he then said, 'that is a very common one for young believers to be engaged in.' He then asked me, 'Do you know what was the first sin that was committed in the world?' 'Oh, yes;' I answered, 'it was eating the forbidden fruit.' 'Oh, no,' he said, 'there was a sin committed before that.' I sat still, not knowing what to answer. 'Well,' he said, 'the first sin was that Eve listened to the devil, and that is just what you are doing. It is he that is suggesting these thoughts to you, and you are just listening to him. What were you before the Lord saved you?' I said that I was merely a poor lost sinner. 'And what did you give the Lord for saving you?' 'Nothing.' 'Then He saved you for nothing?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think that the Lord could have any pleasure in taking back from you what He has given you so freely?' More passed between us which I do not clearly remember; but by this time I could see from what quarter my fears had come. In the autumn of that year he invited the believers of the four parishes, Dufftown, Aberlour, Rothes, and Boharm, to meet together on the Lord's-day evenings at Arndilly House, for the purpose of

having special prayer for the work of God in the aforenamed parishes. In this he had great delight. He rejoiced greatly to see so many young believers meeting together, and making their simple requests thus known to their heavenly Father. For those coming from a distance he had a simple repast prepared, some of us having to walk seven or eight miles in order to be present at these soul-refreshing meetings.

"The last time I saw him was nearer the close of the same year. It was in Aberlour. I was then an adherent of the Established Church in that place. From this quarter the work of God and His people were receiving terrible assaults from the pulpit. One of the principal doctrines preached was—That none could know in this life whether they were saved or not; and that all who said that they were saved were under a delusion from the devil.

"Such was the state of matters when notice was given that Mr. Grant, of Arndilly, was to preach in the Hall on a certain evening. The hour of meeting arrived. The place was crowded to excess. He took for his text Gal. i. 8, 9, 'But though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed,' etc. After reading the two verses once, he said, 'Let us now read it a second time.' No sooner had he done this than the Lord was pleased to give such a wonderful manifestation of His presence as I have never since seen the like of. God's dear people really experienced it to be a foretaste of heaven's glory. To some it was like what the cloud was to the three chosen disciples on the

Mount of Transfiguration. It was not a fine theoretical discourse that he gave, but he turned our attention to such passages as Luke xxiv. 45—48, in order to show what the gospel was that the Apostles were commissioned to preach. Then to such as Acts xiii. 38—43, showing the commissiou really being carried out, and then to such as 1 John ii. 12. From these and similar passages he showed the sinner justified by God, through faith in the finished work of Christ, and also rejoicing through the knowledge of it. Many of the unsaved who had been swallowing down the other gospel were really arrested. A good many were convinced of their lost state, and remained after the meeting was over to hear more about Jesus, the Saviour of the lost. I shall never, I think, forget that last meeting in the Hall at Aberlour. The truth that he spoke was experienced to be not only God's truth, but God's message for the people at that time. Little did I think it was to be the last time I should see him on earth, and that the next meeting-place must be with Jesus, in the glory where there will be no more parting. Meanwhile let us who are still left behind to witness for Jesus, endeavour to do it honestly, so that we shall not need to be ashamed before Him."

CHAPTER XIX.

CLOSING SCENES.

"Suffering is the work now sent;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by:
All my powers to this are bent.
Suffering is my gain; I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hush'd and still:
Suffering is my worship now."

Gesenius, 1646.

"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

THE time was now drawing near when the shadows of the evening were to close in, although the pilgrim was not inclined to rest—when the soldier was to put off his armour, although not weary of the battle—when the worker was to fold his hands, when yet longing to dig and prune, and call others into the vineyard. In this, doubtless, consisted the needful trial of faith, both to this energetic servant of God and to all who loved him. It was not an easy lesson for him, to stop his service of activity, and learn that of suffering slowly unto death. And it was very difficult for those left behind to believe that he was only called away because his work here

was over, and God needed him elsewhere. Yet so it was; and we must trace the different ways and means which God took to teach the lessons He wished to be learned by His servants;—the one taken victoriously to Himself, and those left in the Church below, mourning and militant.

During the year 1869, full as it was of fruitful service with pen and brain, in pulpit, platform, and drawing-room ministrations, the thought visited some hearts, and certainly was in Hay Macdowall Grant's own mind, that the time of his end was drawing near. When regretting that a visit from some relatives was postponed, he adds, "For one never knows what a year may bring forth." Early in the spring he came from Bath to spend a day with us at Clifton, and addressed a large meeting in our drawing-room upon the "two rests" of Matt. xi. 28—30. We found him changed in appearance, with difficulty in moving and breathing, and rather lame—"one of the three warnings, you know," he said, with the mixture of brightness and pathos which was peculiar to him. He spoke with unabated vigour, however, both on resting in Jesus and working for Him. We never saw him again.

In the April of that year Mr. Grant went to Gateshead, near Newcastle, a place to be very memorable to him, although he then knew it not; for it was on his next visit to be his birthplace into glory. The following minute record of his daily ongoings is but a sample of his usual occupation; but I give it to show his unceasing labour for his Master, even during declining health.

"Monday, April 19th, 1869. Mr. Grant spoke at the mothers' meeting in Christ Church Mission-room at three o'clock, and then visited with me in my district till after five. At half past seven, gave an address in the Mission-room to teachers, district visitors, etc., from the text, Heb. xii. 1, 2.

"Tuesday, went with me at ten o'clock to visit until one, and at half-past seven finished the address of previous evening.

"Wednesday, half past seven, preached in Christ Church Mission-room, on 'the demoniac of Gergesa.'

"Thursday, half past seven, preached in the Mechanics' Institute in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

"Friday morning, eleven o'clock, preached in the Mechanics' Institute, on 'The nobleman's son at Capernaum.' In the evening, gave an address in the drawing-room of Archdeacon Prest, Gateshead Rectory, on 'The two rests,' Matt. xi. 28—30.

"Saturday, preached at three p.m., in Mechanics' Institute, Newcastle.

"Sunday, April 25, the Christ Church Mission-room being found too small, Mr. Grant preached in the Drill Hall, at a quarter to three, from the text, 1 John ii. 12—14. At half past six, preached in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle. I have not mentioned the congregations; it would only need to change the adjective from *crowded* to *crammed* to describe their progress; nor do I know that any service passed without souls being saved, and believers built up. There are many who remember, with thankfulness to God, the visits Mr. Grant paid them. He was so invari-

ably gentle, courteous, and faithful, with all; but one incident may show how he allowed no opportunity of warning souls to pass by. After knocking at one door on Tuesday morning, we were told by the servant that her mistress was out. I at once turned away, but dear Mr. Grant, laying his hand on my shoulder, said, 'But *she's* in' (meaning the servant), "let us go in, and have a talk with her;' and very solemn it was; when failing to get a single response to all his gentle remarks, he spoke of 'a day coming when, without Jesus as her Saviour, she would be, as she then was, "speechless."' This letter to his sister fills up the sketch:—

"Gateshead, April, 1869.

"DEAR M.,—You want to hear particulars of any work I am engaged in, but it is not easy to give them; for one work seems to drive out the memory of the other, when I get to a new place. I had four days nice rest at Winterfold, having given only one address there, and on Friday went on to York, where I found Howard Nankivell waiting for me at the station, to take me to his father's house. On Saturday, I came on here to be with Mr. Campbell Douglas. He is curate to Archdeacon P., and thoroughly in earnest, and the Lord has blessed him much in his labours. He has a nice set of converted young men and women around him, all brought to God during the last two years. Most of the clergy keep away from him, but his rector countenances him in his work. He began his meetings in a kitchen, then got on to a house, and now a builder has given him a mission-

room, holding about three hundred, which is filled every Sunday afternoon, at three, and many go away unable to get in. He has also opportunities, now and then, of preaching in the Tyne Theatre to between two and three thousand. On Saturday night, I went to a Bible-reading of eight of his young men, and found them all nice and bright; most of them working with souls. On Sunday, at three, preached in the Mission-hall, which was crammed, many standing, and had an after-meeting in another room, where I saw five persons. On Sunday, at half past six p.m., preached in the Tyne Theatre, and found the people hanging on the word, so quiet and earnest. C. spoke after me very nicely, and then we had an after-meeting for an hour. On Monday, gave an address to about thirty mothers; saw six of them individually, then accompanied a nice young Christian to visit six families in her district. Had half an hour's talk with her afterwards about her own difficulties; then dinner, and an address in the evening in the Mission-hall;—four found their Saviour afterwards. Tuesday, visited eighteen persons with Miss ——; gave an address in the evening, saw inquirers, and three found peace. Wednesday, called on the archdeacon, who is inviting an evening party to his house on Friday for me to address them. Called on two families on my way back with Mr. D., and spoke to three persons. After dinner, visited by invitation the wife of a minister. She had been to the meetings; saw her and her three daughters and two friends separately. Went home, and slept for an hour, feeling very tired; then tea, and meeting in the

evening in the Mission-hall, to which the archdeacon and a party of friends came, and he took the last prayer, and prayed very nicely."

Soon after this visit the following touching little incident is recorded of him: *—

"At the Stirling Conference, in May, 1869, he seemed already to be bathed in the full light of another world. Laying his hand kindly on the shoulder of one of his minister-friends, he said, 'You need rest. It is too soon for you to be worn out. Go to my place; take possession of everything, stay as long as you can, and you shall see what pure air, lovely scenery, and perfect quiet will do for you.' In answer to the question, when he intended returning home, he replied solemnly, 'I am not going to Arndilly now; I do not need rest; *I must work.*' Most men of his age and abundant means speak of being too old to work. See how the grace of God and the light of eternity revolutionize the ideas of a man. He was *too old to rest!* Brave old man, thou hast entered into rest!"

When later in the year he returned home, it was certainly not to rest He carried on much work during that summer among his own people, and in his favourite field of the four neighbouring parishes; often sadly to the detriment of health and strength. He had no open-air meetings that year, but specially devoted himself to work in Rothes. He told the people solemnly that while he gladly defrayed all the expenses of the work, "it rested between them and

* Rev. Mr. Macpherson's "Revivals and Revival Work."

God whether they made light of, or used the opportunity."

He presided as usual at the Perth Conference of that year, but in evident illness. After it was over, he arrived at a friend's house in Perthshire, in so feeble a state, as scarcely to be able to utter a word, and the many engagements made for him had to be relinquished—always a sore trial to him. Nevertheless, when he had somewhat rallied, he had "a deeply-touching Bible-reading in the drawing-room;" and though "spent by the effort, and not allowed to speak all the evening," yet the next day he had another in his bed-room. Shortly after he wrote:—

"Arndilly, September 17th, 1869.

"DEAREST E.,—We have had a hard time of work in Rothes, which has almost knocked up all engaged in it. It began in August with meetings held in the hall, and then we went to the Free Church, when that was too small. I got missionaries to help, and one Church of England clergyman, Sholto Campbell Douglas. We seldom got home before half-past eleven or twelve; and after holding meetings for four weeks every night, it began to tell upon us. Mr. D. has been laid up at his mother's with an inflammation in the left lung for a week past; Miss G. is still suffering from cold; J. W. cannot get rid of her's; two of the missionaries became ill, though not entirely disabled; I was attacked just before leaving for Perthshire, with what turned out to be pleurisy in the left side. Not knowing what it was, I preached two nights

here with it on me, applying mustard-poultices and oatmeal, etc., at night. Then went to Pitlochry and preached twice on Sunday, and then to the Perth Conference until it concluded; then called in a doctor, who told me I had been running a great risk; shut me up from all public work at once; and here I am, at home, almost useless, except for an occasional talk or Bible-reading. I am submissive now, for I feel it to be needful, but I won't keep in bed."

We find the home-work occupying Mr. Grant during the whole autumn, though he calls himself "rather ill;" the result of which was that from the 14th of September, when he returned from Perth utterly exhausted, and with serious illness upon him,—he "took no public meetings, but only Bible-readings and private speaking." He left Arndilly, and, having apparently rallied, he went in November to Fife, paying visits in other places, also, *en route* to England.

On January 4th, he went as usual to see his invalid friend in the south of Scotland, who sends me the following notes:—

"His last visit was from the 4th to the 7th of January. On the latter day he went to Gateshead, never to return. Those last days were hallowed ones. He was much changed, and very feeble; unlike himself he owned it, and wished for no meetings. He had written before, saying, 'I am looking forward to this visit as a time of rest.' His mind seemed to be continually dwelling on the glory which so soon he was to enter. When reading Romans

viii. 17, 18, comparing the present sufferings with the glory to follow, he looked up with such a beaming face, saying, 'Won't that make up for it all!' He was silent for a moment, and then said, 'I think I have thought too little of the glory; I have been so occupied with the present work for Christ.' He turned then to different passages, all bearing on this subject, and dwelt long on 2 Cor. iv. 17; contrasting the present with the future. 2 Cor. v. 8 was another he spoke much on, 'Present,' or 'at home, with the Lord,' saying, 'I love to read it that way,—*at home* with Him;' also Col. iii. 1—4; 1 Peter i. 6, 7; iv. 12, 13. His look and whole manner impressed one with the feeling that he was very near the glory. Often during those days he seemed to be trying as gently and tenderly as he could to break the truth, that our intercourse on earth was near a close. On urging him the last day not to do too much at Gateshead, his reply was, 'No; I can't take rest there. This frail machine will come to a stop some day, soon. I must work while it is day; the night cometh when we cannot work for eternity. I see souls perishing around me, and can I hold back while I have strength for it? My Master's work must be done; now is the time to win souls for the glory of Jesus.' When a remark was made on the blank which departed dear ones make in our homes, his reply was, 'Oh, yes; but this is not your home; it is away up there. And this is the way He deals with us: He takes away one after another of those we love and lean on, to make more room for Himself. Ah, then cling to

that precious thought, Jesus Himself remains.' The same day he was speaking of one he was much interested in, who had shortly before become a widow, to whom a great blessing had come with the trial; he said, 'Blessed, blessed trial that brings us near enough to Jesus to trust Him without a doubt! Ah, does He not choose well for each of us! He knocks, knocks, knocks, till these hearts of ours are thrown wide open to let Him in. How clearly we shall see it all up yonder!'

"Just before leaving, he said, 'Now I am going to have a last prayer with you,' an expression he had never used in any of his previous visits; and it was indeed a memorable 'last prayer.' After taking farewell, and having got to the door, he came back, saying, 'Pray for me—oh, pray for me—it will help me. I need it much. Rejoice in the Lord alway; farewell!'

"Humility, which always shone so brightly in his character, was more striking than ever, as his life drew near its close. More than once during those days he said, 'Oh, my wretched unfaithfulness; it is often a wonder to me how my Lord bears with me at all.' It was what he was ever urging on others, the crucifying and crushing of self through the power of Jesus. Of him now in glory I am sure it may be said, 'Being dead, he yet speaketh.'"

On arriving at Gateshead he at once became absorbed in work, as we see from the following notes, written by the same young friend whose impressions of his former visit I have already given.

"1870.—Mr. Grant's second and last visit to Gateshead, in 1870, was again to the house of the Rev. S. Campbell Douglas, where he arrived about six o'clock on Friday evening, Jan. 7. In little more than an hour after his arrival, a note came asking me to visit with him at ten o'clock the following morning, but a constant succession of visitors to himself prevented his doing so. In the afternoon, at three, he spoke in the Bible House in Newcastle. Sunday morning, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Gateshead, from the text, 'Will a man rob God?' (Mal. iii. 8). Afternoon, at a quarter-to-three, preached in Christ Church Mission-room, from Rev. i., part of 5th and 6th verses. Evening, half-past-six, preached in Tyne Theatre, Newcastle."

A few days later he wrote as follows to his nephew:—

"Denmark Street, Gateshead, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
"January 17th, 1870.

"If I were stronger, I would go off to S— myself and carry on the work; but at present I am unable, for though I was helped to give twelve addresses during the last eight days, yet I have suffered so much with asthma and bronchitis for three nights, that I have been forced to sit in a chair part of the night to get breath; and yesterday (Sunday) I took only one meeting. Lord Kintore came and took the Scotch Church service, and the Theatre service in the evening. S. C. Douglas overdid himself at Arndilly during the summer, when on a visit, by working too hard at

Rothes; brought on inflammation of the lungs, was very ill, and was finally ordered out to Egypt and Palestine. His mission among the people here lay on his heart. He arranged for Lord Cavan and Lord Kintore and two others, to come and give addresses in the Tyne Theatre, and to take his Mission-room services part of each week; and I promised to come on January 7th and stay a fortnight. When all was arranged, the archdeacon issued an order forbidding any of us to preach in the Mission-room, calling us 'exaggerated Christians.' Afterwards, he wrote to me that he would allow me the use of the Mission-Hall on Sunday and Wednesday. However, he was taken very ill, and forced to leave, and the two curates were so stirred up at the first two meetings, that I have got it now as often as I like. . . . I visited on Thursday from house to house at a dozen houses, and in a bitter east wind, which disabled me. I preached in the Tyne Theatre on Sunday evening, the 9th inst, and have promised for the 23rd, if able. We had after-work with inquirers, and this has been going on since it was opened, about two months ago, under the direction of Mr. H., a very earnest young man."

Sunday, the 9th, was, however, the last day on which his voice was heard in public, pleading for his Master. The doctor interfered, and insisted on his resting in the afternoon, instead of preaching three times. His idea of rest was characteristic, for it consisted in seeing seventeen persons in succession, who came to his room by appointment. The next day he

had engaged to take a drawing-room meeting, but his feet were so swollen that he could not put on his boots, and his indomitable energy had at last to give in. In his own playful manner he gives an account of the commencement of his sufferings to two friends.

"Gateshead, January 22nd, 1870.

"My dear Herbert.—The attack has proved rather more obstinate than I expected; for the asthma having entered into partnership with the bronchitis, they are not easily driven out of this old hulk. For five nights I have been obliged to sit up all night in a chair, not being able to lie down for choking. My feet have also taken upon them to swell, so that I am a complete prisoner, and must remain so till better, and then I shall not be able for a long journey at a time; so that my fine plan of invading B—— looks like a Château d'Espagne. I feel as if my work for the present were stopped, and I must try and find a place where I can breathe. So, very likely, I shall stop at Malvern in passing, and try its air; then Bath, then Bournemouth, and then London. How easy to put it all on paper, but how I shrink from moving! I have written to your father to tell him of my delay, and will try and write to ——, but this breathlessness does not incline one to exertion."

"Gateshead, January 22nd, 1870.

"Dear Mrs. C.,—I have been ill for a week with severe bronchitis, coupled with other ailments, and in the hands of doctors, so that all my meet-

ings are given up, and I have scarcely inclination even to write a letter. I have not been able to lie down in bed for five nights, but sit up in a large arm-chair, which makes one feel very weak, and long for a good night's rest. My feet are swollen, so that I cannot wear my boots. So there you have got my portrait, as an old man in his arm-chair, half bent forward, with large slippers on his feet, and looking very sad! No,—there you have made a mistake, for I am not at all sad. At first, I daresay, I inwardly rebelled at my meetings being stopped; and I suppose I continued them when I ought to have been quiet; and spoke to individuals who called, till the doctor found it out and interfered; but I am very happy, kissing the loving Hand who sends us every trial. If my work is over, I am sure that it is far better to depart and be with Christ, so that I leave all in His hands to arrange as He sees best. I do not, of course, know what my future arrangements are to be; but if I am able to travel soon, I shall go to Bournemouth, for my doctor tells me that I ought not to have come here to work at this season of the year, as it is too cold and bleak for me. Indeed, my illness began ten days ago, after I had visited a good many families one day, when there was a cold east wind; but I hoped to beat it off, and did not lay up till compelled. Lord Kintore came here on his way to London, and preached twice on Sunday, the second time in the theatre."

The following family letters being placed at my disposal, I prefer telling the little history,—in itself so

sorrowful, and yet so full of rejoicing, as "precious in the Lord's sight,"—in the words penned shortly after the closing scene. Mrs. Aitken wrote as follows to her husband:—

". . . . During those sad weeks—in which our dearest Hay's medical attendants up to the very last ten days cherished vain hopes of his recovery—his experience was deeply heart-searching; often accusing himself of not having set forth the gospel message with the simplicity and power with which it is given in the Scriptures; and often pleading with God to impart to him greater courage to speak and be a 'fool' for His sake if He should be pleased to raise him up again. There was much conflict, the enemy often assaulting him suddenly, or assailing him with a cloud of perplexing thoughts. But presently with a smile and a note of triumph, he would come forth from it. In general, however, his confidence was manifested by constant converse with his Lord. The name of Jesus was ever on his lips, and every little act was preceded by prayer to Him. If the doctor spoke of his expected recovery, he would say, 'Well, if the Lord has anything for me to do, He can and will raise me up again.' And then his face would beam with delight as he added, 'And oh, to be allowed to work for Him again, how blessed!' There came, however, a most painful interval, when having been overpersuaded by an injudicious visitor, he gave up the gentle alleviating measures of homœopathy, to put himself under the severe experiments of allopathy, during which his

nervous system became so excited, and his maladies so increased, that he longed intensely, and prayed constantly to the Lord to take him home; yet, blessed be our faithful Lord, from this (both the cause and the result) he was delivered, and restored to calm acquiescence that he should still live and suffer.

"He would often, when he awoke from a short sleep, break forth into thanks and praise to his Lord. When the love and gratitude of his spiritual children or Christian friends were testified in letters of love, or intimations of prayer being made for him, or comforts sent to him, he would burst forth in praise to his God, and expressions of wonder at the love shown to him, ascribing it all to the compassion of his gracious Lord, and applying the most abasing expressions to himself as utterly unworthy of it.

"He often spoke of love—the love of God to him—the love all around showed to him; and would say how wonderful it was, beyond all he could have expected. He marvelled that he should be thus tenderly dealt with, when so many had not a comfort about them, nor any to care for them.

"He was remarkably and tenderly considerate of our being over-fatigued, or feeling ill from attending on him, and would watchfully manifest this anxiety on the slightest cough or symptom of cold or ailment in any of us. He reproved me one evening for blaming the nurse for most inconsiderately absenting herself to a late hour; saying he delighted to make people happy, therefore he had himself given her leave to stay so long with her friends. One of the

latest efforts of his trembling hand to use a pencil, was to write memoranda to his executors about rewarding his attendants.

"To his nephew he said one day, 'Take my Greek Testament, and look at that expression which they translate "present with the Lord." It means much more—it is, "At home with the Lord." He can raise me up, but it is far better to be at home with Him.' He delighted to hear the same young relative, when he sang hymns to him now and then; the favourite one among them being, 'For ever with the Lord.'

"He suddenly awoke one day from apparently sound sleep, and called out to me, 'Oh, Mina, can anything separate us from the love of God?—can life? can death?' 'No, my darling; nothing,' I replied. 'Nothing! nothing!' he exclaimed, in holy ecstasy—'nothing shall separate me from the love of God.' He could speak but little at a time, nor bear much talking; but he delighted to hear of the success of any of his Christian friends in working for God.

"One evening he called me to him and asked me to read a hymn. While I was looking for one he said, 'Stay, I will give you one myself,' and then, in an unfaltering voice, with much pathos and power, this feeble invalid repeated the following:—

Musing of all my Father's love
(How sweet it is!)
Methought I heard a gentle voice
'Child—here's a cup—
I've mixed it—drink it up.'
My heart did sink—I could no more rejoice.

'O Father, dost Thou love Thy child?
Then why this cup?'
.
'This cup is Mine,
And all that's in it comes from Me.'
'Father, I'm still,
Forgive my naughty will.
But what's the cup? May I look in and see?'

'*You* see, my child! you must not see,
Christ only saw
His destined cup of bitter gall:
No, child, believe,
Meekly the cup receive,
And know that love and wisdom mixed it all.'

'O Father, must it be?'
'Yes, child, it must.'
'Then give the needed medicine,
Be by my side,
Only Thy face don't hide:
I'll drink it all—it must be good—'tis Thine.'

"'There,' he said, 'that will do,' and turned round to rest."

One of the most acute parts of the trial consisted in the many fluctuations of the precious invalid's state. One day better, another day worse; his anxious nurse sending a joyful bulletin of recovering hope, while the next told of terribly aggravated sufferings. At last the fluctuations and uncertain intervals of ease gradually ceased. To the long-standing maladies of bronchitis and heart-complaint were added congestion of the liver, with its train of trying symptoms; and later, congestion of the

lungs. Hotter and hotter grew the furnace, but the more brightly shone the gold, reflecting ever more clearly the image of the Refiner.

"When the doctors at last confessed that medical skill could no longer avail to save him, it became incumbent on me to tell him that his days on earth were numbered. I was sitting by him, when he said, 'I can't understand how in some respects I seem better, and yet in others worse, and weaker.' I replied, 'But I understand it perfectly, dearest Hay; you'll never be better.' His face brightened up with a most radiant smile, and he exclaimed, 'Oh! is it so? My blessed Lord Jesus, art Thou coming at last to take me home? Shall I see Thee so soon?' Then after a pause he said, 'Oh! Mina; some time ago I did so long to die; I prayed to die; I wished intensely to die; but the Lord would not let me.' I could scarcely speak for weeping, but I remarked that he had then been under the excitement of the powerful allopathic remedies. He then began to give me messages to several unconverted friends and relatives. 'Tell ——, that it is madness to be throwing away eternity for time. Tell him that I have had such a vision of the glory of eternity!—if he had seen it he would have felt that it was worse than madness to trifle thus.' To another he said, 'Tell him, no half-and-half religion will enable him to meet eternity. Tell him I have had such a vision of it. Men don't see things as they are.' I asked if he had no messages for his sisters, and he said, 'Oh no, they will soon follow me,—a few days,—a little while,—and we shall all be together again. Jesus is always

with me—'tis impossible that He should leave me—impossible!' he repeated. To Mrs. Campbell, of Blythswood, to whom I was writing, he bid me say, 'Tell her it was my own doing; nobody is to blame for my coming here. Sholto tried every persuasion to induce me to go to Egypt with him.' He talked to his Lord often, but with my partial deafness, and his weak utterance, I often could only hear the blessed Name. He lay there so sweetly in the Lord's hands like a lamb, content to be done with what He willed.

"He had numbers of letters from His loving relatives and spiritual children. Two of them wrote begging to be allowed to come and nurse him. Hay smiled and said, 'Poor things, they nurse me! they'd soon need to he nursed themselves.' I used to recount to him every day anything interesting in the many letters that came; and frequently he gave me messages to the writers, sometimes he told me something about them; but always, whether it was at Arndilly, in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, London, or other places, he expressed real delight at hearing that the work of God was prospering. Much as he desired to see my son, he expressed himself so strongly against taking him away from his work, first when in London, and afterwards from the mission at Hull, in both which he and his father were taking part, that I saw I should be hindered from sending for him if I mentioned it beforehand." About that time, however, the Rev. W. Hay Aitken arrived, to the inexpressible comfort

and cheer of his mother and uncle. He writes thus: *—

"I shall never forget the last conversation that I had with my dear uncle. He was lifted into his arm-chair, and I sat beside him. For about two hours we had blessed, happy converse with each other. He said at intervals: 'If I am raised up from this bed of sickness, it will be mainly to work among two classes of persons—the rich people to whom I have access, and whom many others cannot reach, and my own tenantry at Arndilly. I have had it much on my heart that, while I have laboured in other places, I have not done enough for them. And then those poor rich people! Oh! I feel as if I could leave this room with the thought of the eternity that I have been so near pressing upon my mind, and go from door to door and expostulate with these men and women on the frantic folly of their worldly life. In the light that I now have, the worldly display and the political ambition seem so inexpressibly little, so miserably ridiculous, I cannot even bear to hear a newspaper read. It seems such trifling.' Then he said to me, very solemnly, 'Willie, no human language can describe the conflict that I have passed through. It has been a kind of mortal agony; but I want you to give my message, whether I live or die, to those at Mildmay Park that you preach to every Sunday, and to others. Tell them that I have proved it now in my own experience: the world

* Some of these notes were published in the "Scottish Evangelist" in a letter to the Rev. Mr. MacWatt, Free Church minister, Rothes.

fails, and friends fail, and the body fails, and the mind fails, and everything fails, but Jesus never fails. This is my testimony. In the midst of all my suffering, one thing has supported me—JESUS never fails!' He also said, 'I have had such a clear light on the insidiousness of self. I have been seeing how much of self there has been in my work for God. I think if I were raised up again I would only preach for twenty minutes instead of for an hour, and just set Christ before the people as directly and simply as ever I could. I remember once preaching a sermon (in Fountainbridge Church, Jan. 1869), on "Will a man rob God?" and coming away with the feeling that I had preached a very good sermon. I had been robbing God all the while. I never understood before what is meant by the foolishness of preaching.'

"True to his colours to the last, when we engaged a nurse to assist in attending him, she had not been many hours in his room before he was speaking to her about her soul. She averred she was doing her best. 'Oh, my good woman,' he exclaimed, 'what's the use of your best? Your best is very bad!' and then he went on to set the gospel before her.

"The afternoon before he died, I stooped over him and asked, 'Is Jesus with you?' He did not understand me at first; but when he caught my meaning, he replied promptly, as if surprised at such a question, 'Oh, He is always with me!' The last night of his life he was very drowsy, but woke up once with the inquiry, 'Is it all over?' Then,

rousing himself, he said, 'Oh, I suppose I must have been dreaming, but I thought it was all over;' and he seemed quite disappointed that he had yet to wait a little longer—but not long."

The following dying farewell to one of his young converts was the last effort which he made to reach the outer circle. It was weakly but legibly written:—

"DEAREST MARY READE.—Jesus is to keep you entirely. Don't try to keep yourself. Just going to be with Jesus. Happy! happy! happy!

"H. M. G."

And so death and glorious life drew on apace.

"Sunday morning, March 20th, 1870.

"MY DEAREST N.,—The mortal coil is cut that bound our precious, suffering brother. This morning, at five minutes before six, he breathed his last, his spirit passing peacefully away to the presence of his adored Lord and Master. When we think of the glorious change to him, the intensity with which he longed for it, the patience which had its perfect work in him during these eight weeks of weary suffering—well may we raise our weeping eyes and sorrowing hearts to God in thankfulness that he is at length 'delivered out of the miseries of this sinful world.' The telegram would tell you he was gone, and I can only add, that he was taken up by his own desire six hours before he died, and put into his great chair. He had no pain then, apparently, save that weary ex-

heaven under which he had so long lived, for a few minutes, getting no answer from him, he spoke again, and he was lifted into bed, for he saw that was to be our watch without a struggle. He was in the up the eyes as if he saw some one above him, unearthly smile in his face as if of welcome; he then breathed away gently into life eternal. Now he looks so calm and lovely—our dear, blessed, beautiful brother!"

And now but one journey more remained. The long northern road, so often traversed with living, loving heart, bent on his Master's service, had to bear home all that was mortal of Hay Macdowall Grant. The sadness of this way of return to his own people was to them aggravated by the time of year, which was just when he had that season been expected to go north, sooner than usual, and in far different fashion. When lying there in his beautiful home before the funeral, numbers flocked to see him once more, and the stir of sorrow in the whole neighbourhood was remarkable. On the 30th of March, in the midst of thick mists hanging over mountain and valley, this good and faithful servant was borne by his own old retainers to his last resting-place in the picturesque old church-yard of Boharm. By his own long previous arrangement he was laid in the same grave as his beloved wife; and there he rests till that first resurrection "from among the dead," which he loved to teach and to look forward to, even when in life and health.

A few of the many utterances of irrepressible

love, sorrow, and gratitude in letters, written to his family, it seems not improper to insert here:—

"May 6th, 1870.

"I did not like to trouble you with even one expression of the deep grief I have felt at the loss of SUCH a friend—one to whom I owed so much, and who was used by God to help me through some of the most difficult hours of my life. I did so long to send one message of thanks and loving gratitude to him for all he had been to me (which I fear he never knew); but while he was so ill I did not dare. Afterwards I had the vain hope that by waiting he would be better able to receive messages. I cannot help feeling his removal more and more. He was just the friend I so much needed. I know God can supply all my need, but some seem almost to need an earthly voice as well. Our last visit to Arndilly I shall never forget. There was a special stamp left on it. Oh that each day may leave a heavenly mark behind it, and that we may all more and more continually ascend in heart and mind where Christ and His chosen saints have entered before."

"May 6th, 1870.

"The tears will and do flow forth many a time, when vividly reminded of that precious friend to whom I do indeed owe more than ever can be told; and as long as life lasts I hope to walk in the power and influence of all he taught by precept and example. Many thanks for all you have told me of his interest in my last letter, and of his desire that I should be

kept out of those small communities of Christians, where party principle seems to take the place of the glory of God in wide-spread effort for the good of all."

"March 22nd, 1870.

"I cannot refrain from an expression of that which is in my heart, and which I feel sure many, who truly loved and esteemed the remarkable friend we shall see here no more, are feeling with us. I cannot say how deeply I sympathize in this great, very great, loss, and am inclined to say, 'We never shall look upon his like again.' The knowledge of his blessed and everlasting gain must comfort us. What a morning of joy would that be to him, when the presence in which he had so long lived here, seen through a glass darkly, burst upon him in its loveliness and brightness;—the King in His beauty, to whose glory his every hour had been devoted, and to whose salvation he had led so many, young and old, rich and poor! From him we heard truth as no one else presented it; and to him I owe besides, that which never can be repaid here, the blessing to my son's soul. I can look back to 1830, when at Clifton I first knew him: what a blessed memory it is to all who had that privilege, for even then he was quite different from other young men."

"April 2nd, 1870.

"You would not for one moment doubt our loving sympathy; for indeed our grief is little short of yours, if at all, for he was as a tender brother to us for many years. Latterly illness (neuralgia in the

head) has prevented me from using my pen; and the many tears which could not be restrained, added to the bodily suffering; as the sad truth was realized, that no more should we meet on earth that dignified, holy countenance, in which we were privileged to see from time to time the Master's image so reflected; or hear the well-known voice, refreshing Christian hearts, or pleading with sinners to surrender themselves to Jesus. Ah! he was a chosen vessel of the Lord, in season and out of season. His was a most remarkable yearning for souls. One of our greatest earthly privileges was to have him under our roof, or to come in contact elsewhere with his heavenly spirit, and be helped onward by his treasures of deep knowledge, and his sympathy, so Saviour-like. But for him conflict is ended, victory won, and endless rest entered upon, in the presence of God and the Lamb, whom he has so faithfully served. What a welcome he would receive as he entered the upper sanctuary! 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

"March 25th, 1870.

"For myself I feel that I have lost a friend to whom I owe more than I could ever tell. I do feel in the midst of my sorrow so thankful that I have known my cousin, dear Mr. Grant. In my anxiety about my mother I have scarcely had time to realize that I shall never hear his loving, earnest words again; but I trust that their influence may be even stronger now than ever. I have been thinking much of my first visit to beloved Arndilly. It makes me

very humble as well as thankful when I remember how long it took, how difficult it was, to bring me to the Saviour's feet. I used to listen to Mr. Grant's prayers for me; not believing that there was any God to hear them, till at last they were answered by Jesus revealing Himself to me."

"March 25th, 1870.

"You know how attached I was to him. Well do I remember my first meeting him at G——, and what a spiritual refreshment it was to me, then to meet with one who so lived in the power of heavenly things; ever acting as one who truly believed and realized what in so many is but a profession; blessed it was to observe that his burning love and active zeal never grew cold or flagged."

"March 29th, 1870.

"More than a week has now elapsed since your brother, and my spiritual father (for such indeed he was), entered into the rest he so longed for. He was the direct instrument of my conversion; and though of late I have seen little of him, the blank is irreparable in this life. Many will say the same, but for worlds I would not recall him. 'Thy *brother* shall rise again.' He might have said, 'Lazarus shall rise,' etc. But no; as their brother they should see him there, and you will know Mr. Grant as your brother, and I shall know him as the one who first led me to Christ."

"March 25th, 1870.

"And while you mourn the withdrawal of one so dear, and whom this world has none like, I think

how he is rejoicing in the presence of that Saviour whom he so loved and lived for. What a glorious Sabbath that would be to him, when he caught the first sight of his adored Lord's countenance, and heard the blessed welcome which we know assuredly would be his! How many would be there to welcome him to glory, whom he had been the happy instrument of leading thither! And now our beloved friend is there also to welcome those whom he has left below. Oh, it is sweet to think that though he has left a vacant place here, he has filled up another there;—that while we are weeping that we shall no more see that beloved face on earth, he is rejoicing that he no more sees through a glass darkly, but face to face, Him who made him, through His grace, such a faithful witness here below. His life was a beautiful one. The thought often came across me, as he spoke of Christ's love and glory, that he was more like his blessed Master than any I had ever seen."

One more letter:—

"What a loss to us, but what a gain to him! If we looked at man, we should say that our loss was irreparable; but the same grace which was put forth in him may work in us. I trust that this sad thinning of our ranks may stir up the survivors to live and die daily for Christ. I should have much liked to attend the burial of the remains, and then praised the Lord for the grace given to the departed one, but my time is already allotted to service for the Lord. 'Jesus only,' must be our motto for life, death, and eternity."

And yet one more:—

"May 28th, 1870.

"Among so many devoted to the memory of that man of God, I am sure none can feel more loving and grateful affection than I do. No one can ever replace him to me, nor do I wish it. I desire that his loved Master alone may fill the blank; and He only can fill it. May each of us know more what it is to receive out of His fulness! I have been reading over many of his letters, which are so like himself, speaking and showing forth the glories of his loved Lord, whom now he beholds and worships without weariness. I thank God for having given me such a friend."

The life-lesson of this record, to be learned and laid up in our hearts, and exhibited in our lives, is not work—an easy one for many to learn; it is not even courage, for that is natural to some; but it is one only to be taught by the Holy Spirit—CONSECRATION. This man of whom I have written, was no piece of perfection, but one of like passions with ourselves. One may speak of a fault; another of an error in judgment; a third may point to something which might have been inserted in this record, or of something which had been better omitted; but when all is said and done, two great facts remain. Hay Macdowall Grant's life was one of entire practical consecration to his Lord. Still more important,—God's claim, set forth in His Word, is exactly the same upon each of us. If we profess to be bought with a price, we are expected to glorify God in our bodies and our

spirits, which are His; for to this end "Christ both died, and rose, and revived" (Compare 1 Cor. vi. 20; Rom. xiv. 7, 8). Oh, then, let each reader of this imperfect memorial of one who so truly "laid down his life for the brethren," become an "imitator," not of this or the other man, nor of this or the other mode of action, but of CHRIST;—of Him who was the mainspring, the power, the joy, and the "ALL-IN-ALL" of Hay Macdowall Grant of Arndilly.

APPENDIX.

A.

(Page 124.)

In proportion to the depth and breadth of the work of God in the north of Scotland at that time, was the intense opposition which it provoked. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Greyfriars Church, Aberdeen, was not only "threatened," but brought before the Established Church Presbytery, and from thence before the General Assembly, to answer for the crime of allowing laymen to speak in his church. The late Dr. Norman MacLeod gave his opinions in the Assembly of 1859 on this very case, in the following memorable words:—

"A few Christian men came to Aberdeen, and were brought within the sacred walls of one of the churches there. He did not know whether they preached a sermon or not; he did not know whether they stood in a pulpit fifteen feet, or on a platform seven feet high, but he knew that they addressed people upon the unsearchable riches of Christ, and that as Christian men, they spoke from their hearts to thousands. The only fault found with these men seemed to be, that they addressed immortal souls on the truth of Christianity within the walls of a church; but he had been brought up in the belief that the Church of Scotland attached no peculiar sacredness to stone and lime. It had been pleaded at the bar that these men might go to the street. But there were many laws that were tolerable only because they

had liberty occasionally to break them; and surely all church laws must subserve the one grand end for which all churches exist. They might have decency, regularly-appointed licentiates, and regularly-ordained men, and death all the while. This was not a time,—when there was so much necessity for increased spiritual life,—for the General Assembly to occupy a whole night in finding fault, because a minister permits a layman to preach the gospel from a pulpit."—(*Memoir of Norman MacLeod*, vol. ii. p. 89.)

B.

(Page 211.)

Mr. Grant, of Arndilly, after moving the second resolution at this meeting, spoke as follows:—

"It has been alleged, and perhaps truly, that there is deadness and coldness of spirit amongst many of the members of the Established Church, and even amongst some of its leaders; but where shall we find a church on earth free from a similar imputation?

"In a report made by the Endowment Committee to the General Assembly in June last, which no doubt most here present have seen, we find a vivid picture drawn of the duties incumbent on the minister of a parish. He is to labour; and as his labours are blessed of God, he is to organize the fruits of these labours into a co-operative agency, so as to bring the power of the gospel to bear, under his superintendence, on every family, and on every individual soul, with the care of which he has been entrusted. He is to bring them to Christ, and constrain each to feel that he too is made at the same time, his brother's keeper; so that the pastor and flock shall grow up to Him in all things, who is the Head, even Christ He is to cultivate his parish in such a way, that not a

nook or corner of it will escape the diligent care of this many-handed ministry of fervent brotherly love. . . And let us consider too, the nature of these wants. Ah, my friends, if they were of a temporal kind—if I had to-day the painful duty of telling this large assembly, that in twenty parishes of this northern group, one-half of the population were famishing for want of the common necessaries of life, what a thrill of emotion would pass through the breast of every individual who heard me; what liberal contributions and collections would pour in; and what energy would be displayed in alleviating the temporal evil! And is the want experienced of less magnitude, because it is a want of the bread of life? . . . No, my friends; some persons may shut their eyes to the true nature of this want, and to the almost irreparable injury done to those who are deprived thereby of the enjoyment of the ordinances of religion; but their blindness, or callousness, will not, in the least degree, lessen their responsibility. But it is said that the sum to be raised is a very large one. No doubt it is; but the field from which it is to be gathered is very large also. And let ministers of parishes only seek earnestly and from Him who holds in His hands the hearts of all men, and ask in faith of Him to impress on their flocks an interest in this cause, and you will soon find the requisite amount subscribed. What! my friends, shall we behold in our day, a fervent-minded servant of God able, during the last twenty years, to raise the large sum of £113,000 for the support of an Orphan Establishment, and other religious institutions, formed by, and under his charge, and obtain this sum by constant earnest prayer, in the exercise of faith, without ever asking a single individual for a contribution; and without any worldly machinery, except the publication of a few reports yearly, which are

6. Perfection in the mind of Christ.—Phil. ii. 5; Matt. xi. 29; John xiii. 14, 15; 1 Peter ii. 21—23; iv. 1, 2; Luke vi. 40.
7. General perfection.—Eph. iv. 12, 13; 2 Cor. xiii. 9, 11; 1 Peter v. 10; Col. i. 28; iv. 12; 1 Thess. v. 23.

II. Texts to show what Perfection *is not.*

1. It is not freedom from the attacks of Satan.—Matt. iv. 1; xvi. 23; John xiv. 30; 2 Cor. xii. 7; Eph. vi. 11.
2. It is not the eradication of the old nature, but that is KEPT crucified through the power of Jesus.—Gal. ii. 20; v. 24; 1 Peter ii. 11; 1 Cor. ix. 27; 1 John v. 18.
3. It is not a state of acquired strength, in which we have a *stock* of "laid up" grace; but a state of *helplessness* in ourselves which needs to draw grace continually from Jesus.—2 Cor. xii. 9; Phil. ii. 12, 13; iv. 12, 13; Eph. vi. 11, 13; 2 Tim. ii. 1; John xv. 4, 5; Heb. iv. 16.
4. It is not acquired by an immediate act of faith, but by a faith that gradually increases in strength.—Rom. i. 16, 17; Mark iv. 26—29; Phil. iii. 13—15; 1 Tim. vi. 11, 12; 2 Peter iii. 18; 1 John iii. 2, 3.

III. Texts to show what Perfection *is*, and what are the steps which lead to it.

1. It is that which Christ designs and is able to bring His people.—Phil. iii. 12; iii. 21; 1 John ii. 27—29; Jude 24, 25.
2. It is an advance from first principles on to practical sanctification.—Heb. vi. 1; x. 14, 22—25.

The 258 persons belong to the following parishes:—

100 to Boharm, 66 to Aberlour, 11 to Knockando, 14 to Rothes, 5 to Mortlach, 3 to Botriphnie—Total in neighbourhood of Arndilly. . . .	199 persons.
Also, 15 to Ordiquil, 18 to Elgin and seaside, 13 to Bridge of Allan, 13 to other places—Total at a distance .	59 persons.
Total of both . . .	258 persons.

There are also about 95 old converts met with in different places.

"The total number of persons visited and the proportion of conversions may be seen by following table:—

Parish.	No. Visited.	Professed Converts.	Proportion.
Boharm	271	100	1 in 2¾
Aberlour	246	66	1 in 4
Knockando	61	11	1 in 5½
Rothes	87	14	1 in 6
Mortlach	14	5	1 in 3
Botriphnie	18	3	1 in 6
	697	199	1 in 3½
Neighbouring Parishes, Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen .	468	42	1 in 11
Bridge of Allan, Renfrew, Ross, Sutherland, and Inverness	210	17	1 in 12
	1375	258	1 in 5½
Old converts visited . .	95	...	
Deceived or Deceivers . .	...	8	
	1470	266	

